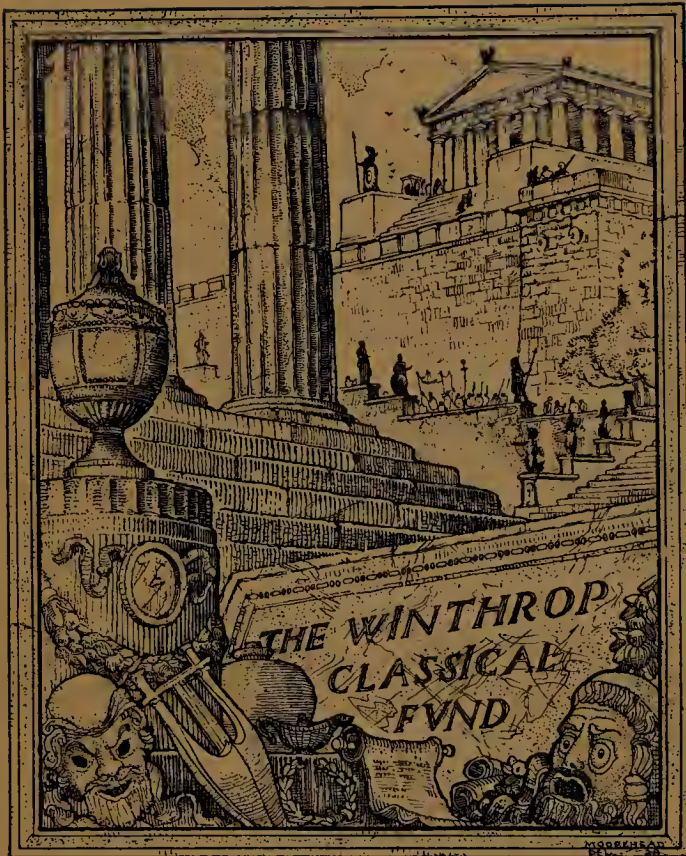


HORACE AND HIS ART OF ENJOYMENT

ELIZABETH HAZELTON HAIGHT



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HORACE AND HIS ART
OF ENJOYMENT

BY THE SAME AUTHOR

THE LIFE AND LETTERS OF
JAMES MONROE TAYLOR

President of Vassar College

1886-1914

Illustrated

ITALY OLD AND NEW

Illustrated

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

HORACE AND HIS ART OF ENJOYMENT

BY

ELIZABETH HAZELTON HAIGHT

PROFESSOR OF LATIN, VASSAR COLLEGE,

AUTHOR OF

"ITALY OLD AND NEW," ETC.



NEW YORK

E. P. DUTTON & COMPANY

681 FIFTH AVENUE

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Printed in the United States of America

TO
My Mother

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

The Editors of *Art and Archaeology*, of the *Classical Journal* and of the *Classical Weekly* have courteously allowed me to incorporate in this book certain paragraphs from articles published in those periodicals.

E. H. H.

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HORACE AND HIS ART
OF ENJOYMENT

HORACE AND HIS ART OF ENJOYMENT

THE POET AND HIS TIME

WHEN Quintus Horatius Flaccus was born on December 8, 65 B.C., in the little town of Venusia in southeastern Italy, his parents in their fondest dreams for him could not have imagined how far he was to soar above the home nest. This country child, son of a freedman who perhaps through his own self-denying thrift had acquired a small holding of land in Apulia under the shadow of Mount Vultur near the roaring river Aufidus was destined, not without the aid of the gods a babe of parts, to be the friend of the great in a golden age and to strike a lyre that should echo not only throughout Italy, but throughout the world. If the life of the self-made millionaire or politician savors of the dramatic because of its amazing contrasts and reversals of fortune, the life of the self-made poet is the true romance when power so immaterial as winged words mounts Glory's car and becomes the charioteer of her recalcitrant steeds. Horace himself caught his breath in an unforgettable phrase when he realized that as a lyrist he might "strike the stars with his exalted head."

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The convulsions of the times perhaps created his opportunity, for though he became the poet of peace and reconstruction, nearly two-thirds of his life was passed amid struggles of political factions and the alarms and outbreaks of civil war. He was a babe in arms when Cicero as consul put down the revolution of Catiline, a toddler of five when the first triumvirate was formed, a small boy going to the village school in Venusia when Julius Cæsar was making and writing history in Gaul; he had probably been taken by his ambitious father to study in Rome before the great battle of Pharsalia caused the downfall of the republican forces, and he was a student in Athens on the fatal Ides of March in 44 when Cæsar was assassinated. Naturally, under the shadow of the Acropolis near the statutes of the great tyrannicides he joined the army of Brutus, when the Liberator came to Greece, so he knew war first-hand. After he had left his shield on the disastrous battlefield of Philippi, he went back to Rome to labor in poverty (his father dead, his farm confiscated), working as a quæstor's clerk and writing a little verse until two poets introduced him to a great patron who nine months later received him under his protection. He had, then, begun to write and publish before the victory of Octavian over Antony at Actium ended the civil war, but his first literary work flowered under the Pax Romana which the new age now achieved. Such stirring times of struggle make or mar youth, and Horace, keenly alive to all that was going on in the age, as his poetry shows, seems to have been awakened to long thoughts and lofty themes by

the struggles and the readjustments taking place in every phase of national life.

While his first writing was satire, a form naturally adopted in the storm and stress of the epoch and of his own adversities, both the tone and the type of his poetry changed with the establishment of peace and the betterment of his personal fortunes, but throughout all his literary work—satires and epodes, lyric odes, and literary epistles—he is so clear a mirror of his age that he cannot be read or understood apart from his times and his environment. Indeed, his contacts are so multiplex that he seems a hundred-eyed Argus watching in every direction that elusive, protean monster, the Roman people; and what his eyes observe, his stylus records: political struggles, social vices, economic difficulties, hum of city streets, music of waterfall in retired vale, elaborate banquets, religious pageants, philosophical discussion, light love-making, literary criticism. And in all these contacts with his world he is rarely led off into vague abstractions, is generally personal and human with an increasing geniality after he has turned the eighth lustrum, and with a sympathetic understanding of all sorts and conditions of human beings. Yet in this lively and unfailing interest in the people he passed and the movements of the age, he was single-minded enough to commit his ardor only to his chosen work of writing and he was able to maintain an inviolable self-dependence against assailments of patronage and of passion, against ritualistic or emotional religion, against dogmatic philosophy, becoming a rather fastidious eclectic in regard to all

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these realities, often so absorbing and overwhelming. Through this attitude of observer and recorder, he was able to evolve his own interpretation of the phrase, *bene vivere*, or the art of living—to make it indeed a fine art of enjoyment. His resolute negations made him a satirist without acrimony, a lyrist without passion, a philosopher without dogma, a critic without violence, yet from seeing life steadily and whole he achieved his greatest triumph, a fine art of living, of enjoying, and of writing.

THE MAKING OF A POET

VENUSIA

WHEN Quintus Horatius Flaccus had become the intimate and envied associate of Mæcenas, and the famous poet, pointed out by the fingers of persons in the crowd on the streets of Rome, it would hardly have been strange or culpable had he allowed his humble origin and provincial birthplace to slip into obscurity. No themes, however, are more recurrent in his poetry, no feelings deeper than those which were rooted in Apulia and in filial affection. Etched indelibly on the bronze tablets of his memory were a mountain, a forest, a river, certain little hill towns, meadows, grazing flocks, plowing oxen, industrious peasants, uncorrupted homes, and among those childhood scenes remained always in his mind a peculiarly clear and noble portrait of his freedman father.

Nearly all the geography and history of Horace's birthplace, Venusia, and the country around it appear in his poetry. The great Apulian plain stretching between the Apennines and the Adriatic was a dry and thirsty land. Perhaps that is why one river, the far-sounding Aufidus, made such an impression on the child that the poet compares Tiberius' attacks on the Alpine tribes to the violence of the bull-like stream

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in flood. River and mountain his childhood knew well, for, as now, the long ridge of Mount Vultur with its seven peaks dominated the countryside, distant though the mountain was. And so easily did the poet disregard geography for myth that passing lightly over the kilometers between Venusia and Vultur, he placed there the adventure of his babyhood when running away and lost on the hill, he lay down worn out by his play and doves covered him with fresh leaves of laurel and myrtle, so that he slept unharmed by bears or vipers, a marvel to the villagers of all the little towns near, the tiny, high nest of Acherontia on the mountain and Bantia with its woods and Forentum of the rich, low pastures; for all agreed that here was a marvelous child of fortune under the protection of the gods,

non sine dis animosus infans.

There were other dangers too that the child heard of—Apulian wolves as well as bears, wild boars too just over in Lucania, and Nature herself was not always mild; fierce winds might fall on the slopes of Vultur as they did on the oak forests of Garganus, that other long rugged ridge running out into the Apulian sea, and the burning heat of the dog-star necessitated driving the flocks in summer up from the Apulian plains to the mountains, and finally for all your work with pasturing flocks and plowing the land, there came a reaper whose name was Death and you yourself were gone . . .

But the Apulian peasant did not have time for fear; he just worked industriously filling his granaries, caring for his animals, training his grape-vines, and his sunburned wife was a true helpmeet, ready each night at the home-coming of her tired husband to have a bright fire of well-seasoned wood, to shut up the flock in the fold and milk them, then to set forth a supper of good things from the farm itself and home-made wine. The Apulian might be only a farmer, but he could fight for his country if need came. In all the wars of Italy, what sea had not been dyed with Daunian blood? No greater disgrace had come to the district than that some of them had been caught with Crassus in Carrhæ and taken prisoner there in the east to marry finally some Parthian girl and serve in her father's army, forgetting the sacred shields and the name Roman and the toga and Vesta, the eternal, while Jupiter yet reigned and the city of Rome was unconquered!

Horace was proud for his Apulia as well as devoted to it, and the past history of the district found record in his pages as well as such fond reminiscences. He refers to the Oscan origin of the bilingual Canusian, and to the Roman conquest of that old Sabellian stock and the foundation of the Roman colony at Venusia as a buffer state, so that neither the fierce Apulian gens nor the fierce Lucanian might make war upon Rome over the unprotected highway. This colony, founded in 291 B.C., apparently became so flourishing and important that it was able to render valuable aid to Rome in the second Punic War when, after the dis-

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astrous battle of Cannæ, where Paulus squandered his great spirit and the Carthaginian carried the day, the other consul, Terentius Varro, with seven hundred cavalrymen, took refuge in Venusia and was given new equipment and new recruits by the patriotic townsmen. Horace refers briefly to that terrible Roman defeat at Hannibal's hands, but writes a long and magnificent narrative of the disaster to the Carthaginian's plans which also occurred in Apulia—on that fair day which was the first to smile on a kindly victory. It was the time when Hannibal was encamped in Apulia awaiting his brother Hasdrubal with reinforcements. The consul Claudius Nero who was guarding him intercepted messages telling that Hasdrubal had crossed the Alps, made a secret forced march with seven thousand picked men up the Adriatic coast to the river Metaurus, joined the other consul, Livius, defeated the army, killed its general, then rushed back to Apulia, and (so grim was warfare) threw the head of Hasdrubal into Hannibal's camp as a proof of victory. Horace must have heard that terrible story in Apulia as a boy, and he must have known too of the part Venusia played in the social wars in her support of Rome. Certainly, he knew to his sorrow that a colony of veterans was established here under the triumvirate, for after Philippi his father's farm was confiscated, as were those of Vergil and Propertius; but this is anticipating his personal history. Venusia was important as a post on the Appian Way, a customary stop on the journey from Rome to Brundisium as Cicero says; indeed, Cicero

himself seems to have had a villa here. When Horace accompanied Mæcenās on the famous journey to Brundisium, he speaks of crossing Apulia's familiar mountains.

Born here on the poor little farm of his freedman father, and having begun his education here, Horace kept so real a sentiment for his town that when he had built of his lyrics a monument more lasting than bronze which the flight of the years could not destroy, he liked to think that near the violent Aufidus where Daunus, king of a parched land, once ruled a country folk, the tale would be told of how Horatius Flaccus, of humble birth, but real power, was a pioneer in adapting Æolian strains to Italian measures. In the Piazza Orazio of Venosa there stands today a statue of the poet made by the sculptor D'Orsi, surrounded by an iron grating in which the fasces of Rome are wrought. Horace's prophecy is fulfilled, for his "Daunian Muse" is honored in the hearts of his countrymen, as well as in all the world.

Horace's portrait of his freedman father is unique in ancient literature and an expression of filial devotion unrivaled in all times. So strange in contrast to this vivid picture is the absence of any reference to his mother that the inference that she died before he was old enough to know her seems inevitable. Horace's own words are too significant to abridge:

If my nature is stained by only few and slight faults and in other respects is upright . . . if no one with truth charges me with avarice or stinginess or low companions, if I live pure and blameless (to praise myself!) and dear

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to my friends, the cause of all this was my father, who, although he was a poor man with a little farm did not wish to send me to the school of Flavius, where the burly sons of burly centurions went carrying on their left arms their counting tables and their writing tablets, and taking their eight asses' fee on the Ides, but he had the courage to take me when a mere lad to Rome to be taught the studies which any knight or senator has his sons taught. If anyone had seen my clothing and the slaves attending me, as is the custom in the great city, he would have believed they were furnished from an inherited property. My father himself, a most incorruptible guardian, went about with me to all my teachers. Why make a long story of that? He kept me chaste, which is virtue's first honor, and chaste not only in regard to every act, but even from the taint of scandal. Moreover, he did not fear that someone might criticize him if in the future as an auctioneer, or as a collector of taxes as he himself was I might pursue only a humble calling. Even then I would not have complained, but now for all this greater praise and thanks are due him from me. While in my right mind I never would be ashamed of such a father. . . .

If (in my satire) I say anything with too much freedom or humor, you will indulgently grant me this privilege. For my excellent father gave me this habit of shunning vices by noting examples of them. When he urged me to live carefully and simply, content with that which he himself had saved for me, he used to say, "Do you not see how badly the son of Albius manages his life and how poor Barrus is? A great warning to anyone not to squander his father's property." When he was keeping me from unworthy love of a courtesan, he'd say, "Don't be like Scetanius." In order that I might not commit adultery when I could have lawful love, he would remark, "The reputation of Trebonius, who was caught in the act, is not good." And he went on, "A philosopher will give you

reasons for what it is better to shun and to seek. I am satisfied if, while you need a guardian, I can maintain the traditions of men of old and keep your life and your reputation unsullied. When the years have matured your body and your spirit, you will swim without a life-preserver." So by his precepts he formed me when a lad and whenever he urged any course of action, he would say that I might do something, "You have ample authority for doing so," and he would suggest someone on the list of jurors, or if he vetoed any action, he would say, "Do you doubt whether such a course is dishonorable and worthless when so and so is ruined by his bad reputation?"

What honor Horace pays to his father's thrift, his aspiration for his son's education, his delicacy in properly equipping the country child, his careful guardianship of the lad's morality, his wise instruction in ethical standards, his companionship and helpfulness! The pity of it that such a father could not have lived to see what Rome and Athens made of his promising son!

Horace's picture of this father is one monument to the character of the Apulian peasant. Another is his description in the second satire of the second book of the farmer Ofellus, at the time of Horace's childhood a prosperous neighbor in Venusia. "A philosopher apart from the schools with a native mother-wit," Horace calls him, and relates the principles of life which Ofellus had worked out for himself in prosperity and had tested in adversity, for his farm too was confiscated so that he and his sons had to work as hirelings on the property which formerly had been his own. Simplicity of food Ofellus always advocated,

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that the body might be vigorous and the divine spirit unclogged; for work—the sweat of the brow—will give relish, there will be something saved up for generous hospitality, and the quick mind will see that true wealth consists only in what one can use and that for any superabundance there are noble objects: the care of the deserving poor, the repair of the crumbling temples of the gods, and the service of the dear fatherland. By such teachings Ofellus, like Horace's father, trained his sons as they rested from the day's work in the fields with the flocks, and bade them live courageously and resist Fortune's blows with courageous hearts. There spake Horace's true Apulian.

ROME

Such personal education as Horace's father and Ofellus bestowed upon their sons was a very important factor in the training of the Roman child and shaped his character even more than did the formal work of the schools. The mental training of the Roman boy in Horace's time was founded largely upon Greek ideals, in spite of the vigorous protests of good old Cato in the generation before. In the elementary school in Venusia, however, Horace must have been occupied with his own language, learning his letters, and then to read and then to read aloud nicely, also learning to write with a stylus, or pointed ivory instrument, on wooden tablets covered with thin wax. There, too, he must have been inducted into the Roman duodecimal system of arithmetic and must have learned to do sums with the help of his fingers

and of such a counting table as Chinese laundrymen sometimes use today. At Rome, he attended the school of a *grammaticus* whose name he has stigmatized forever as *Orbilius plagosus*, "fond of blows," and under his severe discipline, belabored by leather lash and wet rope-ends, was forced to become a critic who could support the claims of ancient writers against the taste of the times. Here first of all he studied Homer and learned what harm the wrath of Achilles brought to the Greeks, and then other Greek poets and some of the early or classic Romans, the teacher first reading and interpreting by erudite lectures on all allusions in the text until the boy could show his own understanding by reading aloud elegantly the passages studied, by repeating parts from memory, by writing compositions on the subject matter. The training of the voice was an essential part of education, and added to this intensive study of literature was some instruction in music, in dancing, and in geometry, to complete the cycle of the humanities which the Greek ideal of harmonious development imposed.

In the third grade of Roman school, that of the *rheto*r, the art of oratory was taught and the course included every sort of preparation for effective public speaking, from the dry study of formal rhetoric to the critical observation of great orators and their effect or the psychology of the mob. The writing of speeches and the delivery of them involved, of course, instruction in the gathering and arrangement of material, the training of the memory, and the art of delivery.

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Horace must have gone to such a school, and his poems show many traces of the study of formal rhetoric.

He has some delightful desultory allusions to educational methods which may be comments on these school-days in Venusia and Rome. He would have kind school-masters give little cakes to children to persuade them to learn their letters and he is sympathetic with a small urchin who is so slow with his mental arithmetic that his master has to hurry him on. He believes that poetry has power first to train the tender, lisping lips of the child and to keep his ears from vulgar words, later to shape his soul by friendly counsel which checks asperity, envy, and anger by noble examples of high deeds, and by devout hymns to the gods. He sees the value of hard training and emphasizes the need of such discipline whether it be for athlete or musician or poet; indeed, is unsparing of his condemnation of the uncultured, careless, and hurried work that produces slovenly writing. The *Ars Poetica*, with its insistence on "the labor of the file," and the beauty of perfection, is one of the finest of educational documents.

Of course, such standards for education and for literary workmanship came from Greece as well as from Rome, for Horace had the exceptional felicity of studying also in kindly Athens. We do not know how the peasant father managed to send his son to Athens for that superior education which sons of nobles like Messalla or of a great new man like Cicero were enjoying, but we do know that at about the age of seventeen or nineteen Horace was a fellow-student

of young Messalla and young Marcus Tullius Cicero in quiet Athens, and here he studied philosophy—in his own words, how “to distinguish the straight and narrow way from the crooked and to seek the truth in the groves of the Academy.”

ATHENS

One of the great results of Horace's education in Athens was his trenchant and penetrating epigram, “Captive Greece took captive her fierce conqueror,”

Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit,

for the student was to appraise there the true spirit of the Greek genius and of the Roman genius and to become imbued with the Greek literature, philosophy, and art which were to dominate the invincible Roman empire-builders. In prehistoric times, Greek traders had penetrated the western Mediterranean; in the eighth century they had established colonies in Sicily, in Southern Italy, and at Cumæ; and by the sixth century Greek culture was influencing the powerful Etruscans and with their political expansion extending into Latium and to Rome. All this early influence was as important as the historical contacts in extending Greek culture in the Roman world.

Rome had come into contact with Greece in the third century before Christ, 229 B.C., when two consuls had broken the power of the Illyrian pirates and established a sort of protectorate over the island of Corcyra. The next year the Corinthians allowed the Romans to take

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part in the Isthmian games. During the Punic Wars, Rome became involved in internal Greek struggles because Philip of Macedon had made a treaty with Hannibal, so that Rome supported his opponents among the Greek states and finally in 197 defeated him at Cynoscephalae. The victorious Roman general, Flamininus, the next year at the Isthmian games proclaimed the freedom of all the Greek cities. The Macedonian party was not, however, so easily finished and the "die-hards" had to be vanquished again when Lucius Æmilius Paulus defeated Perseus, the son of Philip, at Pydna in 168. Æmilius Paulus then made a tour of Greece, probably to observe the political condition of the country as well as to admire its art treasures. During all this century, Greece was not only menaced by foreign foes, but torn by inner dissensions which tempted conquest, and when the Athenians and Sparta became involved in open warfare, on the appeal of Sparta, a Roman army was sent to Greece, and Mummius took and destroyed Corinth in 146, the same year that Scipio razed Carthage, so that Greece as well as Africa was now made a Roman province.

As if this were not trouble enough, presently Athens allied herself with Mithridates against Rome in the first Mithridatic War and suffered terrible vengeance at the hands of Sulla, who in 86 besieged the city, cut down the groves at the Academy and the Lyceum to make his engines of war, and when he finally stormed the walls, "made all level between the Piraia and the Sacred Gate"—and flooded the whole Cera-

micus (so Plutarch records) with the blood of the slain. The history of the Persians' devastation was repeated. While not many buildings were destroyed, many were plundered, and the Odeum of Pericles was burned either by Sulla or his opponent Aristion. Sulla carried off several columns of the unfinished Olympeium to adorn the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus in Rome, and many works of art. And when he took the Piræus, much of that city was destroyed, including arsenal, docks, ship-sheds, and the walls, as well as the Long Walls, were laid in ruins. Greece was now captive and tamed to eat from her victor's hand.

Yet her spiritual power was steadily exerting increasing influence upon the "fierce conqueror." The glory of Greece had caught the Roman imagination so that it was esteemed an honor to take part in the great Greek games, and a distinction as well as a consolation to be initiated into the Eleusinian mysteries. Moreover, the conquerors, who had brought back as part of their spoils many beautiful Greek statues, had awakened ardent desire among art lovers for such elegant possessions. Soon, too, eminent Romans began to wish to have their names emblazoned on monuments in Greece. The Propylæa which Appius Claudius built at Eleusis still bears his name, and Cicero, referring to it in a letter to Atticus, asked his friend if he would think it foolish for him to build a similar one at the Academy, adding: "I am deeply attached to Athens itself. I would like some memorial of myself to exist."¹ How the Athenians recognized

¹ Shuckburgh's translation of Cicero's *Letters* is used.

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and indulged such desires on the part of the Romans is attested by the monstrosity of their monument to Agrippa, so conspicuous today towering above the Propylæa on the Acropolis.

That great base had not, however, been erected when Horace came to Athens, nor, of course, had the dedication to Rome and Augustus, the small circular temple directly in front of the Parthenon. Roman Athens was to develop after the Roman Empire was established, as one building after another was erected with Roman funds: the market-place of Cæsar and Augustus, the library of Hadrian, the arch of Hadrian, and the temple to Zeus the Olympian in its final form. The city which Horace knew was the Greek Athens which had been rebuilt after the Persian invasion. The Acropolis was crowned by Parthenon and Erechtheum in all their complete beauty. The Propylæa and the little temple of Nike on its bastion made a fitting approach to the splendor dominated by the flashing helmet and shining spearpoint of the statue of Athena Promachos. On the southern slope of the Acropolis lay the theater of Dionysus with Lycurgus' circular orchestra, the long colonnade of Eumenes' imposing stoa and the sacred precinct of the god of health, Asclepius. High on the northern slope were the holy caves of Pan and Apollo, haunted by dramatic tales.

As Horace stood on the Acropolis he would see—as we do to-day—the circle of mountains round about; between the columns of the Parthenon he would have glimpses of Hymettus' long violet ridge known to him

as to us for its honey and its marble. Off to the south he would see the gleaming bay and the island of Salamis, where the Athenians finally checked the Persian power. Nearer to the north his eyes would fall on the Pnyx, rostra for many orators, and on the Areopagus, seat of the sacred court, with the chasm of the Furies, that great and awesome cleft in the rock of justice. Surely he, like students of today, must have tried to find the prison of Socrates, immortalized in Plato's account of his death; he too must have gone out the sacred gate along the sacred way to Eleusis, and he must have sought the hill of Colonus for the sake of Sophocles' noble ode in his *Œdipus*. We know Horace frequented the groves of the Academy, the school of Philosophy established by Plato, and we like to think of him perhaps attending lectures as well in the Painted Porch of the Stoics and the Garden of the Epicureans. His poems are full of allusions to places which he may have seen in Greece as a student—Delphi with the Castalian spring, Argos, famous for the worship of Hera, Mycenæ rich in gold, hardy Lacedæmon, Tempe in Thessaly, Olympia, noted for its great games, Corinth between the two seas, Eleusis and its mysteries, Epidaurus and its serpent—and to places in Asia which he may have known when he was in the army of Brutus: Rhodes, Ephesus, Sardis, Smyrna, Colophon, Chios, Samos, Lesbos.

These names are, however, but decorative and connotative allusions, unaccompanied by description or emotion. We do not get from Horace any such analy-

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sis of the effect produced by the sight of places as we have from Sulpicius and Cicero. You remember Sulpicius' famous letter of sympathy to Cicero on the death of his daughter Tullia where the distinguished jurist broods over the sad passing of great cities:

On my voyage from Asia, as I was sailing from Ægina towards Megara, I began to survey the localities that were on every side of me. Behind me was Ægina, in front Megara, on my right Piræus, on my left Corinth: towns which at one time were most flourishing, but now lay before my eyes in ruin and decay. I began to reflect to myself thus: "Hah! do we manikins feel rebellious if one of us perishes or is killed—we whose life ought to be still shorter—when the corpses of so many towns lie in helpless ruin?"

Cicero in *de Finibus* describes his friend Piso's emotion at the thought of Plato as the two walked in the Academy.

Is it due, [he says], to a natural instinct or to some delusion, that when we look upon the places where, as we have been told, men worthy to be recorded in history have passed much of their time, we are more moved than when we happen to hear of their achievements or to read some writing of the men themselves? I am so moved now. For I call to mind Plato, who, tradition says, was the first to use this place habitually for debate; and his little garden, yonder, not only brings him back to my memory, but seems to place the very man before my eyes.²

The study of philosophy was what chiefly attracted students to Athens at this time, for the four schools,

²Translated by J. W. H. Walden.

the Academy, the Peripatetic, the Stoic, and the Epicurean, continued to flourish after the national independence of Greece was lost. Horace has given us no picture of student days in Greece unless in certain lines which may be interpreted as a humorous fling at the "high-brow" type who spends seven years at his studies in empty Athens, growing old over his books and his thoughts, and stalking about more silent than a statue so that he arouses the smiles of the people. But young Cicero's famous letter to Tiro, his father's secretary, is typical of what the young men of the day were doing.

Let me assure you, [he writes], that my very close attachment to Cratippus is that of a son rather than a pupil: for though I enjoy his lectures, I am also specially charmed with his delightful manners. I spend whole days with him, and often part of the night: for I induce him to dine with me as often as possible. This intimacy having been established, he often drops in upon us unexpectedly while we are at dinner, and laying aside the stiff airs of a philosopher joins in our jests with the greatest possible freedom. He is such a man—so delightful, so distinguished—that you should take pains to make his acquaintance at the earliest possible opportunity. I need hardly mention Bruttius, whom I never allow to leave my side. He is a man of a strict and moral life, as well as being the most delightful company. For in him fun is not divorced from literature and the daily philosophical inquiries which we make in common. I have hired a residence next door to him, and as far as I can with my poor pittance I subsidize his narrow means. Furthermore, I have begun practicing declamation in Greek with Cassius; in Latin I like having my practice with Brutius. My intimate friends and daily company are those

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whom Cratippus brought with him from Mitylene, good scholars, of whom he has the highest opinion. I also see a great deal of Epicrates, the leading man at Athens, and Leonides, and other men of that sort. So now you know how I am going on.

We should like to know who Horace's intimates were, whose lectures he was attending, what he thought of *his* professors, but we can judge of his student days in Athens only pragmatically by the results manifest in his writings of an intimate and wide knowledge of the literature and philosophy of Greece. Indeed, so filled are his poems with pregnant allusions to the greatest of the Greeks, that he may well be for many readers a door opening to the magical old Greek world. For the cultivated Roman in the Augustan Age for whom Horace wrote "knew the wrath of Achilles"—a knowledge of the Iliad having passed into a proverb for the education which demanded that a man should be learned in the literature of two languages. So Horace drew moral lessons from the anger and the passions of the great Homeric princes, and from the example of the wise Ulysses, who could conquer not only Troy but the Sirens, and he presented to responsive ears stories of

Thebes or Pelops' line
And the tale of Troy divine,

as he discussed the laws of dramatic poetry and the constructive work of Thespis and Æschylus. He showed, too, the indebtedness of Roman satire to the old comedians and to that stinging salt of wit with

which Aristophanes rubbed down his contemporaries. He acknowledged the debt of his epodes to Archilochus' biting iambs, and of his odes to Alcæus, who struck his lyre not only in praise of wine and women, but with a heavier plectrum to tales of tyrants overthrown and of ship of state sailing safe over stormy ocean. And in his lyrics now and again still breathed the love and lived the passion that Sappho, the Æolian maid, entrusted to her lyre—Sappho, shining like the fair moon among the paler stars, or fain, like Horace, to embrace heaven itself in eager arms. Fitted, too, to the Italian modes of Horace's lyre are tiny motives from Tyrtaeus' martial elegiacs that called the Spartans "to arms, to arms," from Mimnermus' plaintive erotics, from Stesichorus' abject recantation, from Simonides' tearful Cean dirges, and from Anacreon's wanton Teian muse. No better critique of Pindar has been written than Horace's ode in which, mighty and deep-mouthed, he thunders on like a river in flood through bold dithyrambs, stately pæans, joyful epinikia. For such fine appreciations and successful imitations of the great Greek poets the little country boy of Venusia has indeed circled high and on new wing above his nest in the Apulian hills.

His poetry is colored no less by Greek philosophy and nowhere is set forth more humanly the results, the strength, and the weaknesses of the two rival schools of thought which bid highest for Roman favor—the Cynic-Stoic, the Hedonic-Epicurean, the one with its severe and at times ostentatious pursuit of virtue for its own sake and its unselfish service of the father-

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land, the other with its easy opportunism and adaptability, its determination to wrest from life a self-satisfying happiness, its withdrawal from public and social duties to the delightful society of intimate friends. When Horace, the lyrist, finally turned philosopher, it was not to the groves of Plato's Academy that he returned, nor to the mysticism of that greatest of idealists, but sworn to follow the dictates of no one master, he cruised here and there in the little bark of his own reflection, until he could furl his sail on the fortunate island of his discoveries.

Of Greek art Horace was naturally less of a connoisseur than of Greek literature, partly undoubtedly from aptitude, partly probably from the lack of means such as Cicero had to purchase fine statues to embellish his villas. There would seem to be clear traces in his poems of the influence upon his mind of the fifth century plastic representations of the struggles between gods and giants and their symbolism for the victory of the Greeks over Persians, or the forces of light over the powers of darkness. He may have been influenced too not only by the Parthenon sculptures but by the great altar of Pergamon with its warring giants and gods. He displays fastidious taste in Corinthian bronzes, silver plate, and costly gems; and he tells Censorinus that he would gladly present his friends with pateras, bronzes, tripods, and other works of art, were he rich in the skill of a painter like Parrhasius or a sculptor like Scopas. And then, as if jealous for his own craft, he proclaims proudly that no less great a gift, no less productive of fame are

poems and the encomiums bestowed by the Calabrian muses. And to him it seems incredible that while Alexander the Great would allow only the great artist Apelles to paint his portrait and only the great sculptor Lysippus to carve his features in bronze, he employed the worthless Chœrilus to celebrate his deeds in verse. For the standards for painters and poets ought to be the same, and from both arts must be demanded the same excellence and homogeneity of workmanship.

That aspiration to perfection, that belief in the high calling of all art and in the glory of thought were part of the Greek message which Horace tried to convey to his more practical and material Roman world, all too prone to conquest and to acquisition, and it was in part due to his writing that in the Golden Renaissance of the Augustan Peace Greece more completely than ever did captivate her fierce victor.

CAMPAIGNING WITH BRUTUS

Young Horace's university life was rudely interrupted when, after the assassination of Julius Cæsar on the Ides of March, 44 B.C., the liberators, headed by Brutus, fled to Greece and began there to assemble and recruit their forces. Horace had seen the statues of the great Greek tyrannicides, proudly replaced after the Persians had carried off the original group, so symbolic of Greek freedom; perhaps he had heard on the streets that popular song of *Giovanezza*:

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In a wreath of myrtle I'll wear my glaive,
Like Harmodius and Aristogeiton brave,
Who, striking the tyrant down,
Made Athens a freeman's town.

And certainly with the literature of old Greece he had drunk a deep draught of the spirit of liberty. To his young ears the word "king," rightly or wrongly attached to Julius Cæsar's ambition, was as hateful as to the Greeks in the fifth century, and it was inevitable that, in Athens at the age of twenty-two, he should join Brutus' army. Somehow, he was given a commission as military tribune, to the amazement, as he admits afterwards, of the gossips. War, as it often does, gave him wider opportunities to see the world, as he went to Asia with Brutus when in 43 he went over from Macedonia to consult Cassius, to raise troops, and to secure the loyalty of the East; and a year later at Philippi, all inexperienced in warfare as he was, he bore arms that were destined to be no match for the forces of Cæsar Augustus.

The events into which the student of twenty-two had been precipitated were indeed stirring. How complicated the military and political situation in Rome was after the death of Cæsar is seen in the correspondence of Cicero, who himself played a great part in the conflict: Brutus the idealist was reiterating his noble slogans, "Liberty," "The People," "Peace, Peace," where there was no peace, and making no constructive plans for the state; Antony was marshalling powerful forces by eloquent funeral oration and largess; young Octavian was quietly estimating the com-

plex situation and biding his time; and Cicero himself was devoting his pen and his voice to his old project of a coalition government of all good men based on "the harmony of the orders." Amidst the lethargy of "the many" and the futility of "the few," it was inevitable that the militaristic hand should prove the strongest. When Antony's power forced Brutus and Cassius to leave Italy, the die was cast for the union of Octavian with this new master of the Roman world and civil war was again inevitable.

The idealist and pacifist who was thus summoned by the march of events to the command of the revolutionary forces was Horace's general. Marcus Junius Brutus, both among his contemporaries and posterity, was an easy figure to idealize. His family connections were on every side distinguished, his father descended from the first great Liberator, his mother a half-sister of Cato of Utica, his first wife a daughter of Appius Claudius, his second a daughter of Cato. His character even as a young man was noted for austerity and integrity. His mental bent was toward philosophical studies. His personal dignity was enhanced by the Laconic style of his letters and the Attic plainness of his oratory. He was a man of few ideas, but of profound convictions so that Julius Cæsar's comment on him, "Whatever he wishes, he wishes intensely," might be a keynote of his actions. Yet his historians recount notable inconsistencies, saying that he was extortionate and cruel in dealing with provincials, as his treatment of his debtors in Cyprus and his pillaging of the inhabitants of Asia Minor show. Perhaps this is in

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part exaggeration or perhaps Brutus shared the Roman feeling of the time toward all non-Italians, "the barbarians" beyond the shores. Certainly, as governor of cisalpine Gaul he won a reputation for justice and mercy, and in the civil war he was often reproached by Cicero for his leniency and clemency toward his enemies. In his political affiliations, he made strange shifts, fighting on the side of Pompey at Pharsalia, but after the defeat at once transferring his allegiance to Cæsar; then after receiving pardon and office from his generous enemy, he turned against Cæsar, perhaps under the influence of his wife, the daughter of Cato of Utica, no less than of Cassius, or possibly because Cæsar in 45 had made Octavian his sole heir.

From the time, however, when driven from Italy, he seized the province of Macedonia and raised the standard of freedom for his country, he never wavered in support of his ideals, even condemning Cicero for negotiating with young Octavian and disregarding his own ominous need of money and troops, which was driving him to the wall of disaster. From his camp in Macedonia he wrote to Cicero a sentence that was the dagger on which he finally expired: "Nothing was worth so much that for it we should sell our honor and our liberty." His suicide for that faith obliterated his former weaknesses and canonized him in the judgment of the world. We see Brutus most intimately through his correspondence with Cicero, and that great statesman's warm-hearted expressions of devotion paint with loyalty and affection an outline that might otherwise have been colorless.

We should like to know also how the philosopher-commander appeared to his young recruits: to Cicero's son, to Horace, to Messalla. In Horace, unfortunately, we find but slight references to the time when he served under Brutus and when a Roman legion obeyed him as tribune. It is difficult to estimate how directly in contact with Brutus Horace was in holding such an office, for we do not know what the responsibility of the tribunes was in Brutus' army. In the Republic, the command of each legion belonged to six tribunes, who commanded in rotation. From 207 B.C., twenty-four of these officers were elected by the people, and if more than four legions were enlisted the additional tribunes were chosen by the consuls. Under the Empire the practice of Julius Cæsar was followed, who placed a special and experienced officer called *legatus*, responsible directly to himself, in command of each legion, by whom the legionary tribunes were directed as subordinates. As Horace must have been appointed by Brutus, and he expressly states that a Roman legion obeyed him, he may well have been in command and not under a *legatus*. Since the military tribuneship was a step in a political career and therefore desirable for sons of nobles or knights, envy may have been aroused, as Horace says, because the freedman's son was given the office, and an additional factor may have been his lack of previous military experience. We do not know what or who commended Horace to Brutus—whether they met at the philosophical schools where Brutus attended lectures while he was recruiting his army, but it is clear that Horace

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served in command under him. Unhappily, he has recorded little about his general.

Two poems are the direct product of his war service, a satire before the fighting about an episode at Clazomenæ in Asia Minor, and an ode of welcome to a "Buddy" of his on his return to Rome sometime after the battle of Philippi. The satire records an amusing verbal contest which took place in Clazomenæ between Publius Pupilius Rex of Præneste, and the Greek Persius, a rich banker of the town, when a lawsuit between them was heard in the court over which Brutus as prætor presided. Persius tried to win the favor of the judge by exalting Brutus' position and his deeds. "Persius praises Brutus and his cohort, calls Brutus the sun of Asia and his companions beneficent stars—all except Rex, who is the Dog-star, baleful to the farmers." At this speech, the whole assemblage laughed; we wonder if because Brutus had been anything but a beneficent sun to Asia. After the Prænestine had retorted with a volley of abuse—Italian vinegar—the Greek Persius made his famous pun, with light reference to the momentous murder of Cæsar: "By the great gods, Brutus, I beg you who are wont to remove Kings, why do you not strangle this Rex? Believe me that is worth your work.' "

So youths can jest about the cause of great war on the eve of conflict, and with that same strange psychology, when they come home can laugh off even the story of battles fought, just as Horace did to Pompeius.

Pompeius, first of my comrades, often led with me into deadly peril when Brutus commanded our army, who has restored you as a citizen to our father's gods and the sky of Italy? . . . With you, I knew Philippi and the swift rout when I left behind my little shield, not nobly, that day when valor was lost and soldiers once braggarts bit the dust in disgrace. I fought no more, you went on to other wars. Now let us sacrifice and rest together here under my laurel; let's forget our cares over these capacious cups of good old Massic. It is sweet to revel now that my friend has come home.

No tribute to Brutus appears in Horace's poems, perhaps none was possible under the régime of the man who had driven him to his death. But a veiled reference to his courageous carrying-on may possibly be seen in the two allusions to the noble death of Cato, Brutus' father-in-law and inspiration, and to Cato's unsubdued soul. In the poem where Horace warns Pollio of the dangers in writing so soon a history of the wars of Cæsar and Pompey, since he must walk over fires hidden under treacherous ashes, the poet paints a canvas of battle that might serve as well for Philippi as for Pharsalia. "I seem to see great leaders soiled by not inglorious dust, and all the world subdued except the stubborn soul of Cato." The panegyrist of Cato was perhaps raising a silent encomium to his own unconquered Stoic general, but this is pure fancy.

There are certain other poems, by-products of Horace's military career, which show forcefully how deep an impression first-hand experience of war made upon him. The years after his return from the war

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were the storm and stress period of his life, for his father had died in his absence, his father's farm in Venusia, along with many others, was confiscated by the triumvirs to give as rewards to the veterans on the winning side when it was necessary to demobilize the army and find employment for the soldiers. To earn his own living Horace had to take a position as a quæstor's secretary, so that the result of war upon his own personal fortunes was for a time very disheartening.

In such circumstances it was inevitable that the tribune of twenty-four whose troops had been defeated, whose commanding officer had committed suicide and whose cause was irretrievably lost should be sunk in hopelessness and disillusion. Clouds of more civil conflicts were gathering on the horizon, menacing Rome's life. The sixteenth epode pours out the despair of the defeated with horror of renewed civil war, and begs the nobler element in the nation to leave old Rome forever and voyaging overseas found a new Rome in some blessed isle where the glory of a lost Golden Age may be recaptured by courageous and noble hearts. Patriotism, disillusion, dreams combined to create Horace's first poetic expression.

As years passed and sweet youth went, Horace was able to look back on his personal experience with calmer judgment, to adapt himself gradually to the new régime and even to condone warfare. His later thoughts on war showed that he believed in military training for Roman youth, and would have them become robust and learn to endure stern privation so

that they should be a terror to their enemies and be ready to fight to the end without thought of ransom. And the horror of cowardice and the sweet glory of dying for the fatherland were voiced by him with such idealism that still in his Italy the pall of the Roman officer dead on the field bears in gold his words:

Dulce et decorum est pro patria mori,

(Sweet and fair is death for native land.)

But Horace saw too the ugly side of war that is hated by mothers, and knew that the motives are not often pure patriotism and glory—that anger and avarice often beget wars which aim at territory and gold. Yet he found war necessary, and thought that the only wise policy is to prepare for it in time of peace. Civil wars he condemned repeatedly and unsparingly, full of the horrors which he had known, the crime of brother lifting hand against brother, but military achievements were to him, as always to the true Roman, the height of glory which elevates mortal men to Jupiter's throne; and once reconciled to the new head of the Roman state, over and over again he celebrated the victories of Octavian in East and West, and the victories of Agrippa, Pollio, Drusus, and Tiberius. He seems, indeed, at times almost the mouthpiece of a militaristic faction that would have Augustus conquer Britain and make himself master of the turbulent Near East.

How gradual Horace's readjustment to the rule of

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Octavian was will be shown in another place. Of course, much of the politics in the poetry of the time seems to have been "an inspired message," transmitted from the Emperor through the diplomatic influence of Mæcenās, and it is not strange to find Horace on the one hand writing odes of victory for Octavian's triple triumphs, and then no less ardently proclaiming the blessing of peace which his wise rule—power tempered by wisdom—had conferred. His odes on peace ring true and are a more enduring monument to that Pax Augusti which the Emperor believed his greatest work than the altar of the Peace of Augustus, erected by the Senate. Horace's genius, indeed, burgeoned and flowered in the tranquillity of that golden time, when the doors of Janus' temple were kept firmly closed.

QUÆSTOR'S CLERK

Horace, after his party was defeated at Philippi, (according to Suetonius), obtained pardon and purchased the position of scriba or clerk to a quæstor. He thus solved the problem of self-support which confronted him on his return from the war when his father had died and his Apulian farm was confiscated by the triumvirs. The position which Horace thus secured was one for which the son of the tax-collector may have inherited some aptitude. The duties of the city quæstors at this time were twofold: they were the attorneys for the state in non-political criminal cases and they were the state treasurers. There is little evidence as to how they exercised their judicial functions, but we

know that all taxes and revenues of the state were received by them and in turn all disbursements for public service were made by them. They kept both the public accounts and the public records and their responsibilities were great though only ministerial, as they could take no initiative in financial matters, but simply carried out the orders of the Senate or of the proper magistrates. The treasury was in the temple of Saturn on the Clivus Capitolinus, and the record-office was the *Tabularium*, which stood near.

Now as the *quæstorship* was the lowest rung in the ladder of a political career and the term of office was but one year, the incumbents were often young, inexperienced men, who could hardly master the details of their duties in their time of service. This fact, which led Augustus, after the battle of Actium, to transfer the charge of the treasury to special commissioners, made the office of *quæstor's* secretary when Horace served an important one.

These government clerks, many of whom were knights though freedmen were numbered among them, had permanent tenure of office and were by no means mere copyists. They kept the records of all the transactions of the public bodies, they kept the state accounts, supplied the *quæstors* with technical knowledge and with proper forms for their official business, read state documents in the Senate, the courts, and the assemblies, and were probably the persons who performed much of the real work of the *quæstor*. Horace refers to the *scribæ* twice, in each case with honor, once when he mentions an inferior official or *quinque-*

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vir (a sort of night policeman to guard against fire) who has been "cooked over" or metamorphosed into a secretary, and again where he refers to his own office-holding. He no sooner reaches the Esquiline than some one reminds him of business: "The scribæ beg, Quintus, that you will remember to come back today for a new piece of public business that is very important."

Horace, as this satire shows, was still holding this secretarial position when Vergil and Varius introduced him to Mæcnas, and nine months later that great patron made him one of his literary circle on the Esquiline. We must picture him keeping accounts of accruing taxes and revenues and of state payrolls, going to meetings of Senate, assemblies, and courts and recording proceedings, and frequenting the temple of Saturn and the Tabularium. The exact date when he withdrew from the scribæ is not known, but his resignation was probably the result of Mæcnas' gift to him about 33 B.C., of a little farm in the Sabine hills which rendered him financially independent and gave him the leisure to write.

Before that time, however, Horace had probably made the great decision of his life, at the crossroads of two possible careers. It has not been generally recognized that under the régime of Octavian a political career in Rome was open to Horace, but this seems clearly the case. Dr. L. R. Taylor has well summarized the evidence for the status of the military tribunate at this time. It was an office regularly held by *equites*, either chosen from the sons of senators and

hence called *tribuni laticlavii* to indicate their eligibility to the Senate, or from sons of knights, and called *tribuni angusticlavii*. The *tribuni militum* seem always to have ranked as *equites* and wore the gold ring of the order. Freedmen's sons were among the *equites* and indeed had been enrolled in the Senate by Julius Cæsar. The *tribuni militum* were in part (twenty-four) elected by the *comitia tributa* and in part appointed by the commanding general.

Horace's appointment was made in the extremities of war when Brutus was undoubtedly hard pressed for officers, and it is probable that Brutus, perhaps meeting Horace at lectures on philosophy in Athens, was glad to secure as a *tribunus* so promising a young intellectual, and to overlook the matter of parentage and of property. Horace, though the son of a freedman, may have been of native Italic stock (Lucanian or Apulian), but it is improbable that at this time he had the *census equester* of 400,000 sesterces. Epode Four suggests that Horace may be sensitive about this matter of the *census*, and that in criticising here another tribune he wishes to show that worth, not property-rating really counted. "There is as much a war between you and me as ever fate allotted between wolves and lambs," he says. This "other" tribune still has the brand of the slaves' iron on his legs, but proud of his wealth he displays the most voluminous of togas on the Appian Way, awakening the righteous indignation of all by-passers. This fellow, who as a slave was often scourged publicly for his crimes, now is seen driving his pony-cart out to

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his great estates, or sitting in the knights' seats in the theater. "Of what avail is it," Horace asks, "that many beaked ships of ponderous weight were led against the band of slaves and ruffians when such a man as this is tribune of the soldiers?"

Horace evidently had some pride in the standards of the office that he had held, and thought that its insignia should be conferred upon those whose worth deserved honor, not upon a man who had himself been a slave and a bad one, but who now somehow by his wealth had secured position. The same idea appears in Epistle I. 1, where he says to an imaginary interlocutor: "You have mind, character, eloquence, honor, but you lack six or seven of the 400,000 sesterces (of a knight's property). You will be a plebeian. But the children in their games chant 'You'll be king if you act nobly.' Tell me is the Roscian Law (about the knights) better or the ditty of the children that offers a kingdom to those who act nobly? Does he give you better advice who urges, 'Make money, money, by lawful means if you can, if not, in any way you can, that you may have a better seat at the tearful plays of Pupius,' or he who urges you to stand free and erect in answering proud Fortune and fits you for such action?"

Whatever Horace's own property-rating was, he certainly had the right to wear the insignia of the knights and did wear them, for the evidence in his own poems shows that he was an *eques*. In Satire II. 7, his slave Davus, with the free speech permitted at the Saturnalia, accuses Horace of going on an amour

with some *matrona*, and disguising himself as a slave for it:

When you have thrown off the insignia, the equestrian ring, and the Roman garb, and come out on the street a disgraceful *Dama* instead of a juror, with a cloak covering your perfumed head, are you what you pretend?

The whole poem is clearly addressed to Horace and the point made by Davus is that his master, who is in bondage to passion, is just as much a slave as he is, and he ends his accusation by saying:

Runaway and vagrant that you are, you are always trying to avoid yourself, seeking now by wine, now by sleep to escape care. In vain, for the black companion presses after and follows you as you flee.

Horace, indeed, is the knight behind whom black care sits, and the phrase in C. 3, 1, seems a certain echo of this passage and like it to refer to the poet himself. Further evidence that Horace was an *eques* is that he attended the *ludi* with Mæcenās and so must have had the right to sit in the knights' seats with the great Etruscan. Moreover, if we can accept with Professor Hendrickson as Horatian the lines usually italicized at the beginning of Satire I. 10, Horace is probably here humorously referring to himself as trained when a boy by flogging to be a literary critic, so that he has turned out *grammaticorum equitum doctissimus*, "the most learned of the critics who were knights," for to my mind this phrase refers not to

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Valerius Cato who was not an *eques*, but to Horace himself.

In view of the fact that Horace was an *eques*, he might have aspired to the *cursus honorum*, as every knight might look forward to becoming a senator, and the Emperor's known predilection for the poet might have gone far in aiding his career. Octavian, according to Suetonius, did offer Horace a distinguished place in his household as *scriba*, an office not meaning a mere clerkship, but that position of *comes et scriba*, "friend and secretary," which later Horace's young friends Celsus and Florus held with Tiberius and which placed them in an honorary cohort of the prince's friends. Horace not only refused the position of *scriba* in the Emperor's household, but before that time had definitely set his face against the political aspirations that were open to him. How clearly he saw his choice is manifested in several poems that need re-interpretation on the basis of the fact that Horace was a knight.

Foremost among these is Satire I. 6, which now becomes a sort of *apologia* for Horace's lack of political ambition. Horace appeals to Mæcenas, the glory of the knights, for sympathetic understanding of his way of life. Mæcenas, with all his Etruscan lineage and his ancestors who commanded great legions, has not, as many people do, looked down on the freedman's son who has become a *tribunus militum* and *eques*. But if Horace had aspired to the Senate the censor might properly have removed him as the son of a freedman, and he would have been subjected to

every sort of envious criticism about his life and birth. Even as *tribunus militum* Horace had endured much malicious comment and Tillius who put on the broad stripe and became a tribune as a step to the Senate, had to run the gauntlet of envy, as anyone does who aspires to office. Horace was given by his father the education fit for son of *eques* or senator; and for that Horace owes him all thanks; in fact, if he were asked to choose new parents at his own will, he would not select those honored by the insignia of curule office, in preference to his freedman father to whom he owed his education, his morality, his standards of life. Horace is much freer and happier in his life than the illustrious senator Tillius who is always being criticized for stinginess. Horace's Bohemian literary life, free from burdensome ambition about the *cursus honorum*, is pleasanter than if all his ancestors had been quæstors, and he were not a quæstor's clerk but a senator.

A companion piece to this satire is II. 6, in which Horace has become a personage, seen everywhere with Mæcenus, and pestered by importunate inquiries about state secrets of the Emperor and his minister. No one believes Horace's assurances that he knows nothing about foreign affairs or diplomacy, and chilling gossip about him runs from rostra to crossroads. People still expect him to have a political career.

When the collection of odes was published thirteen years later, Horace had become the friend of Octavian as well as of Mæcenus and appreciating the work of reconstruction which the Emperor was doing, was ready to consecrate his poetry to the service of the

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state. It is notable that in this first of the six great reconstruction odes of Book III Horace proclaims that the poet has as clear a function in the state as the man in political life; for himself, he will avoid the sword of Damocles and the cares that the great man's wealth brings. The black care of a knight is enough for him, and that care he knows in his dark moods neither marble nor crimson robe, nor eastern perfume nor envied atrium will assuage.

In the same book of odes, 16, he writes to Mæcnas a still clearer passage on his decision against the political career that was open to him, showing how the curse of gold is sure to fall on the satellites of great men, even on kings and admirals.

Care and thirst for greater possessions follow increasing riches. Rightly I shuddered at the thought of raising my head to a conspicuous height, O Mæcnas, Glory of the Knights. The more a man denies himself, the more will he receive from the gods. Stripped I seek the camp of those who desire nothing and *as a refugee* wish to leave the party of the wealthy. More distinguished am I as the master of a property despised by all than if I were said to store in my granaries whatever the industrious Apulian garners, yet were poor in the midst of great possessions. A stream of pure water, a wood of a few acres and a sure confidence in my crops are a happier lot than that of the man refulgent in the imperium of fertile Africa though he knows it not.

This passage seems to me good evidence that Horace was a refugee from the ranks of the *cursus honorum*; that he had shuddered at the prospect of a

political career and decided against it; and that this decision was made in part because he lacked the property for such a career and did not wish to be drawn into the pursuit of gold. Later, when the fourth book of odes was published, Horace refers to the fact that since now all the world knows that his life is devoted to poetry, he is no longer preyed upon by envy's tooth. And he is consistently satisfied that he followed the course suitable for him. Small things become the small; for him not regal Rome, but care-free Tibur with its song-inspiring waterfalls.

We have anticipated Horace's personal history to show that since he was an *eques*, the thought of a political career had presented itself to him and had been rejected. We may well go back and ask what the personality of Quintus Horatius Flaccus was when after Philippi he served as secretary to a quæstor, and what so far he had made out of life. Again, we must infer the lasting results of this period of youth from certain permanent traits and tastes which are immanent in all his later writing. Childhood in the hills of Apulia had given him a love of nature and an intimate and sympathetic understanding of the lives of country people—their industry, their virility, their dignity. From his remarkable father he had inherited certain sterling traits of common sense and personal rectitude which were to supplement those ethical standards which by precept and example his most incorruptible guardian had engrafted. From the conversation and companionship of his father, Horace had also acquired a quiet habit of observing people, and studying the

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significance of their actions, small and great. Transplanted to Rome early, and needing to maintain punctiliously the social customs of city life, he had early sensed the importance of "good form" and along with that new realization of the demands of society had realized that it was a desirable and excellent asset to know great men, and this belief had been enforced by his study of the Epicurean philosophy with its emphasis on the benefits of friendship.

In his school days in Rome and Athens, he had become familiar with the republican literature of Rome and the Romans' infatuated exultation of it, and had carefully evaluated its debt to Greece; for he had become thoroughly imbued with a knowledge of Greek life and thought and of their expression in literature, philosophy, and art. At one time he seems even to have conceived the idea of writing in Greek, but wisely renounced so hybrid a career in order to enrich the language of Latium, and through that medium to transmit to his own people something of the *ἁρμονία* and the *σωφροσύνη* which his spirit had acquired.

From his military campaign he retained a belief in the soldier's training with its resultant frugality and robustness, and an intermittent vision of the glory of fighting for native land, and of extending Rome's beneficent sway; but he was often overwhelmed by gloom at the horrors of civil war and of such conflicts between Italians as he himself had witnessed. He was more intense and passionate at this time than at any later period, if we may trust the evidence of what are

probably his earliest poems (Epode XVI and VIII, Sat. I. 2), for the verses which he now wrote in informal hexameters and in iambs were frank outbursts about the necessity and the ugliness of the social evil and the horror of the withered courtesan, or violent protests against the menace of renewed civil war. Later, Horace could celebrate the golden mean and declare that only a policy of not getting excited over anything makes life truly happy, but now in his sweet youth he was in the grip both of passion and of indignation against more bloodshed. And it was surely because of his own period of stress and readjustments that later he was to wish to write to maids and lads, *virginibus puerisque*, was to be able to give such sympathetic and helpful counsel to Sybaris and Xanthias in their love affairs, and to Lollius, Julius Florus, Celsus, Bullatius, and Iccius in their own experiments in living.

The final and most significant result of his period of education was that somehow in the quæstor's office came the inception of Horace's great creative work. Here he made his momentous decision against entering a political career, and in the outlet of poetry the torrents of youth finally subsided into a strong and steady stream of writing.

PATRONAGE AND THE POET

MÆCENAS' gift of the Sabine farm was one of the most epoch-making events in Horace's life. With the acceptance of it he attained pecuniary independence, but assumed personal responsibilities. Mæcenas, after the poet had been introduced to him by Vergil and Varius, had waited nine months before he invited Horace to become a member of his literary circle in his Esquiline palace. Perhaps in that time the diplomatist was watching the young republican to see if he were worth winning to the new régime and was studying his ability and his temper toward the times. Certainly, Horace must have realized that when he accepted the patronage of one so near Octavian, he was performing another *rhipsaspiis* less dramatic but more final than the earlier throwing away of his shield on the field of Philippi. By receiving so notable a gift from the literary patron who was Octavian's closest diplomatic advisor, the poet had to appear at least formally reconciled to the change of government. The embryo of an opportunistic pragmatism had been conceived in the poet's personal philosophy, so that he was willing perhaps to test the times by awaiting the outcome; also, he was influenced by Vergil's idealistic conception of the future work of Octavian for Rome and Italy. Gradual, certainly,

was the development of intimacy with Mæcenas and of unreserved acceptance of Octavian's work for the state. But as though he wished to justify to posterity his acceptance of such patronage, he wrote in characters so large that he who runs may read what he conceived to be the relations between patron and client.

To appreciate his point of view, it is necessary to review the history of patronage in the Roman world. In the early times of the kings when there were two social orders in Rome, patricians and plebeians, and all powers and privileges were vested in the patricians, the custom seems to have grown up that a plebeian might attach himself as a client to a patrician in order to be affiliated with his *gens* or tribe and acquire the privileges of such protection. The patron had to provide his client with the means of livelihood, advise him, and act as his representative in any litigation. The neglect of such duties was punishable by death. The client on his part had to give his patron respectful obedience and in case he made money, to assist his patron with his own resources for such needs as dowries for daughters or lawsuits. Neither side could give evidence against the other. The relation was hereditary. The strict laws of the early relationship were modified by the reforms of Servius Tullius, for since all plebeians had to serve in the army, the client became more independent after a time, and could conduct his own lawsuits, and while the patron was still bound to give him advice and financial aid in need, the death penalty for neglect was abrogated.

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In the second and first centuries B.C., further changes diminished the disadvantages of the clients, especially when a law was passed prohibiting patrons from receiving gifts of money from them. Social disabilities were removed after marriages between patricians and plebeians were recognized as legal. And after clients could be enrolled in all the tribes and admitted to magistracies and to the Senate, the hereditary character of clientage disappeared. At the end of the first century, the official relationship was this limited one, and far more general was a sort of honorary relationship between great men who gave legal advice without charge and clients who came to consult them and in return for their advice supported them in their political careers. The practice of having large bands of such political hangers-on gave rise to the corrupt practices of the early Empire depicted by Martial's caustic epigrams when fawning and cringing dependents bound themselves soul and body to patrons for the sake of a daily dole of food or money. Horace, living in a transitional period in the development of the relation, saw both the restrictions of the past and the dangers of the future, and in three letters to friends he wrote very fully about the advantages of patronage, proper ideals for it, and its dangers.

In the most general of these letters, addressed to an unidentified person named Scæva, the poet stands at the crossways of life pointing out to his friend two widely divergent roads. If you wish, so runs his rede, to live and die in obscurity enjoying pleasing quiet and sleep late in the morning, go and live at deserted little

Ferentinum; but if you desire a more ample and elegant station and ability to help your friends, then follow the blessings of patronage. You may see the end of the two roads in the lives of two old-time Greek philosophers. There was Diogenes, the Cynic, who must always parade his philosopher's rags and his vegetable diet and snarl at guests at rich tables. There was Aristippus, the Hedonist, who essayed a rather larger mode of living and the elegancies of palaces, but was yet able to adapt himself to any change of circumstances, so mastering them. And his way was to Horace the more excellent, for he says that while all men may not attain the highest glory which for the true Roman will ever be military exploits, "it is not the least praise to find favor in the eyes of the first men of the state," and it is the person who puts forth every effort to make the most out of his life who plays the part of a real man.

The dignity of clientage is defended to Scæva. With another friend, young Lollius Maximus, Horace discusses its more subtle and delicate problems, how to maintain personal independence and yet show the finest tact and adaptability in the relation with a patron. It is not necessary, in order to prove your own freedom of action, to assume a graceless and rustic boorishness and to wrangle over minor differences of opinion, for example, whether the road of Minucius or the Appian Way is the better route to Brundisium. True freedom is something different and you can maintain that, and yet have a sense of what is fitting in your relation to a great man. Never make the error of copying his mis-

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takes, which his position condones, or of being ruined by the insidious extravagance which luxurious surroundings beget.

Another point to be careful about is to study your patron's tastes and not to thrust forward your own—leave off reading poetry and go to the hunt if he wishes. Be very careful too about criticizing him to others. Have no love affairs in his house. If you introduce friends to him, first be sure of their worth, then loyally stand by your recommendation. Above all, watch your patron's moods, and don't be hilarious when he is depressed, or gloomy when he is gay, or dull when he is all verve, or energetic when he is languid. Take the cup he proffers you.

Then Horace, as he so often does, with genial self-irony, uses himself as an example of what a client may achieve, for finally he writes to Lollius:

Up in the Sabine hills on the farm which my great patron gave me, when the cool stream of the Digentia refreshes me, what do you suppose I pray for, friend? May I possess what I now have or even less on condition that I may live out the rest of my life, if the gods will that aught remains, in my own way. May I have a good supply of books, and food stored up to last till the next harvest, and may I not hang on the hope of the uncertain hour. It is enough to beg Jupiter for what he gives and takes away: let him give life, let him give wealth. I myself will maintain for myself a contented spirit.

The third letter on this subject was written to Mæcenas himself, and is a picture of patronage as it

should be and as it should not be. The type of the generous patron is Mæcenas in his relation to Horace and there is a most tactful flattery in this compliment at a time when Mæcenas has urged Horace to come back from the country to Rome to be with him. Horace in refusing reminds Mæcenas that he did not make him rich on condition that he should give up his liberty of action; indeed, if that demand were made he would have to resign every benefaction received and Mæcenas knows he could not do that and be happy; Mæcenas will understand that small things become the small, and will not wonder that Horace prefers his little farm near quiet Tibur, or peaceful Tarentum, to royal Rome.

It is not the city that ruins a man, but a life not suited to him. And then is given a picture of another great patron who for his own whim encouraged a humble city fellow to buy a little farm. The patron here satirized is a historical character, Lucius Marcius Philippus, consul in 91 B.C., a famous lawyer of a generation before, and an orator who in Cicero's opinion ranked third after Crassus and Hortensius. In his early career as tribune of the people he had himself proposed an agrarian law, and in defending it had stated that not two thousand men in the state owned property. Later in his political life coming into conflict with Marcus Livius Drusus, he had violently opposed and finally nullified his bills for the assignation of public land and for free distribution of grain. Perhaps some such real anecdote as this may have been told about him to suggest that practical experience made

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him give up his back-to-the-land movement. The episode has the flavor of reality.

The point of the story is that one day while Philippus was returning from the Forum to his palace in the Carinæ, his attention was caught by a man who was quietly and contentedly cleaning his nails near a barber's shop. When Philippus' slave-boy inquired for his master who the fellow was, his account of himself was so succinct, manly, and contented, that Philippus decided to invite him to dinner. To his amazement the man declined to come. The next day Philippus, still curious, on repeating his invitation secured as a guest a happy churl who had no idea of the proprieties of dinner conversation or of the time to go home. Vastly amused, Philippus kept on inviting him and finally when he heard him praising the country, loaned him money to buy a farm. Volteius nearly killed himself in working on it and was almost ruined by failure of crops and sickness of animals, until at last he galloped on a nag at midnight to Philippus' palace and full of rage, begged his patron to restore him to his former life. And the point of this contrast of two patrons and of two clients is Horace's last word: "It is right that every man should measure himself with his own foot-rule."

Incidental allusions show how Horace not only commiserated a client who was lured into mistakes as Volteius was, but also despised those *umbræ* or parasites who could not call their souls their own, but only echoed the words of their patrons, who moreover when they wanted a dinner invitation did not care whether

friend or foe was the host; and in one of his most damning satires he shows up the vice of pursuing wealth through will-hunting. The ugly scene is laid in the Homeric Age, and in a dialogue Teiresias is made to instruct Ulysses in every possible corrupt practice by which a fortune hunter can ingratiate himself in the favor of the sickly rich in hope of becoming their heir. The ugliness of such contemporary practices is intensified by the Homeric setting and the sordidness of clientage in Martial's time is forecast.

The dangers of patronage did not diminish for Horace the honor or the distinction of it and in one of his brief autobiographical sketches he boasts that he found favor with the leaders of the state in war and in peace. We shall trace later the development of his relationship with the Emperor, and shall see how against Augustus' wishes he maintained his personal liberty, yet kept the Emperor's friendship, and how he let his poetry serve as a vehicle for Augustus' reform measures as well as for the imperial theme.

The refusal of the secretaryship offered by the Emperor was undoubtedly an easier assertion of personal independence than the constant tact demanded by the poet's relationship to Mæcenæ. No authentic portrait of the distinguished diplomat exists, but his personality lives in Horace's pages. A descendant of Etruscan princes, he seems to have been free from ambition for personal advancement, for he preferred to remain the glory of the knights and to serve the state without office. Of his education there is no record, but he was both learned and literary, knowing

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the literatures of both Greece and Rome and writing much. In this he was not successful, for he wrote in an elaborate and studied style which Augustus once described as "smeared with ointment." Horace, in his one reference to Mæcenas' literary work, merely suggested that he should write a prose history of Cæsar's deeds. Mæcenas perhaps never served in Cæsar's armies, though before Actium Horace writes as though he were planning to go to battle, and his military career is still a matter of controversy. His work was generally diplomatic—to remain in Rome and keep the peace while Octavian was away, and in this he showed great abilities.

Though he never had the title of *præfectus urbi*, he held Octavian's seal ring in his absence and acted as his representative in the city. Moreover, he performed several delicate diplomatic missions for him in his relations with Sextus Pompey and with Antony. In all his diplomatic work, he was an advocate of generous measures and used his influence with Octavian against severe judgments. Perhaps foreseeing dangers like those which beset young Gallus, the poet-governor of Egypt, whose personal ambition had aroused the hostile suspicion of the Emperor and tragically ended his career, or perhaps understanding that the character of his superior brooked no rivalry, Mæcenas served the Emperor loyally, with distinction but without office, rewarded in part by large gifts of money, but far more by his own fame.

He had, indeed, great wealth which enabled him to indulge minor tastes like his fondness for elaborate

banquets, fine raiment, and fair gems, to acquire and beautify a great villa on the Esquiline hill, and to offer substantial patronage to many literary men. He married late in life a radiant beauty who was not faithful, and had to submit to seeing his imperial lord among her lovers, but although he consulted the old lawyer, Trebatius, about a divorce, he never broke finally with her even when their daily quarrels were the gossip of Rome, for he had to remember that "no fairer beauty lit the spark that fired besieged Ilion" and that one lock of Terentia's tresses outvalued the wealth of Araby or Phrygia. His one diplomatic indiscretion was due to her fascination, for he told his wife that Augustus had discovered that her brother by adoption, Licinius Murena, was involved in a plot against him, and this violation of the Emperor's confidence certainly did not save Licinius and probably did not stabilize Terentia's favors. Whether because of this error, or Terentia's relations to Augustus, or his own preference, Mæcenas retired more and more into private life after Cæsar returned to Rome from his triple triumphs, and was the center of a brilliant literary circle in his Esquiline palace. Here Vergil and Varius Rufus, Propertius, Horace, and less distinguished writers gathered for friendly discussion and pleasant intercourse. How free the life was from petty rivalry and pushing self-interest, Horace describes to the ambitious bore in the famous walk on the Sacred Way:

We do not live there in the way which you suppose. No house is purer or more free from such self-seeking prac-

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tices. It makes no difference to me that another man is richer or more learned than I am. Each one has his own place.

How informal the relations between Mæcnas and his guests were is depicted in another satire, the description of the journey to Brundisium when Mæcnas, traveling on a great diplomatic mission, took with him several of his literary friends. Jests were exchanged over an absurd little prætor at Fundi, puffed up by office-holding. Dinners were enlivened by the rival wit of absurd buffoons. Rest was taken by Mæcnas at playing ball and by Vergil and Horace in siestas, and they all talked about the little things of every day: the mosquitoes, the bad water, the poor bread, what kept them awake the night before; and together in their emancipated scepticism they discussed the miracle-working altar at Gnatia and whether natural law or divine power produces such marvels. No more vivid picture from the Augustan Age is extant, and it as well as several others of Horace's poems proves Mæcnas' easy intimacy with his friends.

With so intense an enjoyment of the good things of life as Mæcnas had, he could hardly bear the thought of death, would never have a monument prepared for himself, anxiously consulted astrologers about the future, and, in what Seneca called a most disgraceful prayer, wrote a wish that even with body broken or impaled on torturing pain he might go on living. In one poem Horace tries to soothe his fears, by assuring him that he will stand by him even unto death. Mæcnas' nerves were utterly broken in the last years

of his life so that his chronic insomnia could not be relieved even by such devices as the sound of falling water and the song of birds. So he wore out and went into the dark he dreaded. Horace must have had something to endure from a patron of so high-strung a temperament and so moody a disposition, but he lets fall only casual words from which small difficulties may be inferred: Mæcenas' criticisms of the hang of his toga and of his personal appearance, his desire to have the poet friend always near him, his worry about his own health. However, the tact of the two, patron and client, worked out through personal devotion a rare and beautiful relationship.

Little attention has been paid to Horace's relation to another distinguished advisor, the old lawyer, Gaius Trebatius Testa. Indeed, certain critics have assumed that in the first satire of the second book, Horace introduces Trebatius into conversation with himself merely as a distinguished lawyer of the generation before and that they were not acquainted with each other. There is no reason for such an assumption, as Trebatius, although he is best known from his relations to Cicero and Julius Cæsar, lived to give advice to both Augustus and Mæcenas. The two character sketches of Trebatius drawn in Cicero's seventeen letters to him and in Horace's satire form a most striking contrast. In the first, he is a young lawyer on the threshold of life, impatient for fame, advised by an older friend as to how to make his fortunes in Julius Cæsar's service; in the second, he is an old and distinguished jurist, urging upon a poet friend the relinquishment of personal

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satire, because of its dangers for himself, and the adoption of the theme of another Cæsar's exploits for the sure rewards of imperial patronage. The tables are indeed turned when uncurbed youth can be so completely metamorphosed into politic old age.

Young Trebatius of Velia was introduced by his devoted friend Cicero to Julius Cæsar, then in Gaul, as a man surpassed by none in probity, virtue, and honor, a lawyer at the head of his profession with a remarkable memory and unusual knowledge. For this promising protégé Cicero would secure from Julius Cæsar not merely some such office as military tribune or prefect, but all his good will and generosity. The office of military tribuneship was granted at once, but more personal attention and advancement were so slow in coming that, homesick and disappointed, Trebatius wrote some very foolish and rabid letters back to his patron. As even in those young days he was cautious enough to enjoin upon Cicero to destroy all his correspondence, we see his moods only in their reflection in Cicero's answers. Cicero has to cajole, tease, pet, reassure the young man to keep him in the camp—has to remind him again and again that he should not hate the tribuneship when he has been relieved from all its military duties; that it is absurd for him not to wish to go to Britain when he is so fond of swimming; that if he is cold without a stove in winter quarters, he may have a hot time with the enemy; that if there really is no gold or silver in Britain, he'd better secure a war-chariot and come home to his friend; that finally Cicero is glad he has decided not

to cross the channel for now he will not have to listen to the story of his travels; that Trebatius' old clients, the frogs of Ulubræ, are croaking loudly in honor of Cicero, their new patron; that he is very glad to learn that even in a military camp he has turned Epicurean, but how will he reconcile that philosophy of pleasure with his legal cases in defense of virtue; finally, joking aside, he must stick it out in Gaul if he really cares at all for a career, for there lies the great opportunity of his life—friendship with the most distinguished and generous of men, the richest of provinces, the golden time of his youth. Finally, the words went home; Trebatius showed a more resolute spirit and a more tactful patience, displayed bravery in military action and technical legal knowledge when consulted by Cæsar, and began to reap substantial rewards so that he was becoming rich, not merely in the Stoic sense—in short, was so contented with his lot that Cicero is inconsistently a little jealous that Trebatius no longer misses him.

So influential had he become that when Cæsar crossed the Rubicon in 49 and advanced to Rome, it was through Trebatius that he tried to win Cicero to his support; in fact, Trebatius and Matius together seemed to have persuaded Cicero to meet Cæsar for their famous interview at Formiæ when Cicero made his great and dignified refusal to give up Pompey's defense. In the crucial years 49–44 we do not know so much of the relations of Cicero and Trebatius, but that they remained friends is clear. Cicero advises Trebatius, even though he is building a house at Rome,

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to keep his villa at Velia, for it would be a refuge to him, he is beloved there, the place is remote, healthful, charming. Then Cicero dedicates his *Topica* to his friend, and Trebatius is the one who brought Matius and Cicero to a mutual understanding about their differences in regard to Cæsar's death.

After the terrible events of 44 and 43, Trebatius seems to have lived on at Rome, avoiding every pitfall of danger, devoting himself to the law, training younger men like Labeo, and holding so distinguished a position that his opinions were constantly quoted. Augustus consulted him about the addition of codicils to wills; and Mæcenas in his difficulties with his wife asked his opinion in regard to certain technicalities of divorce and wife's property. He seems to have lived on well into the Augustan Age, adding to his fame by writing several works, one on civil law, one on religious observance, and comments on certain edicts. Horace, then, knew him as a distinguished old lawyer, honored and consulted by his own great patrons, and there is no reason to suppose that the advice which he let Trebatius give him in Satire One, Book Two, was not genuine rather than a literary *tour de force*. And the advice strangely enough re-echoes Cicero's words to young Trebatius: what Horace should do is to accept the patronage of Cæsar, for he will be sure to receive great rewards.

Horace has been criticized for writing satire that was too severe and that even went beyond legal limits, so he asks Trebatius' advice as to what to do. To stop writing is the lawyer's first, laconic opinion, but when

Horace protests humorously that he cannot do that because he cannot sleep, the old jurist, still remembering his own youthful sports, advises him to secure deep slumber by swimming three times across the Tiber and then topping off with a nightcap of wine. Or if he must write, let him have the courage to sing the exploits of invincible Cæsar and reap fitting rewards for his labors. Horace seems to question whether as yet it is the proper time for his words to go to the ears of Cæsar, but Trebatius assures him that such poems would be much better than the personal attacks which make him feared by everyone. Horace defends his satire at length by declaring he uses it only as a weapon of self-defense, and only against evil-doers, and that he follows in his freedom of speech the example of his predecessor, Lucilius, who was approved by Scipio. The cautious old lawyer is still afraid that Horace will incur the enmity of some friend of the great and be ruined through ignorance of the sacred laws about bad poems. Horace then gaily disarms his fears by asking how it would be if he should write only good poems, that would be praised by Cæsar acting as their judge; if he should attack only wrong-doers and remain above reproach himself. Trebatius' ambiguous reply at least dismisses the case with laughter and accepts Horace's proposal. The significance of the satire lies partly in the date, as it was probably written last of the second book and shows to my mind that Horace by advice of counsel did give up this kind of writing which Trebatius had criticized, so that when after the publication of the three books of odes, he returned again to

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the *sermones*, or easy talks in hexameters, he discarded personal invective for the genial tone of the poetic epistle which he made for the first time in the history of literature a distinct poetic form. Moreover, in odes, and in epistles he accepted Trebatius' advice and sang of invincible Cæsar's achievements.

An interesting corollary to Horace's ideals for patronage and his own relation to his patrons, Augustus, Mæcenas, and let us add Trebatius, is the unworldly sort of tutelage which he bestowed on younger men. To young Lollius Maximus he wrote the delicate and tactful suggestions about how to enjoy patronage, yet maintain independence, and to the same Lollius earlier, when he was a mere lad still studying in the rhetorical schools, he wrote of the lessons for life that the Iliad and the Odyssey afford, and strung together pearls of precepts for the boy's memory: train your mind by study; be content with small possessions; keep well; scorn passion; rule your spirit. To his young literary friends traveling with Tiberius to the east, he sends affectionate inquiry and counsel, urging Julius Florus to live up to his native talents which are not small, to go on the path which heavenly wisdom directs, and not to let a quarrel with his old friend Munatius last. Albinovanus Celsus is admonished ever so tactfully not to let his good fortune of being companion and secretary to Tiberius turn his head. Bullatius, who is traveling to Chios and Lesbos and Samos and Sardis and Smyrna and Colophon, is reminded that true happiness depends not upon surroundings but on one's spirit, for

They change their skies above them
But not their hearts who roam.

Iccius too, soldier of fortune, is reproached for selling his books about Socrates in order to buy a Spanish breastplate and to be off to the wars in Arabia; and then later he is commended for pursuing his philosophical studies while he manages Agrippa's estates in Sicily. So with warm personal regard and gentle admonition Horace extended to younger men the spiritual patronage which he had at times found lacking in Mæcenas, who cared more for the set of his toga than the cut of his thought.

In truth, Horace made out of patronage a relation that had its own beauty, for he showed by precept and example how the bond between patron and client might develop into intimate friendship of mutual advantage to both parties and of worth not measured by gold. He set up ideals of patron and client who should be mutually generous and forbearing, and who should practice in daily companionship the tact and geniality which go to make up the fine art of living. More remarkable than his standards is his success in carrying them out.

AUGUSTUS AND HORACE

THE SHAPING OF AN EMPIRE

THE epoch in which Horace was to pass the remaining years of his life stands out like the Age of Pericles, the Florence of the Medici, the time of Louis Fourteenth, the Elizabethan Age, as a period of creative production that merited the name "Golden." Unlike the last century of the Republic and the times of Cicero, it was not a period of tremendous political struggles, for after Actium, that third great duel between rival politicians for the leadership of the Roman world, Octavian was able gradually to establish a beneficent rule which, though it shared the labor of the state, assumed its direction and responsibility. So much of this age of reconstruction is reflected in Horace's works that it is necessary to review the progress of Octavian's ascent to power and his wide-sweeping reforms to understand why the youth who fought at Philippi and praised the noble suicide of Cato, the last of the republicans, became the poet of the Peace of Augustus.

The youthful student Octavian, the adopted nephew of Julius Cæsar, who after his grand-uncle's death surprised even the astute Cicero by the rapidity with which he made himself a factor to be reckoned with in

the Roman world, had to fight through a decennium of wars before he could become the Apostle of Peace. Allied in the second triumvirate with Antony and Lepidus before Philippi, he had to stand with his colleagues after the battle in the ugly business of proscription and execution by which they subdued revolution, even to such abhorrent extremities as the sacrifice of a patriot like Cicero. And after proscriptions came more horrors of civil warfare, when Sextus Pompey, the dashing soldier of fortune, tried to dominate the Roman state by controlling the grain supply and when Antony, caught by the lure of the East and new dreams of world-power, was plotting with Cleopatra. Only in 29 B.C., after the battle of Actium, was the temple of Janus finally closed (so picturesquely did the Romans announce peace).

At the time of his triple triumph over Egypt, Pannonia and Dalmatia, Octavian offered to the Senate to resign all his extraordinary powers, if they believed that was the best course for the nation. The Senate, disarmed by such disinterestedness and hypnotized by his military exploits, refused this abdication. Having thus won what we might call a vote of confidence, Octavian proceeded to work out a new constitution which aimed at a compromise between monarchy and democracy. He did not assume a dictatorship or accept a permanent consulship, but little by little he was given the supreme military command, a casting vote in the courts, the *tribunicia potestas* for life (that is, supreme power over the plebeians and their officials), the title of *princeps senatus*, with the power of sum-

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moning and dismissing the Senate, and the right of making treaties. On the other hand, he shared with the Senate provincial administration, making a new plan by which the older and pacified provinces should be under the control of the Senate, but the frontier provinces needing military guards under Cæsar. By having the finances in the senatorial provinces in the hands of procurators directly responsible to the Emperor and by frequent tours of inspection Cæsar secured better government than the provincial had ever known, in spite of this dyarchy in administration.

No less important a part of the Pax Augusti was the foreign policy which he gradually developed. An extension of boundaries seems to have been at first included in his constructive ideas for Rome. Egypt was added to the list of provinces and because of the richness of the profits of the land and the feudal system in existence for cultivation, Cæsar assumed direct responsibility for its control. Then he spent several years out of Italy in Gaul, Spain, and the East, achieving the pacification of the western Roman world and securing by diplomacy the return of the Roman standards by the Parthians who had captured them from Crassus at Carrhæ, an old blot on the Roman scutcheon. While boundaries were pushed forward to the Elbe for a time, and in the northeast by subjugation of Alpine tribes and of Dalmatia, Augustus gradually adopted a policy of *status quo* against territorial expansion, for he exercised a sort of mandatory over Armenia instead of taking possession of it in the midst of its civil dissensions, withdrew in Germany to the

Rhine frontier, relinquished Numidia to a native prince, and never undertook the much heralded expedition to Britain for which Julius Cæsar's invasion had prepared the way. On sea as well as on land peace was established, a new harbor made at Lake Avernus, and naval bases maintained at Ravenna, the Julian Harbor, Misenum, and Forum Julii, and a small standing fleet organized.

The great army which served in the civil war had to be demobilized and this was effected by sending many soldiers back to the *municipia*, by placing many in colonies, and by putting many on the land. Then a standing army was organized with fixed terms of service, pay, and retiring allowance, financed from a new military treasury, and of this army Augustus was the commander-in-chief to whom all soldiers took the oath of allegiance. Only the Emperor and the imperial princes could now celebrate a triumph.

In Augustus' relation to Senate, Knights, and Plebs, he seems to have been a sincere experimenter toward a constitutional dyarchy. After three reforms of the Senate by which upstart members were removed and the opposition diminished, the power of decrees was left to it, as well as a share in the control of the provinces; more offices were opened to the senators; the question of the succession was always nominally in their hands; and the dignity of their position was constantly recognized. But in spite of the Senate's outward subservience to the Emperor, a kind of passive resistance was indicated by a growing reluctance to assume the senatorial position or to attend meetings,

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and in this difficulty of adjustment between centralized responsibility and a democratic parliament Augustus found the crux of his reign.

His relation to the Knights was a more unqualified success, for in this reconstruction period the great middle class had little to lose and much to gain. The numbers of the regular order were first much enlarged, and then the range of activities, in addition to the old privilege of serving in the courts, was greatly increased by the opening to them of a large field of civil service directly under the Emperor. Prestige was added to the order by the fact that Mæcenas, the Emperor's confidential diplomatist, always remained the "glory of the Knights," and the imperial princes often held the primacy in their ranks, but far more than this did the opportunity for honorable and useful public service win the middle class to Augustus.

In his relation to the Plebs the Emperor made what seemed sincere attempts to give them a share in civic responsibility. The right of election was left them, though Augustus made lists of recommended candidates and presided at elections. The right of legislation still belonged in part to the popular assembly. Certain guilds of hand-workers and industrial co-operative societies were authorized by the Senate, though clubs in general were vigorously suppressed. Attempts to give the people some share in city government by office-holding in the wards, with fire control, inspection of weights and measures, and other tasks seem to have met doubtful success. And finally Augustus settled down to the policy of free distribu-

tion of grain and of spectacular amusement for the populace to prevent revolution. For his solution of the food supply, he adopted a tripartite policy: the encouragement of agriculture to secure production, the freedom of the sea to facilitate importation and colonization to relieve the over-crowding of Rome and Italy. The distribution of free grain was more carefully regulated, grain commissioners being appointed and the number of almoners largely decreased. The water supply, too, was a subject of imperial care.

Such public health problems of food and water supply were only a part of Augustus' civic measures. The financial problems were tackled by changes in the administration of funds: officials directly responsible to the Emperor were appointed for the treasury; a new treasury for the revenues from the imperial provinces was created and also a private imperial fund into which went extraordinary revenues like those of Egypt; and fourth, a military treasury was established. The sources of income for the state were increased by an inheritance tax and a tax on slaves. The system of collection of taxes was bettered, for all tax-collectors even in the imperial provinces, were held directly responsible to the Emperor. Apart from such reforms in financial administration, Augustus encouraged thrift by sumptuary laws regulating extravagant expenditure on dinners, festivals, weddings, and by his own personal example in the wearing of homespun, living in a modest dwelling and serving only three-course dinners. But encroaching Oriental luxury and after-war spending were hard to check.

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More obvious and simple reconstruction work was the building of the age. Augustus' dying boast that having found Rome brick he left it marble seems justified, as his official autobiography, the *Monumentum Ancyranum*, rolls out sonorously the list of new buildings erected and old ones repaired. An analysis of the record shows the significance of the kinds of building: honor paid to public service by restoration of Senate-house and building of basilica or law court; renaissance of religion fostered by repair of eighty-two temples and erection of new shrines for certain favored cults, notably Mars Ultor and Apollo; amusement of the populace encouraged by restoration of one theater and construction of another and of amphitheater; public utilities cared for by repair of highways, essential for travel to the provinces and improved postal service, and by restoration of the aqueducts. Much of the public building was financed by the Emperor, but patriotic private citizens like Agrippa followed the example of his munificence. Horace would have his fellow-countrymen not erect private atria with stately columns to awaken envy, but decorate the temples of the gods with the new marble.

A more vital work of reconstruction than such administrative and practical reforms was also attempted by Augustus. This was along three lines, social morality, religious worship, and revived nationalism.

The recruiting of the population was one of Augustus' cares. Alarmed at the decrease in it caused by disease and wars and at the growing distaste for marriage, Augustus by laws and by exhortation tried to raise the

birth-rate and establish standards for eugenics. It was a time when the Roman citizen's sense of duty about rearing a family had become greatly relaxed and the new freedom of woman, emancipated more or less from the control of her father or of her husband, tended to diminish the sense of responsibility for the race. With the lessened sense of duty to the state came increased celibacy and immorality, facilitated by a large slave population and foreign *hetærae*. Augustus attempted to check the dangers to the state by rigid laws, penalizing adultery, enforcing marriage upon citizens, men and women alike, decreeing penalties for the unmarried and childless, and bestowing rewards and privileges on the fathers of families. His appeal against race suicide in the name of patriotism, his condemnation of immorality, his laudation of family life rang true. But marriage laws that were proposed by bachelors and that could be evaded by imperial grants were viewed ironically, and Augustus' proposed reforms were contrasted slyly with the corruption in the Emperor's family and the scandalous conduct of his beautiful daughter. Augustus' ideals were, however, sound, though he could do little toward maintaining or enforcing them.

His renaissance of religion seems almost as objective as the rebuilding of ruined temples. Roman religion was so largely a matter of ritual and formalism that the rebuilding of old temples, the revival of old *ludi*, the punctilious observation of sacred days, the restoration of the colleges of priests seem conventional measures adopted to restore the normal Roman life and to

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preserve the *mos maiorum*. Significant politically, however, was the worship of the Genius of Augustus which the Emperor allowed to grow up, and still more the pre-eminence which he gave to the worship of his patron god, Apollo, with the resultant prestige for himself of associations with oracle, Sibylline books, Actian shrine, new Palatine temple. When Cæsar finally became Pontifex Maximus on Lepidus' death, he consummated his policy of uniting indissolubly church and state, an object early foreshadowed in the semi-religious title, Augustus, which he had preferred to accept rather than the kingly Romulus first proposed.

The new nationalism was associated with the sanctity of religion, glorified by association with the traditions and history of the Roman race, and extended by visions of future greatness. To enhance the magnificence of so splendid a theme as eternal Rome, Augustus was fortunate enough to catch the imagination of the time and harness Pegasus to his triumphal car, so that great poetry popularized his ideas. Vergil *par excellence* celebrated the work of Augustus in his three great themes: the beauty of peace, the dignity of labor on the soil, the splendor of empire. And Tibullus and Propertius in lesser measure sounded the motifs of religious renaissance, nationalism, and imperialism, the peace of Augustus, the happiness of country life, but Horace more completely than any of the others is the true poet of the age of reconstruction and there is hardly one of Augustus' reform measures which does not echo in his poetry.

THE LAUREATE OF RECONSTRUCTION

A chronological study of Horace's writings shows how very gradual was the metamorphosis of the republican supporter of Brutus into the quasi-official laureate of the Empire. In his first published work, the first book of satires (35 B.C.) there is one slight reference to Cæsar as a patron of a second-rate singer with no praise involved except a possible tribute to his amiable indulgence. These satires tell the story of how Vergil and Varius had introduced Horace to Mæcenas and how after nine months the great diplomatist had made the freedman's son his friend; they record the freedom and happiness of the literary circle in Mæcenas' palace on the Esquiline, and show the satisfactions of the poet in such patronage. The tone of the allusions to Mæcenas is somewhat formal, as is the dedication of the book to the new patron.

The second book of satires (30 B.C.) shows distinct development in Horace's relation to Mæcenas and in his attitude toward Octavian. The relation of Mæcenas the patron and Horace the poet has now passed into such intimacy that the two attend public festivals together, drive together, and dine together in Mæcenas' palace, with the result that Horace is pestered with requests to advance the interests of one person or another with his distinguished friend and is plagued with interrogations about Octavian's policies, all knowledge of which he disclaims:

"Come," (someone exclaims) "is Cæsar going to give the soldiers their promised farms in Sicily or in Italy?"

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When I swear that I know nothing about it, they marvel at me as the only mortal who can verily preserve a profound and illustrious silence.

Horace could still deny the possession of any private information about Cæsar's policies, but this book of satires and the epodes published about the same time show that his attitude toward Octavian has changed from opposition to admiration. Two reasons for this are easily inferred: one the battle of Actium in which Octavian had figured as the savior of the state against renewed civil warfare and the menace of Rome's subjection to an eastern civilization; the other the influence of two great patrons, Mæcenas and Trebatius. The ninth epode, addressed to Mæcenas, asks when they shall celebrate together the great victory of Cæsar, a leader greater than the Marius who conquered Jugurtha, greater than the Africanus who destroyed Carthage. And again in the fifth satire of Book Two there is a complimentary allusion to the youth descended from the famous Æneas, so great on land and sea that Rome's old enemies, the Parthians, will shudder at his name. Then in the dedicatory satire of the book, which was written last, Horace, as we have seen, allows the old lawyer Trebatius to advise him not to continue writing satires that arouse the hostility of the great, but to sing the exploits of invincible Cæsar, and receive his patronage; and Horace, for all his *apologia* to the old lawyer about his using satire only as a weapon of defense or against evil-doers, promises finally not to fail himself when the proper time comes

for his words to go to Cæsar's listening ears, and assures Trebatius with a light pun that he will write not bad poems which the laws condemn, but good poems which will be praised by Cæsar himself as his judge. Actium, Mæcenæ, and Trebatius together had now won the poet of thirty-five to accept Octavian's rule and patronage.

A passage in Suetonius' life of Horace suggests another more cogent reason which perhaps affected Horace's expressed attitude toward the new régime. The poet was apparently making such a name for himself that patronage of him not only bestowed benefactions on the poet but conferred honor on the patron. Mæcenæ had received the dedication of both books of satires and of epodes and in Epode One, before Actium, at the thought of Mæcenæ's following Cæsar into the dangers of war, Horace had shown an ardent personal devotion to his great friend. In such distinction, apparently Cæsar wished to share; at least, in gentle rivalry he wrote to Mæcenæ offering Horace the post of private secretary: "Formerly I was adequate myself to carry on my correspondence with my friends, now that I am overwhelmed with business and not strong, I wish to draw our friend Horace away from you. So he will come from that parasitic table of yours to this royal one and will aid me in writing letters."

Horace, however, having once served as a *scriba*, was not to be coerced easily into another secretarial position and declined the honor on account of ill health, yet in such a way that Augustus bore no resent-

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ment, but urged him to enjoy all the privileges of his household as though he were a member of it.

At another time the Emperor (Suetonius says), after reading several satires, appealed directly to the poet for a place in his writings:

“ ‘Know that I am angry with you because in several works of this type you do not converse preferably with me. Is it that you fear lest in future generations it may be a disgrace to you that you seem to be intimate with us?’ So he won the eulogy on himself which begins: ‘When you alone are bearing the brunt of many great matters, when you protect Italy with weapons, adorn it with customs, correct it by laws, I should sin against the public weal, if I stole your time by a long conversation, Cæsar.’ ” So begins the formal dedication of the second book of epistles to the Emperor, and in that long official recognition of his work for the state, we may see the results of Augustus’ own request, of Mæcenas’ diplomatic influence and of Trebatius’ judicious counsel.

That book of epistles, a new form of satire, was not, however, published until 20 B.C., and in the meantime Horace had paid greater and more spontaneous tribute to Augustus’ work for the state in the collection of lyric poems, the first three books of odes, which appeared in 23. There is another magnificent poem about Egyptian matters, celebrating the death of Cleopatra (30 B.C.) as Epode Nine had commemorated the victory at Actium a year earlier. Then the next year probably produced several poems which show the doubts and adjustments necessary in the poet’s own

mind before he committed himself completely to the national theme. His serious solicitude for the ship of state in her new perils strikes a graver note, and in another stern ode he portrays the internal dangers of increasing wealth, of effeminized youth, and of corrupted family life, and breathes a prayer for some savior who, desiring to be called father of cities, will check civil dissensions and bridle license. Probably about this time he wrote the poem to Mæcenas in which he declares that themes of war are not for his gentle lyre and that Mæcenas himself will write better in his prose history of Cæsar's battles. Yet in rapt pæan he presently declares that he is full of a new theme before uncelebrated, great, immortal, worthy of no humble strain, and that he is planning to emblazon the eternal glory of illustrious Cæsar forever in the stars.

Perhaps this ode was a prelude to the great sequence of the six odes at the beginning of the third book, for in these Horace writes on a lofty national theme that is new to his stylus. The difficult questions of the relative dates of composition of the different odes and of the arrangement need not concern us here, for the important fact is that they were written in a few years after the final overthrow of Antony and Cleopatra around the year 27, when Octavian received the title of Augustus, and that they hold up to the youth of the state, *virginibus puerisque*, high ideals of civic virtue in a new world. The blessings of frugality and of the simple life are contrasted with the cares of office-holding and of elaborate homes. The hard military training and the valiant courage of the happy

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warrior are lauded and honor in word and deed extolled to heaven. The justice and firmness of the truly great hero are proclaimed the qualities by which Augustus has attained the starry citadels of gods and demigods, and it is prophesied that the Capitol will ever stand refulgent and Rome will ever be able to dictate laws to the East if she resists the curse of gold and the ambition to rebuild ancient Troy (perhaps the old Republic or the eastern kingdom projected by Julius Cæsar and by Antony). Cæsar's conflict with Antony is pictured as the battle between the gods and the giants, the powers of good and of evil, and his victory over the lover who kissed away kingdoms is made the triumph of wisdom and of power under wise control. There is also a suggestion of early projects for expansion, since Horace writes that Augustus shall be considered a very present god when the Britons and the dangerous Parthians are brought under Roman sway and the loss of Crassus' standards retrieved. The uncompromising patriot, Regulus, with his quiet self-sacrifice, must be the model for our Romans. Then in the sixth ode, which was probably the earliest written, Horace strikes a solemn note of warning about the insidious dangers that are creeping into the state from the decay of religion and the deterioration of family life and urges that temples should be repaired and the moral purity of maids and lads upheld, as it was in the good old days in the country. Hardly one of Augustus' most vital reforms does not here find recognition, and the civic virtues are made beautiful and alluring by the nobility and dignity of the poetry

which celebrates them. How far Horace had advanced from his opposition at Philippi is recognized by himself in C. III, 14, a gallant welcome home to the Emperor after his victories in Spain. Under the thin disguise of a rejected lover, Horace says that whitening hairs certainly calm the spirit and that he himself would not have borne all this in his hot youth when Plancus was consul and Philippi was fought.

This collection of odes is dedicated to Mæcenas and contains the warmest possible expressions of personal affection for him: urgent requests that he shall lay aside the cares of state and seek peace of mind with the poet in his retired Sabine vale, charming tribute to his beautiful wife, delicate compliment to Mæcenas' own literary ability and his learning, record of his popularity, seen in the applause that greeted his appearance in the theater after an illness, then assurances that life would not be dear to the poet without his friend, and that he will be with him even unto death. These odes are the fullest expression of Horace's personal devotion to his patron.

Three years later in the first book of epistles, that modified form of satire in which Horace genially abandoned the personal attacks and the stand-off attitude which Trebatius had condemned, the poet speaks of sending a volume of his poems (probably the odes) to Cæsar, refers to Augustus' exploits and to his building of the temple of Apollo and the library on the Palatine, mentions the Emperor's birthday as a festa for him, and celebrates his diplomatic triumph in the recovery of Crassus' standards from the Parthians; but

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the references are but incidental, and in the book Horace is more occupied with giving advice to younger friends than in singing the praises of his patrons. Indeed, Horace protests to Mæcenâs against his wish to keep him at his old task of writing lyrics instead of studying philosophy, and in a frank letter tactfully but firmly refuses all control of his habits, declaring that he would relinquish all that he had received from his friend's hands, no matter how sorrowfully, if his life must be conditioned by patronage, and his liberty impaired. The letter stands as a greater tribute to the patron than the formal dedication of the volume.

This period of freedom for his own pleasure in writing was not to last. In 17 B.C., when Augustus was about to solemnize his reign by the revival of a great religious festival and pageant, the *Ludi Sæculares*, he invited Horace to write the formal hymn to the great gods to be sung by a chorus of boys and girls. Vergil, who would naturally have been selected for this task, had died two years before. The Emperor's invitation to Horace not only honored him but recognized him as the first poet of the day and as a quasi-laureate of the realm. In formal, stately ode, Horace hymned the deities honored in the three days and three nights of sacrifices, particularly Augustus' patron Apollo, prayed that the Emperor, the famous scion of Anchises and Venus, might obtain answer to his prayers, conquer enemies who attacked, be merciful to the vanquished, and maintain the peace and plenty which he had bestowed on the Roman world.

Suetonius records that Augustus not only invited

Horace to write the *Carmen Sæculare* but appointed him to celebrate the victories of his stepsons, Tiberius and Drusus, so compelling him to write the fourth book of odes, and it is true that these poems have an official tone that seems absent from his previous encomiums of the Emperor. This is the first group of poems not dedicated to Mæcenas. Formal odes on the victories of Tiberius and Drusus over the Alpine tribes alternate with extravagant praises of the Emperor's own achievements. The note that rings truest in the collection is the praise of the peace of Augustus (Odes Five and Fifteen): the oxen again plowing in the fields, the sea safe for trade, the frontiers quiet, family life purified, the gods revered, the majesty of the Latin name and the Italian power known from west to east. These poems are too sincere to be merely made-to-order work. One ode in the *Volumen* (Eleven) shows that although Horace could not dedicate a collection so manifestly imperial to Mæcenas, his affection for him was unaltered. That is the last poem about his great friend.

The second volume of epistles gratified Cæsar's wish that Horace should converse with him in his *sermones*, for it begins with a long, formal, and laudatory dedication to the Emperor, and honors him as a literary patron who has had the courage to recognize against the critics' praise of only classical writers the merits of such contemporary poets as Vergil and Varius.

Such a review of Horace's relation to the career of Augustus shows how gradually he was reconciled to the new régime, how he came after Actium, under the

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influence of Mæcenas and Trebatius, to recognize the value of Augustus' work for the state, and how sincerely he was able to praise the Emperor's work for reconstruction and the blessings of the Peace of Augustus. The fact that he had to become at last virtually an imperial poet laureate does not diminish the sincerity of his poems about civic virtues, the joys of the farmer's life, and the gifts of peace.

LIFE IN ROME THROUGH HORACE'S EYES

THE CITY

THE city of Rome in which Horace spent much of his life and which is the background of many of his poems is extremely difficult to visualize as a whole. Ancient Pompeii lives again before our eyes as it was on the fatal day when it was buried under the rain of ashes and pebbles from Vesuvius, for its life was truncated at a definite time; its ruins remained almost intact for the excavator; and the modern science of archæological restoration is reproducing a street of houses and shops as it was in 79 A.D. —with the color of mosaics on the floors, frescoes and stucco on the walls, flowers in the gardens, and the small objects of household use and decoration in the places where they were found. Ostia, too, bustling commercial port of Rome, relives under the constructive excavation of Dr. Guido Calza so that public buildings, large apartment houses, streets, and tombs are easily restored in imagination from their ruins. But in Rome, centuries of rebuilding cover ancient streets and squares; monuments can be seen only in scattered units or groups like those on the Palatine and in the Forum; and the continuous life of the Eternal City through the ages blurs the visualization of any particular period.

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Certain features of the Rome of Horace are, however, clear. His age was a time of building. Augustus' boast that he found Rome brick and left it marble is literally true for the change in construction in his period, and symbolically significant for the expansion of the antique and dilapidated republican city to the Rome of fourteen regions with its restored buildings and its many new edifices. The tufa of the early republican buildings was now superseded by travertine in great structures like the theater of Marcellus; buildings once made of concrete faced with sun-dried brick were now built of concrete and kiln-made bricks and covered with slabs of imported marbles, while marble and granite were used in decorative and architectural elements; private houses which had first been wattled huts of mud and reeds, then later small buildings of sun-dried bricks, were now erected in a more elegant and lasting style with lavish use of the "new marbles." In short, the general appearance of the city through the renovations and building activity of Augustus and his friends must have undergone a complete transformation.

How important a part of his work of reconstruction the Emperor considered the building of his epoch is appreciated on reading Augustus' own list of the edifices which he restored, completed or erected. In the *Monumentum Ancyranum*, the official autobiography which the Emperor wrote to be inscribed on his mausoleum, he proudly summarized the restoration of eighty-two temples, the building of important new ones like the temple of Apollo on the Palatine, of the deified

Julius in the Forum, of the Great Mother on the Palatine, of Mars the Avenger in his new Forum; the completion of works begun by Julius Cæsar—his Senate-house, the Basilica Julia; then new buildings—the Forum of Augustus, the theater of Marcellus, the colonnades in the Campus Martius; and finally the restoration of highways and of aqueducts. Much of this building went on between Horace's return to Rome after the battle of Philippi and his death in 8 B.C., so that he himself saw the city expand and flower.

As usual, Horace's poetry reflects what he saw, and although he gives no complete or detailed description of the Rome of his time, he does honor to Augustus' building activity by referring to the need of restoring the temples of the gods and by writing an ode on the dedication of the temple of Apollo; moreover, incidental references to different parts of the city make the "local color" of his poems. He does not give us an æroplane view of the plan of Rome. He does familiarize us with the great river winding under ancient walls, the Campus Martius stretching level and wide in the river's curve, the hills with their sacred buildings, the Forum in the valley between them, the houses of the great, the city streets where centered the life of the humble.

The Tiber was as picturesque a feature of Rome in Horace's time as to-day. The Etruscan stream, as the poet liked to call it, flowed on its golden way through the city calmly enough to afford much sport for swimmers usually, but sometimes rising in flood

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as high as the Regia and Vesta's temple in the Forum. Many a stately villa towered above its banks, across it stretched Cæsar's gardens, and on the city side lay the theater of Pompey, so near that the banks of the stream as well as the Vatican mount echoed the applause that greeted Mæcenas on his first appearance after an illness. Then as now the Tiber was spanned by the Pons Fabricius, and then as now one of those *stanchi di vita* whose pitiful suicides the Italian papers of to-day record covered his head (Horace says) and was about to plunge into the stream to drown himself and his misery, when a philosopher called him back and taught him the Stoic's idea of sane living.

In the bend of the river lay the level Field of Mars, the sunny Campus where vigorous young athletes, inured to dust and sunshine, trained their hard-mouthed steeds and rode with their friends. Horace himself would indulge in a game of ball there, but exercise soon tired him and the burning heat of the sun drove him to bathe—perhaps to swim three times across the Tiber as the old lawyer Trebatius advised him to do for sleeplessness. Here, in the Campus Martius too, were Julius Cæsar's *Sæpta*, the porticus or enclosure where the elections of the *comitia centuriata* were held, the theater of Marcellus, the Pantheon, the baths of Agrippa, the colonnades for promenade where men like Horace could secure time with themselves for thinking out life's problems. And at nightfall in the Campus Martius as in the city squares lovers kept their trysts.

Of the seven sacred hills which found favor in the

sight of the gods Horace mentions Capitoline, Palatine, Esquiline, Aventine, and the hill of Quirinus. The Capitol, where stood the temple of Jupiter, is to Horace a symbol of Rome's power, so it should ever stand refulgent and thither forever should ascend for worship the Pontifex Maximus and the silent Vestal. On the Capitol the Romans should offer up their gems and useless gold. It was for the Capitol that Cleopatra plotted mad ruin, and thither the triumphal processions wound up the hill to display to the god some general crowned with bay because he had vanquished threatening foes. Here too, proud boast of the Augustan Age, hung the Roman standards, once lost to the Parthians, now restored to Jupiter through Augustus' diplomacy. The temple of Jupiter lies low now, mere network of foundation stones on its ancient site, but the hill as the Campidoglio, crowned by magnificent palaces, still does stand gleaming with the spirit of Rome.

The Palatine Horace celebrates as the home of Apollo, seeing him enshrined there in the marble house which Augustus erected to his patron god. To him the bard, as he pours libation, offers petition for his heart's desires—enjoyment of the things at hand, strong body and sound mind, honor above reproach, and “not to be tuneless in old age.” Again, in stately hymn the poet assures the Romans that the god loved by the muses nine, and possessed of the healer's art, looks with favor on these Palatine altars so that he will prolong the life of Rome and Latium to ages ever better. Repeatedly, too, Horace refers to the Palatine

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library which is near the temple and under the protection of the god, and betrays how coveted a boon is entrance into this hall of fame. The temple lives in its full glory only in literature, for only the podium and the steps of approach are visible on the probable site on the southwestern part of the hill, and we must go to Propertius rather than the Palatine to see its porticus with the statues of the fifty Danaids and their husbands, the stories of the defeat of the Gauls and of Niobe's grief wrought in relief on the doors, the library for Greek and Latin authors.

The Aventine, too, for Horace was the home of a god, for as Apollo presided over Palatine and Jupiter over Capitol, so Diana held her sway on the Aventine and from there regarded the prayers of the *quindecimviri* and turned friendly ears to the appeals of the young. All trace of her temple has disappeared.

The Esquiline had more personal associations, for its lower slope toward the Forum, the Carinæ, was a fashionable residence quarter where men like the old lawyer, Lucius Marcius Philippus, lived, and farther up the hill Mæcenas' lofty palace towered to the stars. Here once there had been a burial-ground of the very poor, and excavations have uncovered the sort of necropolis which Horace describes in Satire I. 8, whither slaves used to carry in cheap boxes the bodies of their fellows, where once, amid the bones of the dead, thieves made their haunts and witches hunted charms. Mæcenas reclaimed all that horror so that now, Horace says, the hill is healthful, the sunny embankment is a favorite promenade, and his patron's

palace is the happy resort of the literary men who enjoy his favor. The famous home and gardens are now only names.

Horace merely refers to the hill of Quirinus as inconveniently remote from the Aventine for those who have to make calls in both places and he barely mentions the Mons Vaticanus, then a name synonymous with all the Janiculum ridge and only later bequeathed to the level districts between hill and river where St. Peter's now stands.

The Forum, that center of much of the legal, political, and religious life of Rome, as well as of her street life, enthralled Horace as its ruins do the student of history to-day. He refers to the Senate-house, the Puteal Libonis, which was near the prætor's tribunal, the rostra of the orators, the temple of Vesta, the temple of Janus, whose doors were open in time of peace and closed in time of war, and he tells of strolling about here at dusk in his youthful Bohemian days, and of his famous walk here on the Via Sacra when the notorious Bore so rudely interrupted his literary meditations. The gossips hanging around the rostra no less than the Bore gabble about the good fortune of the freedman's son who has become Mæcenas' friend, and Horace will heed none of them. No more will he have aught to do with the business of the Forum once he has got rid of that clerkship to a quæstor: "The Forum and the Puteal of Libo I will leave to the dry," he says gaily, maintaining that lawyers must be temperate, but bards are votaries of Bacchus. Very glad he is that he does not have to get up early

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in the morning and rush off to salute Marsyas' statue near the tribunal of the prætor, symbol of distasteful legal work. Horace chooses to be a mere observer of all that goes on in the Forum, the heart of the city's life, and will simply watch its extreme contrasts—the great triumphs that wind up the Sacred Way to the Capitol, the funeral processions that show how even the mighty are brought low.

And just as he strolled about the Forum, he would go too to the Circus Maximus and see the races, getting some vivid simile from the course. No ruins of the Circus are visible in its long oval between the Aventine and the Palatine, but the obelisk which Augustus placed on the central platform of the Circus now stands in the Piazza del Popolo, an enduring symbol of the building's past grandeur.

Such public buildings and the temples of the gods are the structures which Horace would have erected in magnificent style, decorated with the new marble, not private homes. Of the wealthy man, he asks why the ancient shrines should be allowed to fall in ruin, while he is rich, and he inveighs against those who, by their private extravagance leave few acres for the plow or let their foundation stones encroach on Tyrrhenian and Apulian sea. Not such were the standards of men of old when private possessions were small, and the state treasure large. While the poet thus extols simple homes, he paints vivid pictures of the houses of the great which awake envy. Mæcnas' palace on the Esquiline towers high amid the clouds, overlooking the smoke and wealth and noise of Rome. A house is

praised which has a wide view of distant fields or of the boundless sea. Then inside the house the lofty *atria* in the new style are extravagant enough to arouse envy with their columns of African marble and architraves from Hymettus, their paneled ceilings decorated in gold and ivory, their mosaic pavements, and back of the atrium, the garden in the peristyle brings nature into the house, but surrounds her with multicolored columns quarried in far distant lands. In the dining-rooms, the couches of the *triclinia* are inlaid with ivory and covered with crimson coverlets, the tables are of priceless citrus or maple wood, the ceilings are hung with tapestries. Amid such elegancies and all the formalities of morning calls and evening dinners, it is no wonder that Horace advises a great patron to slip out the side door and escape the client awaiting him in the atrium.

The houses that Horace describes are of the type best known to us from Pompeii, indeed illustrated in Rome only by the so-called House of Livia on the Palatine and the lower rooms recently excavated on the Palatine with their bright frescoes, mosaic floors and marble decorations. Some of these rooms may perhaps have belonged to the home of Rome's first Emperor, for archæologists who would now place the temple of Apollo on the southwestern part of the hill, on the supposed site of the temple of Jupiter Victor, would identify the "House of Livia" and the newly excavated rooms near as Augustus' simple palace. Its ruins with their faded frescoes do not assist us much in visualizing the extravagant palaces which Horace

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criticizes and our imagination is more aided by a mental transfer to Rome of some of the more elaborate houses of Pompeii, like that of the Silver Wedding.

So much does Horace give us of his Rome: of the river and Campus, of hills and Forum, of public buildings and private dwellings. For him as for us, the interest in the city itself is as a background for the life of the age and his descriptions are merely incidental setting for the Romans whom he knew so well. Always a Bohemian at heart, he early formed the habit of watching the people he passed and the amusement which he gained from the life of the streets did not diminish when he became a friend of the great. He could laugh when some envious fellow in the jostling crowd inquired satirically whether he wished to push everyone else out of his way just because he was running to Mæcenâs' palace. Such taunts did not disturb his habits of observation.

Varied as the street life in Rome to-day were the scenes which caught his eye. He watched the business life of the streets: Volteius Mena selling knick-knacks to the humble people who wear the tunic, green grocers hawking vegetables, the street where incense and perfumes and pepper were vended, book-shops with the notices of new books on their columns, the fortune-tellers imposing on the gullibility of mankind, the unsavory traffic of the crowded Subura, the lame beggars at the crossroads. Then as now children and old women carried home newly baked bread from public furnaces and water from reservoirs or fountains. Children played about the streets, fastening coins in mud

to trick passers, building houses, hitching pet mice to toy wagons, galloping on long reeds as though they were ponies, playing games with their nuts and their dice. You could hear them shouting "*Par impar*," "Odd or even," or counting out for some game with a rhythmic moral phrase:

You'll be king if you act nobly.
If you don't, you'll not be king.

Then from watching the children, Horace, ever friendly to the maids and the lads, would turn for a glimpse of the love-making, always going on in the Campus and the squares after nightfall at trysting time, and hearing the merry laugh that betrayed some girl in remote nook, he would see a memento snatched from her all too willing hands.

Such was the usual work and play of the Roman streets. Of course, as you strolled, you might also meet your friends, bores or boons, as the gods willed, or on special days you might see some great procession pass: funerals with all the solemn pageantry of death, religious festivals with accurate revival of ancient customs long forgotten, triumphs winding along the Sacred Way with generals in gilded cars, prisoners in chains, sacrificial victims, happy wives and mothers of returning soldiers. The vividness with which all this varied life of Rome is portrayed shows Horace's joy in being a part of it, and where he acquired his many-sided knowledge of many types of men. He could have used as a motif for his pictures of Rome

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Terence's words: "I am a human being; nothing human is foreign to me."

PROFESSIONS, OCCUPATIONS, LABOR

In Horace's pictures of every-day life in the Augustan Age, all classes of society have a place. By the circumstances of his own life he had contacts not only with Emperor, senators and knights, but also with plebeians, freedmen and slaves, and these contacts were rarely formal, rather were imbued with a broad and understanding sympathy. Equally surprising traits which the freedman's son developed are his urbanity in Roman palaces and his friendly consideration of his own slaves. Such all-embracing politeness is generally founded, as Mr. Warde Fowler points out in commenting on the good manners of educated people in Cicero's age, on the ever present "sense of another's claims as a human being," and Horace, most personal as satirist, lyricist, and philosopher, was invariably sensitive to the personalities about him. That is why, without writing treatises on social life in his times or character sketches of his contemporaries, he holds so clear a mirror up to his age.

From the complete sequence of his poems, we can reconstruct much of the every-day life of his time: the professions and occupations of the nobles and the humbler people, the labor of the slaves and the contemporary problems of slavery; the amusements of the age in dinner-parties, theater-going, authors' readings, horse-races, combats of gladiators; the poet's reactions

to all these diversions and to the social dangers of the time, his own personal habits, then his ideals and his inconsistencies.

In several poems Horace runs over the prevailing ambitions of men, showing how some delight in military camps and the trumpet's call, others in wresting from fickle citizens the whole cycle of political offices, others in plowing their fathers' fields, others in trading across the seas, others in public athletic contests, like the races of the Circus, and some, like himself, in a peaceful literary life.

With all deference to Augustus and his generals, Horace puts war first in the business of life, in spite of his own disheartening and disillusioning experience. "To perform great exploits and display conquered enemies to fellow-citizens is to reach the throne of Jupiter and attain celestial heights," he says, and in poem after poem he celebrates Augustus' victories over Antony and Cleopatra and over Spain, the achievements of his great general Agrippa, the Alpine campaigns of his stepsons, Tiberius and Drusus, Pollio's subjugation of Dalmatia. The poet believes in vigorous military training for youth and in preparing for war in time of peace, but although at times he seems to urge a policy of militaristic expansion and to extol valor in battle above all virtues, he has sly flings at the soldiers who fight for money and rewards, he abhors civil war, and he sings most eloquently of the blessings of the peace of Augustus. Whatever he felt about war from his own experience (and he shows that he had sensed the horror of stern foe exulting

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over bleeding enemy and the grief of the women at home), the poet had to recognize that military achievements formed an essential part of the political careers of the nobles in his time and he had to do honor to the virile qualities displayed by leaders and soldiers on the field and on the march.

The work of the nobles in time of peace as lawyers or as orators leads almost inevitably to a political career, as distinction in the Forum's wordy strife led a man to rejoice if the band of fickle Quirites honored him with the triple offices of quæstor, prætor, and consul. Horace had observed all the dignity and grandeur of the lawyer's profession, and all the rivalry and ignominy of the race for office-holding—how one candidate at the election booths on the Campus is preferred for his character, another for his reputation, and another because of the help of a pack of clients. He makes us appreciate the high position of learned Trebatius with his regard for the holy laws, his knowledge of their penalties, and his long experience from the time he was the youthful adviser of Julius Cæsar in Gaul to his present recognized position as Augustus' trusted counselor. He pictures for us in imaginary portrait Philippus, famous as far back as 91 for his strenuous and brave speeches for the defense. He extols Pollio's eloquent pleadings in behalf of gloomy clients or even for the Senate itself, and he does honor to the laborious work of lawyers like Publicola and Corvinus, who toiled over their cases to preserve a pure Latin style. How faintly now re-echo all those once famous names!

In political life, however, he sees more dangers and for office-holders he is more ready with his satire; indeed, in one long poem (Satire I. 6) he discusses very frankly whether the politician's assets balance his liabilities, and shows that for a new man like himself they do not, for criticisms multiply when one puts on the robes of rank, and the burden of office-holding is onerous: the great house, morning calls at cock-crow, proper carriages and escort for travel, tedious business in the courts, incessant demands for aid, the need of remembering every person of importance—always on the street a slave at your side to nudge you and make you shake hands over the stepping-stones as he whispers: "This man is very influential in the Fabian family, that one in the Velian; he'll bestow the fasces on anyone he chooses and take away the curule chair whenever he wishes." Of course, you have to call the fellow "Brother," "Father," according to his age and merrily adopt all powerful persons.

And in the midst of the pursuit of political advancement, you may be seized with ambition for wealth, so that avarice will prompt you to descend even to more sordid efforts: shifting the boundary stones on clients' lands, defrauding helpless wards, ingratiating yourself into the wills of childless old millionaires. All this has to be done very quietly, because you must keep up the reputation of "the good man who maintains the decrees of the Senate, the laws, and the statutes, who is the presiding judge when many important litigations are adjusted, and who gives good security for investments, and offers in court unimpeachable testi-

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mony. Yet when the eyes of all the Forum and all the courts are turned away from him, he murmurs a secret prayer to the thieves' goddess: "Fair Laverna, don't let me be found out. Let me keep on appearing just and holy. Throw the cover of night over my sins and my speculations."

Horace had had an opportunity to observe politicians from close association, in his capacity of quaestor's clerk and doubtless had good grounds for his characterizations of the corrupt. After that experience in routine office work and open-eyed comprehension of the game, he was ready to praise and choose a life free from the cares of state, the endless competition, the need of money-making, the encroachments of others' claims. For himself, he would choose to serve the state not as office-holder or Emperor's secretary but as poet.

One way in which his facile pen assisted Augustus' reforms was in his laudation of another occupation which had never lost its pristine honor, the cultivation of the land. Agriculture in the early Republic had been so usual an occupation of the nobles that a Cincinnatus could be called from the plow to the helm of state affairs. But during the centuries of Rome's expansion in the peninsula and abroad and during the political conflicts of the Republic, the interests of the upper classes had centered in war and in statecraft so that more and more the great landed estates were worked by slave labor and entrusted to slave overseers. An important part of the Emperor's reconstruction work was the back-to-the-land movement

which sought to solve both unemployment and food supply by dignifying labor in the fields and by encouraging veterans of the armies to take up small holdings. Horace, as well as Vergil, poetizes the life near the soil, exalts while not minimizing the labor of the fields, and praises the golden gifts of Ceres.

With no such favorable eye did Horace regard the money-making occupations of trade, of farming the revenues and of money-lending. Avarice to him was so nearly the root of all evil that gainful business carried *per se* a certain stigma. Such work was not for free, high spirits; indeed, a man who is always rushing about to increase his property has thrown away his weapons, has deserted the post of true valor. Let other men of servile spirit or condition be the merchants who sail the seas to help the corn market, and who fill our larders. And as for money-lending, once you get the habit you can never break it though you may imagine the joys of country life and take in all your loans on the Ides; you will only put them out again on the Kalends. Moreover, temptations of exorbitant usury and urgent coercion impend over the money-lender's character so that he may extort five times the usual per cent on loans or become a very Nerius, the Shylock of his time. Indeed, increasing your wealth by secret interest or by farming the revenues is about on a par with hunting fortunes by flattering attentions to wealthy old men and women—not the work of gentlemen. Undoubtedly, in these passages Horace reflects the idealistic sentiment of the age in regard to ill-regulated means of acquiring wealth, for Roman prejudice

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against such pecuniary negotiations persisted even after a distinguished gentleman like Atticus was the banker for Cicero as well as for many other friends, and after Cicero himself had shown as quæstor in Sicily and proconsul in Cilicia that provincial administrations could be irreproachable.

The status of the so-called learned professions other than oratory and politics was varied and hardly enviable. Writing was often a pleasurable avocation for the great, but as a means of livelihood it depended on a patron's favors, so that Horace himself needed a Mæcenas and would fain commend the poets of the time to the Emperor's interest. Publication was both an avocation and a business, for a man like Atticus had kept his slaves busy copying literary productions and Horace's own publishers, the Sosii, have his good wishes for profitable sales and for an overseas trade. The Sosii may have been freedmen, as Horace's doctor, Antonius Musa, was, for these professions were largely in their hands. Antonius Musa, who was Augustus' physician and had cured the Emperor by the same cold bath treatment over which Horace shivered, was honored by a statue set up next to that of Æsculapius. Interesting side-lights are thrown on the doctors of the period by incidental comments that are strangely familiar: how unreasonable patient becomes enraged at faithful physician; how foolish mother vows that her sick child shall be baptized in the Tiber if only his fever leaves him—and so kills him; how hallucinations and other forms of insanity may be cured by hellebore; how certain cases require mental treatment. Hor-

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ace seems to sympathize thoroughly with the doctor's difficulties with irritable patients or foolish relatives, and to see all the humor in many a professional complication. Witness this story of the miser and his doctor.

Opimius, who lived like a poor man for all his silver and gold,

was once seized by so heavy a coma that already his heir was happily and exultantly running around to his coffers and keys. Opimius' physician, who was very quick-witted and loyal, aroused him in this way: he had a table set up, his money-bags emptied on it, and many persons brought to count the coins. So he awoke the owner, and then remarked to him: "Unless you guard your possessions, your covetous heir will at once carry them off." "While I am alive?" "See to it that you keep alive, then. Now do this." "What do you mean?" "Your blood will fail you, weak as you are, unless a strong prop of food be given to your falling stomach. Do you delay? Come, take this rice-gruel." "How much did it cost?" "A trifle." "How much then?" "Eight asses." "Whew! What's the difference between perishing from disease or from such sly thieving?"

Teachers had no higher social position than doctors, if they taught in the village school of Venusia, receiving the fee of eight asses from each pupil on the first of every month. Some of the *grammatici*, or teachers of the secondary schools where Greek and Roman literature were studied, might have even the rank of knight, as did possibly Horace's teacher Orbilius, the one immortalized by Horace's coined epithet, *plagosus*,

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“fond of blows.” Severe was the discipline of the schools and arrogant the lecturers, whose favor Horace for one will not court, let them say what they will about his writings. To one teacher of another type of schools, the rhetoricians, he refers—“Heliodorus, by far the most learned of the Greeks”—but his reminiscences of his school-days are slight and his comments on the teaching profession scanty. Of actors he has even less to say, though “the dignified Æsopus” and “the learned Roscius,” great names in Cicero’s day, are on his lips.

In such professions as medicine, teaching, acting, freedmen were generally engaged. Then there were many humbler kinds of occupation for the people who wore the tunic: the auctioneer who compelled the crowd to buy his wares, the cheating innkeepers, the barbers, the cobblers, the shopkeepers, sellers of fish, game, apples, unguents, cooks, and buffoons, all the impious rabble of the Vicus Tuscus. Once upon a time a philanthropist, Nomentanus, on receiving a legacy, invited all these small business men who served him in to share his good fortune. A strange party it was, with the bewildered guests expecting new orders, and “that just youth,” the quixotic host, dividing among them all his inheritance!

Horace had as keen an eye for the occupations of these humble persons as for the professions of the great, and gives us kaleidoscopic glimpses of the lives of some of them. No miniature character sketch is neater than the small picture of Volteius Menas, so satisfied with his life and with the round of every

day: "An auctioneer, of small property but irreproachable character, with a reputation for working and for relaxing, for acquiring and for spending, enjoying a few friends, a home of his own, the games, and after the day's work, the Campus." Horace's story of how an unwise patron ruined Volteius' contentment is sympathetic with the small man rather than the great.

This same interest in humble persons extends even to slaves. D'Alton, to my mind, is wrong when he declares that Horace, like the vast majority of the Roman public, "was indifferent to the helpless misery of the slave's condition," "does not show a glimpse of humanitarianism in speaking of the slave." The poet's pictures of Davus and his bailiff both disprove that. But first let us see how much information about the conditions of slavery in his time Horace gives.

The sources of supply were as always purchase, capture in war, birth from slave unions, and Horace refers to all three, dwelling on the points which the slave-dealer makes about his human wares, again declaring that the home-born slaves, the *vernæ*, are the treasure of a rich house. As to numbers, he gives us suggestive items: wealthy Tigellius of Sardinia in his inconsistencies vacillated between having ten and two hundred; Prætor Tillius is accused of sordidness because he has only five as an escort on the road to Tibur; Horace himself has three boys to wait on table and eight workers on his Sabine farm. Special occupations of city slaves which are referred to are serving at table, singing for entertainment, carrying messages, and Horace makes us see his young *puer* crowned with myr-

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tle serving his wine under the grape-arbor, or dark-skinned Hydaspes stalking solemnly in with the Cæcuban at Nasidienus' dinner-party, or some lummoX as awkward as a groom from the stable stumbling and smashing a platter, or the attendant on the street who prompts his master with the names and position of the people he passes.

What a city slave's pleasures were Horace pictures in a letter to his own homesick slave-bailiff on the Sabine farm:

When you were a city drudge, [he writes to him], you prayed to go to the quiet country. Now as my bailiff you are hankering after the city, its games, its bath-houses. . . . You long for city brothel and tavern, a wine-shop close at hand for a drink, a wench to pipe while you dance heavily over the ground.

In another poem, we see a slave lost in admiration over an announcement of a gladitorial combat drawn in red and black on a wall. It is Horace's Davus who tells us of that excitement and of his enjoyment in a hot, smoking cake: "We too have our appetites and our pleasures," he reminds his master, "and that is why, after gnawing our meager daily rations, sometimes we filch a goody or run away."

Slaves had their faults; there was no denying it: little sins like serving a table with unkempt hair, untidy tunic, dirty hands, gobbling down choice bits left from banquets, taking bribes from callers; and greater sins—stealing now a sacred cake, now a strigil, now a cabbage from a garden—then running away for

fear of punishment. But are these crimes that demand a punishment of scourging or crucifixion? asks Horace, and by his very interrogation he shows the horror of such inhuman penalties.

Slight references show the slaves' hard lot: not only meager rations, but poor clothing, the need of being at the beck and call of their masters' lust, ever-present terror of severe punishment, finally death when the corpse is thrown out of its narrow cell, and there is only a fellow-slave to see that it is placed in a cheap box and buried. No wonder that when slaves lived under such hard conditions masters had to fear robbery, running away, and insurrection when a leader like Spartacus appeared. Yet there were certain ameliorating conditions in the Roman slave's life: out of his daily allowance he could with great self-denial hoard up enough to purchase his freedom; many masters like Horace were not only merciful, but sympathetic; and the Stoic philosophy was anticipating Christianity in teaching that freedom is a spiritual state, not an outward condition. Repeatedly, Horace echoes that Stoic truth, and once at the time of the Saturnalia he lets his slave Davus lecture to him in the most fraternal fashion on true freedom and true virtue. "Like master, like man" is the text of that sermon, and the humanity with which Horace writes to his discontented bailiff and lets another slave play the part of Stoic mentor disproves to my mind D'Alton's assertion that "he though a freedman's son himself, does not show a glimpse of humanitarianism in speaking of the slave."

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AMUSEMENTS

In the Rome of Horace's time, as in the Rome of to-day, gentlemen had leisure, whatever their occupations were, for social intercourse. The *dolce far niente* existence fostered by the Italian climate and the pleasant habit of exchange of ideas through conversation encouraged long, chatty dinners, while exercise and entertainments in the open air enriched vacant hours. To visualize the social life of every day in the Augustan Age, we need to study not only the Rome of the time with its public buildings and private houses, but also more personal expressions of individuals' taste in such matters as dress and diversions.

DRESS

It is amusing to find how keen an eye Horace had for dress and all the etiquette of proper costume, and how perspicuous a sense of the symbolism and psychology of garments. Not only does he give us genre miniatures of slaves with tunics nicely belted and hair neatly combed, of humble folk in tunics, of young lads in *toga prætexta*, the great, white woolen robe bordered with crimson which only minors and curule officers could wear, of men in all styles of togas, but his incidental references supply us with many items on good form: never wear old undergarment under new *tunica*—old clothes are to be given away; rough togas which merely keep out the cold may satisfy some, but give me fine material; the proper robe for formal occasions

like holiday dinners is the pure white *toga virilis*, but for mourning wear a dark one; royal crimson may be affected by young dandies; the cut is as important as the color—well to avoid such extremes as the scanty robe of old Cato or the voluminous garment three yards wide; other outer robes have their own uses—the *pænula*, a long cloak for storm and cold; the *chlamys*, an elegant short affair for dinners and stage; the *sagum*, the cape of the general in action. There was good form in footwear also; sandals for dinner-parties, shoes for other times, and the senator must have a special *calceus* with its black thongs lacing his leg to knee à la Malvolio; moreover, the broad stripe of crimson must hang properly upon senator's *tunica* as the narrow stripe adorned the knight's. Of head-wear there was little, for one pulled toga or cloak up over the head in bad weather, but great attention must be paid to the hair, for since barbers came to Rome in 300 B.C., it had been very bad form to go unshorn like old Curius, or with hair badly trimmed. Locks must be neatly cut, shining with oil, fragrant with nard, and at banquets crowned with flowers. Young boys might wear flowing locks; indeed, they became Gyges of Cnidos and Ligurinus and Nireus and Telephus, but such youthful beauty soon passed and then there was more need than ever to be well groomed. You must take thought even to the manicuring of your finger nails and to the number of rings which you wore.

For women, dress was more important than for men, since with them it indicated not only proper etiquette but morality. There had to be a decided difference in

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dress between a dignified Roman matron and a frivolous courtesan: the *matrona* must use ample robes—*stola* with its embroidered band covering the ankles, and over it *palla* heavily draped; only the *meretrix* would wear the thin Coan raiment that concealed nothing and it was such a woman who would raise loud lamentation over the theft of her conspicuous jewelry. To such women leave their intriguing ways and to the enchantresses, Sagana and Canidia, their high head-dresses, their locks as rough as bristles of wild boar or sea urchin, their bitten nails. Simple elegance is the standard which Horace would set for women and he knew the value of beauty—one lock of Licymnia's tresses outweighed all the gold of Phrygia or Araby the blest. Was it not he who taught Milton to sport with the tangles of Neæra's hair, who begged Lyde to coil her locks in a simple knot like a Spartan girl, who proffered Phyllis an ivy crown?

Horace's observations of the niceties of dress began early, for when his father brought him, a young country lad, from little Venusia to great Rome, he was thankful at being provided with the proper garments for the great city as if he were a son of some wealthy old Roman family. In later years, he was sensitive at Mæcenâs' comments on his lack of style in cut of hair and hang of toga, and humorously begged his patron to give more thought to the inconsistencies of his philosophical opinions and less to his clothes. As for Horace himself, he had worked out, in his study of the art of living, a simple philosophy of dress which is implicit in scattered comments.

In the first place, he saw the significance and the symbolism of garments. How important they are as the expression of the man may be seen from the theater: types of plays are named from the costuming of the characters; *fabula palliata*, *prætexta*, *togata*, or from the footwear of the actors, *soccus* typifying comedy, *cothurnus* tragedy. So we speak of Jonson's "learned sock" and how "the cothurn trod majestic down the deep iambic lines." The character of a play is, indeed, fundamentally expressed in the type of costume, tragedy demanding the regal robes of purple and gold which the satyr drama, for example, could never use. And for that reason it is fatal for the playwright and his art to have interest center in the spectacular so that even the player of the pipes must come on in trailing robes; manager must borrow a hundred capes of rich Lucullus; and audience at sight of a violet-colored garment bursts into such wild applause that words are drowned. In such extravagances, clothes become too important.

Yet the stage but imitates real life, where dress is often given a fictitious value. The toga is the sign of the true Roman citizen, bordered toga is the symbol of curule office, crimson stripe on tunic demonstrates social rank. A small man easily becomes over-proud of such insignia and preens himself in them as did the little prætor out at Fundi on his great day, when Mæcenæ and his escort passed through his town. Besides being the symbols of office, clothes may be the badge of wealth, and so displayed. "There are some who do not possess gems, marble, ivory, Etruscan

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statuettes, paintings, silver, garments dyed in Gætulian crimson; there is one man who does not care to own them." But the miser goes to the other extreme and garbs himself more sordidly than a slave, so that lack of taste in dressing betrays both miser and millionaire.

Betrays also the philosopher. For the ostentatious Cynic, once for all having renounced the vanities of the world, must be clothed in threadbare cloak of the poor thinker, would rather die of cold than don the soft *chlamys* of Miletus. To Horace's mind, that old Hedonist, Aristippus, had worked out a more excellent way than had the carping Diogenes, for any style of living, and any garment suited his genial adaptability, so that he was equally at ease in purple robe or philosopher's rags. To dominate outward circumstances, not to be dominated by them, was a chief tenet in his teaching and his living.

Aristippus' point of view was very different from the satirical irony of Eutrapelus, who used to give costly garments to anyone whom he wished to corrupt. "For," he said, "the happy fellow will receive with his handsome tunics new ideas and aspirations: sleep till noon, mistresses, debts until finally he'll be ruined and have to turn gladiator or green-grocer." Because of such over-emphasis on the importance of dress and its effects, Horace made a strong plea against judging a man by his clothes.

A laugh can easily be raised because a man is badly shaved, as though he came from the country, because his

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toga hangs unevenly, because his shoe is carelessly laced. But this man is a good man—I know no one better—he is your friend; and under that rough exterior lies hidden a great nature.

Horace's lenient judgment of rustic manners does not extend to ostentatious inelegance which adopts rough country ways in order to assert by discolored teeth and close-cropped head claims to true virtue. For hypocrisy, he has no use; indeed, for it he again uses the symbolism of dress, making the hypocrite all fair without in his fine raiment, but all foul within. And Horace's own philosophy of dress seems to be a preference for quiet elegance, but a valuation of clothes as but an external symbol or an external expression of personality, and so not the fundamental proof of the real man or of his worth.

THE ART OF DINING

To form a philosophy of every-day life, a Roman had to consider standards for food as well as for clothes, especially in view of the encroaching luxury of the Augustan Age. Man's palate could be tickled as well as his vanity; extravagance could be exhibited in planning menus as well as in purchasing garments. Augustus in his reforms had set an example not merely by wearing homespun, but by serving dinners of only three courses to his guests. And Horace, who made but slight references to foppishness and display in matters of toilet, devoted whole satires to the evils of gluttony and the sins of the table. The poet was, of

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course, too much an artist to hurl moral diatribes against good livers. His ironical humor was able to display his point of view more effectively: pictures of simple dinners and of elaborate banquets, principles about eating stated by such divergent thinkers as Catus and Ofellus by their very contrasts proclaim the virtue of the simple life which for Horace was the more excellent way.

The man whose modest table boasts one piece of plate, the shining salt-cellar of his father, lives well on little. He can be happy "from the egg to the apple," for he is free from sordid ambition and wearing legal cares. Horace himself, after strolling about Rome in his easy Bohemian way, would go home to a meal of leeks, peas, and a cake, served by three slave-boys on white marble table, with plenty of wine to drink from goblets of Campanian pottery. He could promise a guest like Torquatus only a simple meal of vegetables, but elegance with it—tidy couches, fresh napkins, shining tankards and platter, triclinium not overcrowded and as fellow-guests faithful friends who would not noise abroad the confidences of free talk. This is the type of hospitality which makes for happiness in Rome, on the Sabine farm, wherever life centers in realities. The sun-burned wife of the industrious Apulian who welcomes her husband at the end of the day's work with bright hearth-fire, who milks the cattle in the folds, and then serves supper and wine, the products of the farm, gives her tired man something more precious than Lucrine oysters or imported guinea-fowls.

In Rome, however, it was all too easy to do as the Romans did and elaborate dinners lasting several hours had become the fashion. Typical was the banquet of that parvenu Nasidienus Rufus, narrated to Horace by his friend Fundanius, writer of comedies and imbued with the comic spirit. No page from ancient life is more vivid: the arrangements of the guests, three on each of the three couches, Mæcnas in the post of honor on the middle couch with his two witty parasites beside him, the literary men on the highest couch, the host in the middle of the lowest couch with a subservient flatterer on either side; the elegant maple-wood table in the center; slave-boys running about and a magnificent Indian servant stalking in with the wine; the conversation all on food from the relishes of the first course through courses of flesh, fish, and fowl, and their sauces, to the drinking; the simple tricks of the host's buffoon and the ironic comments of Mæcnas' parasites; then the fall of the hangings from the ceiling with the cloud of dust in their wake; Nasidienus' tears and temporary absence; the busy gossiping; then more courses and more, crane, goose, hare, blackbird, doves, all accompanied by the host's steady narrative of what they were eating and how it was cooked, until finally the guests took vengeance by fleeing as if from Canidia's poisons.

The broad humor of that satire has a companion piece in the delicate irony of another poem, which sets forth solemnly Catius' rules for proper dining. Catius is all agog with his new precepts which are to surpass the teachings of Pythagoras, Socrates, and Plato, and

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is about to write a treatise on the gastronomic art when Horace begs for a preliminary verbal report. Catius, with grandiose pomposity, delivers a lecture on how to select and serve food for the three parts of a dinner: the appetizers of the *gustatio*, the heavy fish and meat courses of the *mensa prima*, the fruits and raisins of the dessert, the *mensa secunda*; nor are the gravies and the wines neglected, nor the elegancies of proper service. The menu is too long and tedious to quote. Horace pretends that it makes such an impression upon him that he hails Catius as an expert and begs to be taken to his great master, the fountain-head of such precepts for the life truly blessed! Undoubtedly, Catius failed to see the irony.

Horace's real reply to the gourmet Catius is put in the mouth of a peasant farmer, Ofellus, a philosopher apart from the schools with a native mother-wit, whose text is "seek appetite by the sweat of your brow." For Ofellus such rarities of the table as the peacock with its painted tail, the three-pound mullet, the "doubtful banquet" had no lure. He saw that men go pale from over-eating and from over-rich food; that health is the principal thing and is nourished by simple fare; more than that, the philosopher cannot afford to have his body surcharged by yesterday's indulgences and his divine mind befogged by sluggish frame. Ofellus himself would be up in the morning early, refreshed by deep sleep, alert for the day's tasks. There are better objects on which to expend wealth than the table: the worthy poor, the temples of the

gods, the dear fatherland. Ofellus expresses Horace's own ideas on the art of dining elegantly, but simply.

Or, let us say, at times Horace agreed with Ofellus, for the poet with disarming self-irony and human inconsistency admits the charge of being so pleased even with a late invitation to dinner at Mæcenas' palace that he rushes off, leaving his own humble board and expectant guests, and Davus reminds his master that he is wont to praise a care-free vegetable diet only when he is not invited out. Horace was large enough to laugh at his own inconsistencies and to hold up an ideal standard to which he did not always attain. Exaggeration in gluttony or in fasting was his *bête noir*; and he held no brief against pleasant dinners where friends met and talked. Even reveling over the wine-cups dispelled cares and smoothed the anxious brow.

The drinking of water had in fact dangers for the stomach, and besides never produced poets! There was no need of heavy wine drinking and noisy brawling over cups that were born to give joy undefiled. Quietly reclining on our left elbows, he argues, we can talk over some new love-affair. Even old Cato grew mellow over his wine, and the goblet incites brilliancy, confidences, courage. A *magister bibendi* shall be appointed by the throw of the dice to apportion the wine and water in the mixing bowl. Then forgetting the world's mad pursuit of gold, and ignoring the funeral pyre ahead, let us mingle brief folly with our wisdom. Sometimes revelry is sweet.

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Occasionally, after the dinner, joy found expression in dancing; at other times buffoons were brought in to make diversion by their exchange of witticisms; more often, men simply talked. An inexperienced plebeian like Volteius Mena had no idea what subjects were proper to discuss, what were not; a *nouveaux riche* like Nasidienus would harp on his own good food; a fulsome parasite would repeat the words and ideas of his patron so that you would believe him a schoolboy reciting to a severe teacher a dictated lesson. But true friends could confide in each other without fear of backbiters spreading their words abroad; and intellectual gentlemen worked out over the wine-cups their philosophies of life: the foundations of happiness, the basis of friendship, the greatest good in the world.

That would be at a leisurely informal banquet. Some dinners were celebrations of a great national victory, or of a friend's return from the wars, or of Murena's entrance into the College of Augurs, or of the Emperor's birthday or Mæcenæ's, and then talk would turn on the event or the anniversary. Such affairs were occasional, but long dinners were becoming the regular custom at Rome and broken spendthrifts could eke out a living by running down dinner invitations especially if, like Mænius, they made no distinction between friend or enemy for a host. Clientship became for them a profession, for dinner must be followed by dinner call early the next morning at the *salutatio* in the patron's atrium, and woe to him who forgot the proper etiquette. The burdens of these social formalities were, often as onerous to patron as to client, and Horace

advises one great man to exit secretly by the side door of his house and give the slip to his friends awaiting him in the atrium.

Horace himself was able to escape the claims of many conventions and of stultifying formalities by an independence of spirit that had rejected a post in the Emperor's palace and declined to return to the city on Mæcenâs' imperative summons. For dining as for dress, his standard was to be his own and inconsistent as he might be about the enjoyment of fine togas and elegant banquets, he was not to be coerced into the habits of the time against his judgment, his whim, or his mood.

THE ROMAN THEATER

The fascination of the stage was given poignant expression by Horace in a literary epistle written to Augustus. "Marvelous to me as a tight-rope walker seems the playwright who tortures my heart all to no purpose, excites it, calms it, fills it with false terrors, and, like a magician, sets me down, now at Thebes, now at Athens." While in the same letter Horace disavows any wish to write drama himself, he shows both there and in the *Ars Poetica* his keen interest in this form of national expression and in its development, and he utters acute observations on the production of plays and the attitude of the audience in his time.

The first beginnings of native drama on Italian soil were the Fescennine verses in the old Saturnian measure, responsive lines improvised by farmers at harvest

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festivals as the Italians of to-day working in the grain-fields sing their *stornelli* back and forth. Later, when captive Greece took captive her fierce conqueror, the old Greek tragedy and the new Attic comedy begat Roman descendants that were noble children of noble sires. Yet the Romans were not least happy in their ventures when they dared to originate plays based on Roman history and Roman life, doffing the *pallium* for *prætexta* and *toga*. Such Roman plays were constructed on Greek lines, and Greek too in origin were the Mimes, short plays of indecent character and virulent personal attack which satirized both the social and the political aspects of town life. More original and truly Italian were those other one-act plays, the farces called *fabulæ Atellanæ* that embodied the comic spirit of the Italians themselves in their stock characters—Pappus, the old pantaloon; Maccus, the fool; Bucco, the clown; Dossennus, the hunchback wise man—plays in which the plot was subordinate to the fun and the dialogue was often improvised. All this history of Roman drama is recorded in Horace's pages, and there is even one allusion to the working of marionettes, those wooden puppets so dear to the heart of every modern Italian child.

Horace gives us not only such an account of the development of drama in Italy, but many picturesque items about theater-going in Rome. Fortune favors the theater-goer, for his wealth secures him a seat near the front. However, some freedman upstart purchasing a tribuneship by his wealth will pose as a great knight and force himself even into the first of their

fourteen rows of seats, despising the law of Roscius. The stage is sprinkled with saffron water. Much attention is now given to costuming: rich Lucullus is begged to loan his robes for a performance; even the flute-player must be magnificently garbed; color effects are aimed at. Great actors like dignified Æsopus and learned Roscius make names for themselves in tragedy. One remembers too some Davus of a comedy—how he simulated terror standing with his head averted. Saucy Arbuscula in the Mimes is hissed off the stage, but not forgotten. The audience is as interesting as the play, at least so the old laughing philosopher, Democritus, would think if he were still upon the earth.

There they are, all classes of Roman society, plebs, knights, nobles, men from the country and men from the city, educated and uneducated, and hard is the task of the playwright who wishes to keep them in their seats until the curtain at the end. What standard of taste can there be in such a mixed and excitable company? The plebs are quick to come to blows over any difference of opinion among the knights, and if bored they may suddenly demand in the midst of the play a bear or a boxer. The knights, too, now receive more pleasure through the eyes than through the ears, so that the theater is given over to the spectacular. "Squadrons of cavalry and bands of foot-soldiers flee over the stage. Now conquered kings, their hands bound behind their backs, are dragged along; war chariots, litters, traveling carriages rush by; ships, spoils of ivory and of bronze are displayed." And the applause over all this paraphernalia is as deafening as

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the wind in the woods of Mount Garganus or the roar of the Tuscan sea. What words can be heard in our theaters above such uproar?

Yet an audience is sometimes attentive as on that famous occasion when a drunken actor, Fufius, slept through his cue until twelve hundred spectators shouted at him the words which should have brought him on: "Mother, thee I address." The audience might also show by the strange psychology of the mob their attitude toward public characters or political measures, through their applause or hissing. Mæcnas' popularity was thus demonstrated when on his first appearance after an illness, the crowds in the theater raised such vociferous applause that the banks of the Tiber and the Vatican Mount re-echoed their happiness.

On matters of æsthetics and morality the judgment of plays could not be entirely entrusted to such a volatile and mixed company, so since the opening of Pompey's theater in 55 B.C., there had been a public censor of plays, Mæcius Tarpa, who decided what dramas should be produced. It was a difficult task to pass his stern eye and Horace is rich in advice to young playwrights who wish to produce plays that Tarpa will approve and that the Roman public will wish repeated again and again.

The proper tone for tragedy or comedy must be preserved. It is not enough merely to write beautiful lines if you wish to move your hearers; you must feel what you write and if you wish me to weep, you yourself must sorrow first. The language chosen must suit

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mood, character, nationality. Character drawing must be consistent with type and age. The horrible must not be depicted on the stage.

Then follow technical directions for the writing of Greek tragedy in regard to the five-act division, the *deus ex machina*, the three-actor rule, the function of the chorus, the character of the musical accompaniment, the meter, with special comments on satyr dramas. And the young Pisones are urged to return repeatedly to the great Greek models which had fathered Roman drama. Then the poet is off to a discussion of the entire function of the art of poetry, whether it should aim to instruct or to please, or should combine æsthetic and moral qualities, and his high ideals for perfection of workmanship are once more carefully enunciated.

To a theater-goer of to-day Horace's comments on the Roman stage in his time—the historical development of the plays, the principles of dramatic art, the censor's work, the actor's fame, the audience's response—have such a charm that sitting in the ruins of some ancient theater at Fiesole or Tusculum or Pompeii, he would fain be struck with the madness of the man of Argos whose hallucination Horace recorded.

It is a famous story: he believed he was beholding wonderful tragedies as he sat in an empty theater, happily applauding. In other respects he performed the duties of life in a normal way, was an agreeable neighbor, a genial host, a courteous husband, could forgive the peccadilloes of his slaves and not fly into a rage when the seal of a wine-jar was broken, could also avoid a precipice or an

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open well. When through the efforts and resources of his relatives and a treatment of pure hellebore, he shook off his malady and became himself again, he remarked: "Good heavens, my friends, you have killed me, not saved me, for you have wrested from me my pleasure and a very delightful fantasy of the mind."

EXERCISE AND ATHLETIC FESTIVALS

It was long after the Augustan Age, that Juvenal made an epigram of the truth that mind and body must develop together—

mens sana in corpore sano,

but Horace shows that in his time the value of exercise was fully appreciated, the athletic youth was admired and games of skill were witnessed with profound interest. It was his rustic philosopher who expressed Horace's theories about exercise as well as about food. "Seek appetite by the sweat of the brow," urges Ofellus, and explains, "You will have no distaste even for cheap food after you have hunted the hare, broken a wild young horse, played a swift game of ball, or hurled the discus." The distinguished old lawyer Trebatius advises Horace that those who have insomnia should swim three times across the Tiber, rub themselves down with oil, and take a night-cap of wine. Mæcenas, on the famous diplomatic journey by the Appian Way to Brundisium, plays ball during the stop at Capua, though Vergil and Horace prefer a siesta, finding a game of ball too strenuous for weak eyes and

weak stomachs. In Rome, however, Horace sometimes indulges in the ball game called Trigon out on the Campus Martius until the hot sun and fatigue send him to the baths for refreshment. And that he believed in exercise is shown again by his lament that the noble youths of the time are growing soft, are not good horsemen, are afraid to hunt, prefer such effeminate sports as trundling a Greek hoop or gambling with the dice, forbidden by law. He shows too that the need of hard training discourages some just as it does the boxer who would aspire to the palm if he could enter the contest without toil; many a youth keeps away from the Campus Martius because he is not skillful in playing or exercising with discus or hoop and fears lest the crowds of bystanders will give him the laugh, with good reason.

Two delightful pictures of all-round athletes are painted and each one with the aura of a girl's love about him: Lydia is asked why she is ruining a good athlete like Sybaris by love: now he hates the sunny Campus and cannot stand dust and sun; he no longer rides horseback with his young mates, skillfully controlling a spirited horse; he is afraid to plunge in the yellow Tiber; he never anoints his body with oil, never exercises, though he had broken records for hurling both discus and javelin. In the other case, it is the girl, Neobule, who is undone by love so that she can no longer spin from thinking of Hebrus: his bright beauty when once he has oiled his body and plunged in Tiber's waves; how he is a better horseman than Bellerophon; is too agile to be conquered in boxing or

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running; and as a hunter, is skillful in hurling his javelin at the deer fleeing across the open, and swift at taking the wild boar in thick covert. Horace's psychology is accurate in observing that such athletic prowess wins the Lydias and Neobules.

He observes no less truly the interest of all persons in games of competition such as the races in the Circus and the gladiatorial combats, though he has only incidental allusions to these popular amusements. In his simile for the race for wealth, he makes us see the dash of the quadrigæ about the course and the intense rivalry. "When a man is speeding after gold always a richer contestant stands in his way, just as, when the horses hurry the chariots out of the starting-chambers, each jockey urges his steeds on after those ahead, despising the chariot he has passed as though it were coming in among the very last."

As to the gladiators, we see the slave Davus gaping at announcements drawn in red and black on some wall, posters so vivid that Fulvius, Rutuba, and Pacideianus seem actually to be fighting, dealing blows, parrying them, and brandishing their weapons. Other names of gladiators or the nationality of combatants bring individuals before us as when in the chit chat between Mæcenas and Horace one asks, "Is the Thracian Gallina a match for Syrus?" or again when Horace compares the rivalry of poets for entrance into Apollo's library to the slow combat of Samnites, thrusting and parrying. We hear of private funeral games at which as many as a hundred pair of gladiators are exhibited, of schools where they are trained, of the

custom of giving them a wooden sword when they are finally released from long service and allowed to dedicate their weapons to Hercules and to go into retirement for peaceful country days, no more to beg for life from the spectators watching the arena's bloody contests. One small picture of the happiness of a gladiator who has successfully finished his labors and won his rest, used by Horace in a comparison for his own release from over strenuous literary production, seems by its implicit sympathy to contradict D'Alton's statement that Horace "acquiesces without protest in the brutal institution of the gladiatorial show."

This picture of life in Rome through Horace's eyes would hardly be complete without quotation of certain autobiographical descriptions of his own round of every-day tasks and pleasures. He has vivified for us the Rome of his time; has stated problems of professional life, small occupations, and slave labor; has discoursed on the art of dress and the art of dining; has portrayed such pastimes as theater-going, athletic sports, attendance at the races and the gladiatorial combats, and through all these comments on the life of his times has given us the opportunity of becoming better acquainted with his own likes and dislikes through his keen observations of other men. He is no less clear in his account of his own habits so that certain definitely autobiographical passages picture his "daily round of common tasks."

In the sixth satire of the first book, Horace, though he has attained Mæcenas' friendship, is still on the defensive about his career, for he has been subjected to

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the envy of the gossips who carp at the rapid advancement of the freedman's son to the military tribuneship in Brutus' army and to the patronage of the Emperor's great minister. He wishes to proclaim that, while appreciating his good fortune, he has no political ambition whatever, indeed prefers the free Bohemian life which he pictures so delightfully.

For this reason and a thousand others, I live more pleasantly than you do, illustrious senator. Wherever fancy directs, I walk alone; I inquire the price of cabbage and grain; I often wander around the Circus with its fortune-tellers and the Forum in the evening; I visit the sooth-sayers; then I go back home to a meal of leeks and peas and a cake; my dinner is served by three boys; a white marble table holds two goblets and a ladle, a cheap sea-urchin, flask, and patera, all Campanian ware. Then I go to sleep, not worried over having to get up early in the morning to pay my respects to Marsyas' statue in the Forum—I lie in bed till ten o'clock; after that I walk, or read or write something which pleases my meditations; then I anoint myself with olive oil (not the sort that dirty Natta steals from the lamps). Moreover, when I am tired and the warmer sun admonishes me to go to the bath, I leave the Campus and the game of Trigon. Next I have a meal, not elaborate but enough to keep me from going through the day on an empty stomach, and after that I take my ease at home. This is the life of those free from wretched, burdensome ambition. For these reasons, I console myself that I will live more happily than if my grandfather, my father, and my uncle had each been a quæstor.

From about this same period come two vivid transcripts of social life in the age, the fifth satire of Book One, which is the account of the journey to Brundisium

in company with Mæcenas and a retinue of friends; and the ninth satire of Book One, the poet's encounter with a Bore on the Sacred Way. These have already been described.

They give a fair picture of the informal intimacy which the great Etruscan knight maintained with his friends and the easy atmosphere of his social circle, in travel as well as in the Esquiline palace. The genial urbanity depicted makes the Bore as surprised as he is envious, and his stupid, pushing social aims make an admirable foil to the society of gentlemen who were wont to foregather on the Esquiline.

Such approaches as these were what made Rome a burden to Horace after he had become a personage whom the ambitious wished to use. Almost a companion piece to his autobiographical account in Satire I. 6 of his early Bohemian freedom in Rome is the description in Satire II. 6 of the difficulties which life in Rome bestows even on a favored poet. Apparently, he is still a quæstor's clerk, for he has to be up early in the morning in every weather to answer to call of business and must needs struggle through the crowd, jostling the slow.

"What do you want, madman, and what are you doing?" a wretch shouts at me with angry curses. "Would you push aside everything in your way if you're running to Mæcenas with your mind bent on him?" This, I confess pleases me—is honey to me. But as soon as I reach the dark Esquiline, a hundred commissions for other men dance about my head and at my side. "Roscius begs you to come to the law court to-morrow by the second hour. The clerks

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beg you to remember to come back to-day, Quintus—some new affair of state, very important. Just see that Mæcnas puts his seal on these documents.” Suppose one says, “I’ll try”; he adds and insists, “You can, if you wish.”

It is now nearly eight years since Mæcnas began to regard me as one of his friends—that is, one whom he’d like to take along in his carriage when making a journey, and to whom he’d be willing to entrust such trifles as these: “What time is it? Is the Thracian Gallina a match for Syrus? These morning frosts nip those who are not well wrapped up”; and other bits which are safely confided to a leaky ear. Through all this time our friend is more subjected to envy day by day and hour by hour. He had seen the games with Mæcnas, played on the Campus with him. “Son of Fortune,” all exclaim. Chill gossip dribbles from rostra to crossroads. Anyone who meets me, consults me: “Kind Sir, you should know as you approach nearer the gods. You have no news from the Dacian front, have you?” “None at all.” “What a joker you always are!” “May all the gods ruin me if I’ve heard a thing.” “Well? Will Cæsar give the farms promised to the soldiers on Sicilian or Italian soil?” When I swear I know nothing, they are amazed at me as if I alone of mortals maintained a profound and distinguished secrecy.

It was no wonder that when life became so complicated in Rome, Horace prayed that he might escape to the country, and it was a fortunate occurrence for both the poet and his poetry that Mæcnas presented him with a very citadel of refuge in the shape of a small farm in the Sabine hills. Perhaps too the most priceless heritage from Horace’s childhood was his ability to enjoy, quite as thoroughly as the smoke and wealth and bustle of Rome, the quiet and leisure of his retired vale.

THE WOMEN OF THE TIME

No study of the social life of a period can be complete or vital which does not take into account the part that women play in the age. In this matter too Horace holds the mirror up to nature, reflecting every type of woman of the period and discussing many questions involved in the relation of the sexes. In regard to no other subject do his poems show clearer development and growth. The writings or passages about women, and the relation of men and women group themselves naturally under three headings: the "social evil" and problems of sex, light, "occasional verses" of love, praise of the Roman family.

The poems that have to do with the "social evil" fall in the first period of Horace's writing, when he was a quæstor's clerk in Rome. The ugliest of them belong to the first years after Philippi. The returned soldier, freed by his father's death from the kindly restraint of his most incorruptible guardian, apparently fought through the struggles of passion as well as of poverty, for one of his earliest poems (the second satire of Book One) is a cynical discussion about the need of gratifying lust and about the selection of the most prudent amours. It is a crude, youthful mixture of virulent personal attacks, of poorly digested philosophical dicta about the balancing of the pleasure and the pain involved in any action, and about the special dangers of adultery, and of vivid genre scenes of the discovered lover, already familiar on the stage. The

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comic spirit of Terence, the utilitarian prudence of old Cato, the cynical sensuality of Philodemus buttress up the poet's main contention that it is wiser not to make love to Roman matrons and risk incurring the penalties of law and the vengeance of husbands, but to satisfy passion where love is safer and more compliant, less haughty, and less expensive. No gleam of the beauty of love, no appreciation of single-hearted devotion relieves the picture, and the lack of taste in some of the details is execrable even for the times. This is true also of another poem, probably from about the same period, Epode Eight, an indignant denunciation of a Roman matron who persisted in offering wares that no one desired. To be coupled with this is the other Epode (Twelve) where the withered old courtesan is depicted in as lurid and nauseating language, for the Colonel's Lady and Mrs. O'Grady suffer like treatment, and Horace is as unsparing of the type as Rodin in his statue.

The disgust which such themes arouse in us was shared by the young satirist himself, and a few years later we find him letting his own slave Davus with the free speech of the Saturnalia denounce his master's bondage to his passions. Davus reiterates the dangers of an amour with a *matrona*, but emphasizes more the spiritual servitude of a man whose life is controlled by a capricious mistress. The danger in assuming that any such passage in Horace is autobiographical is obvious. A poet who wrote Latin satire was led by its traditions into dialogue or dramatic presentation of his theme. The demands of epodes and odes no less than

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of elegiac verse were for the personal pronoun of the first person whether the ego was writing of real or imaginary experience. We hardly need Martial and Herrick to remind us that a poet's muse may be jocund though his life is chaste. Certainly, we may accept as true Horace's statement that in his school-days in Rome he was kept pure and free from every scandal by the care of his wise father, who also gave him standards for conduct in his growing years.

In this after-war period of poverty, disillusion, and loneliness, Horace undoubtedly went through some of the experiences on which his mind dwells, and the epodes about Inachia, Phryne, and Neæra may disguise real love affairs. The cynical psychology of Epode Eleven in which he looks back on his dead feeling for Inachia and comments on the fact that passion cannot be stayed by advice or reproaches, but only by a new love affair, might seem based on real experience were not the themes the typical and oft-repeated motifs of the elegiac poetry of the age: the wealthy rival, the faithless girl, the cruel house door, the disconsolate lover consoled. Epode Fourteen to Mæcenas with its possible covert praise of Terentia ("If no fairer flame lighted the siege of Ilion, rejoice in your lot") casts a vague semblance of reality on the freedwoman Phryne, who coquettes with Horace as well as with other lovers. More direct and simple feeling seems to be expressed in Epode Fifteen, which in one long sentence of rage upbraids Neæra for her faithlessness and cupidity, after exquisite reminiscences of that night when in the pure moonlight she and Flaccus had plighted eternal

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troth. This is the one lyric in which something of the flame of Catullus burns.

This period of Horace's comments on matters of sex is one of open and coarse discussion, of avowed and cynical opportunism. It is a time when Horace is dealing also in those biting personalities which Trebatius later persuaded him to discard. Such writing has to be viewed in relation first to the literary traditions which Horace was following: the bitter iambs of Archilochus, his model in the epodes; the sharp personalities of old Attic comedy, and the open ribaldry of new Attic comedy and its Roman descendant, whose salt of wit was mixed in his satire; the stock themes of Greek erotic poetry adopted also in the Roman elegiacs of the Augustan Age.

Second, Horace's ethical standards reflect the moral philosophy and the practice of the times as other literature shows. In the age before, Cicero had proclaimed in open court in defense of the character of his gay young client, Cælius, when he was attacked at the instigation of Clodia and it was necessary to clear his reputation: "Indeed, I have seen and heard that many men in this state who not only had merely tasted this kind of life and touched it with the tips of their fingers as the saying is, but who had given their whole youth up to pleasures, finally emerged and bore good fruit as the proverb goes and were influential and illustrious men. All agree that certain license is granted to youth and that nature herself procreates youthful passions. But if these burst forth in such a way that they do not debilitate the life of anyone, that they do not ruin the

home of anyone, they are usually considered light and tolerable."

Horace seems to echo these words when he declares, "It is not disgraceful to have played, but it is disgraceful not to stop playing." Moreover, in all his worldly wise advice about not making love to Roman matrons and not disrupting any home, his point of view is like Cicero's, and his arguments against dangerous intrigue with married ladies of rank might be supported by the life-story of notorious Clodia whom Cicero denounced: her deception of that "stupid ass" her distinguished husband, her various amours with Catullus, Caelius, and other young blades, her dangerous hostility to Caelius and to Cicero himself, her final corruption, and all the noisome scandals connected with her name.

But it is unnecessary to return to the Ciceronian age for illustration or comment on Horace's social standards. What the ethics of fashionable society in Augustan Rome were is clear from Ovid's *Ars Amatoria* and Augustus' attempted reforms. Before turning to these it is necessary to review the change in the position of women that had taken place in the late Republic and the early Empire. The character of the Roman family in the early Republic was a completely patriarchal one, in which the position of woman was strictly subordinated and her morality closely guarded. The term *familia* included all members of the household under one *pater familias*: unmarried daughters, married daughters who did not at wedlock go under the control of their husbands, all descendants in the male line, and clients and slaves. The power of the head

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of the family was absolute and included control of life and property of those under the *patria potestas*. A Roman lady was therefore always under the control of some man, either father or husband, and had no property rights, while her chief responsibilities were minding her home, spinning the wool and bearing children. Cornelia, the mother of the Gracchi, proudly proclaiming over her sons, "These are my jewels," is the type of *matrona* in the "good old days." The "new woman" who appeared in Cicero's and Horace's times attained a startling freedom of conduct by shaking off both the *patria potestas* of her own house and the *manus* of her husband, by getting control of her own wealth and using its power, by evading the burden of bearing and rearing children, and by exerting a tremendous indirect influence in public affairs.

The probable reasons for this change in the life of the Roman lady were the decline of the restraining bonds of the old religious conception of marriage, which had protected the sanctity of the hearth-fire, the gods of the hearth, the worship of ancestors, and the duty of child-bearing for the perpetuation of the family worship; second, a new economic conception of marriage which carefully evaluated the size of a man's income, the amount of a woman's dowry and the burden of bearing children; third, the influence of increased wealth, which made mistresses of fortunes courted and enhanced the importance of the childless and heirless; fourth, the new philosophical thought which upheld individual freedom even for women; and fifth, orgiastic worship in oriental cults which gave

satisfaction to the emotional life in mystic ecstasy or in shielded debauchery. Involved, too, in the changes in women's position were her freer education, the labor problem with the presence of large numbers of slaves in great houses and the attendant social evils, and the debasing amusements which women attended—gladiatorial combats, hunts of wild beasts, races, spectacular theatrical performances. Subtle and gradual as was the deterioration in the character of the Roman lady, it was so recognized in Horace's time that a book like Ovid's *Ars Amatoria* could be published as a picture of contemporary society.

Frivolous, immoral, brilliant, this *Art of Love* sets forth rules for coquetry which take coquetry for granted and directs it. Book One shows how easy meetings are in Rome, in the porticoes, at public celebrations, in the temple of Isis, in the fora, at the theater or the Circus or the Arena, or in the country at gay Baïæ or even Aricia. Then Ovid sets forth the art of wooing through the help of maid-servants, love-letters, promises of future gifts, persistency in pursuit, praise, tears, snatched kisses, prayers, pallor—a thousand ways for a thousand maids. Equally detailed suggestions for keeping a girl's love once it is achieved fill Book Two, while Book Three instructs maids how to win and hold lads, by hints about dressing of hair and clothing, the technique of laughing and weeping, the charm of a graceful carriage, the value of a musical and literary education, and the essential need of a charming disposition. The flirtations of the time start from the pages in all their merry immorality.

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Ovid's *Art of Love* was probably not published until 2 B.C., but may depict the growing seduction of the social high life in Horace's time. The fact that the poet claimed it was written only for *libertinae* was not a blind to anyone who knew the character of the society led by the younger Julia, the daughter of the Emperor. It is in the light of such social tendencies and such writing that we must interpret Horace's own comments on the amours of the time, and we must remember that long before Ovid crystallized seductive coquetry into permanent literature, Horace had revolted from the decadence of the period and was supporting Augustus' attempts to purify society and the home. It was in 30 B.C., twelve years after Philippi, nearly at the end of the first period of Horace's literary activity and the composition of epodes and satires that Horace in Satire II. 7 showed that a man in bondage to passion was as much a slave as the slave who accused him. Here is the germ of his revolt against the corruption of the times. Moreover, the coarse brutalities of certain early writings were not to reappear in his later works. His cynical acceptance of youth's follies, his ugly satire of human wantonness were to disappear almost entirely as his genius developed in Mæcenas' urbane circle, in the health-giving air of his Sabine farm, and in his co-operation in Octavian's work for reconstruction.

So in the odes of the second period of his writing we find love treated lyrically in exquisite, light society verses. Before us flit a phantom throng of dainty figures individualized by melodious Greek names and

memorable phrases: Pyrrha of the fiery hair, simple in her elegance, Glycera whose beauty shines more purely than Parian marble, sweetly smiling, sweetly speaking Lalage, Chloe the timid fawn, Lyde with her hair twisted in Spartan knot and her ivory lyre in her hand, Chloris whose white shoulder rivals the gleam of moonlight on the sea, clear-voiced Neæra of the chestnut locks, merry Cinara to whom the fates but fleeting years allowed. They and a host of their companions may have been merely beautiful names, but their ephemeral charm is haunting. As true to type though as uncircumstantial are the lightly sketched situations which arise out of love's battles and love's triumphs: the good athlete ruined by passion, love-making in city squares and the intriguing laugh of maid hidden round the corner, wild Telephus' rough kisses, Cyrus' incontinent hands that rudely rend garland and robe, the ragging of the brother of Opuntia Megilla about the Charbydis who had caught him, the warning to Asterie not to open her window to serenades if she expects her absent lover to be faithful, revels with toast to the moon and the midnight hour amid music of tibia and lyre and fragrance of roses, then dreams of pursuit and capture. The psychology is true, however imaginary the situation or conventional the motif. Here again re-echo the same themes which Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid were using in their elegiacs: the faithless fair, the rich purchaser of her favor, the surly door-keeper, the bad old woman adviser, the violent young lover, the rent robe, the crushed garland, the bitten lip, flower and song, banquet and wine.

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In the midst of the glamor of the odes it might seem inopportune or indelicate to query to what class of society these charming women belong, and the question is not always easy to answer. There are clear indications that three types of women recur: "the freed-woman not content with one man"—that is, the *meretrix*, the Roman lady or *matrona* who is wife and *materfamilias*, then the *virgo* or young unmarried woman of noble birth. How many of Horace's "queens" belonged to the first type we cannot tell, as their pretty Greek names are often used for both hetærae and honorable wives. Phryne, he tells us, is of the *meretrix* class, and the accomplishments and charms of others hint that perhaps grace is their profession. "The mother fairer than her daughter fair" would seem a *matrona*, but surer proof of his honoring great ladies is in the ode to Mæcenas' wife. Terentia's character has been sketched in the essay on Patronage, so here we need only refer to Horace's open praise of that fickle beauty's charms and of her fascination for her adoring lord. Terentia's coquetry as much as her beauty is celebrated in the poem in her honor. Horace makes slight but stately reference to the wife and sister of Augustus and does full honor to Cleopatra's courage in an ode.

For the young maids of noble birth as well as the young lads (*virginibus puerisque*) Horace writes his six great national odes of reconstruction, and for those maidens he celebrates purity of life and sacredness of home, but he expresses also sympathy for the young girl who wishes to break through conventions to love.

The monologue put in the mouth of Neobule, in one sentence of eight long, singing lines, tells that it is the lot of wretched girls never to give free play to love or drown their sorrows in sweet wine, but they have to be frightened to death by the lashings of an uncle's tongue. Yet all a maid's desire for working over her wool may be taken away by Cupid and some ambassador of his, for example, Hebrus of Lipara who is so handsome when he has bathed in Tiber's waves—a better horseman than Bellerophon, never conquered for slowness of fist or of foot, clever at hurling a dart after deer fleeing across the open when the herd is startled or swift to capture the boar when it lurks in thicket. Critics find the name Neobule in Archilochus, the singing meter (two short, two long syllables) in Alcæus, and the idea of the girl's complaint in a stray epigram. Nevertheless, the whole poem shows how girls of the time were chafing under surveillance and criticism and longing to lead as free a life as their brothers.

The best basis for the interpretation of this ode is the reading of the small collection of love poems written by a noble girl of the Augustan Age, Servia Sulpicia, niece of Messalla, poems unique in Latin literature as the writing of a woman. This high-spirited girl, like Neobule, was tormented by an uncle—not by his criticisms, but by his kindness, for Messalla has planned to take her to the horrid country for her birthday, and is always in his blindness proposing some such inopportune trip which prevents her seeing Cerinthus, her lover. Her heart stays in Rome when she is carried off, even if she is not allowed to manage her life at her

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own will. Then plans change and another poem of four lines tells Cerinthus exultantly that the sad journey has been lifted from her heart, for her birthday is to be spent in the city after all and should be celebrated "by all of us." A third poem asks Cerinthus if he is thinking of her now that she is ill, for only his well-wishing can insure her recovery. Three others are the brief expression of the most ardent feeling. One awkward in sentence structure, but clear in mood, confesses her haunting regret that the night before she had left her lover alone because she desired to conceal her ardor. Outraged pride of as impassioned a tone fills another poem with haughty reproaches that for a harlot and a slave Cerinthus is slighting Sulpicia, the daughter of Servius. The last and the longest of the sequence expresses glowing joy over love's consummation, for Venus has brought her lover to her arms, and Sulpicia is ecstatic and proud that love has met love, worthy youth with worthy maid. Other poems, written by someone else in Messalla's circle, perhaps by Tibullus, tell us more of the love of the unidentified Cerinthus and the daughter of Servius, of her fear for her lover's life when he indulges in boar-hunting, of her wish on his birthday that their love may be ever mutual, ever lasting; but her own six short poems (and in spite of all recent critics I cannot believe that a girl did not write them) stand as the clearest indication of how a noble young woman in the Augustan Age might in the height of pure passion break through the fettering conventions which Horace let Neobule deplore.

In Horace's own mind, as I have tried to show, three

types of women are clearly differentiated—*meretrix*, *matrona*, *virgo*. He himself comments on various obvious differences such as conventional color of dress, yellow for courtesan, white for matron, and on the dancing in which the courtesan may indulge while the matron will move only in stately fashion in religious choral dance on the days when Diana's temple is thronged and only the corrupted *virgo* will learn voluptuous Ionic steps. The *meretrix* is the one who is always trying well-known tricks to get money, by telling over and over the same old story of how she has been robbed. Clever and amusing is the tribe, so that they dominate young men's hearts and make them refuse honorable wedlock, or they control old men's purse-strings. But when ill fortune comes and the wine casks are drained to the dregs, they break all their pledges of devotion and flee with the faithless friends who are too crafty to help bear the yoke of adversity. In other words, a moral judgment of this class of women is developing in Horace's mind even in the midst of "occasional verses" on their charms.

In the odes where Horace rises to his greatest spiritual height, the first six of Book Three, he announces that he is writing definitely for maids and lads, *virginibus puerisque*. Great civic virtues are the themes of these odes, and in these, women could have little share, but between the lines one reads special messages to the maids. They, too, could help maintain simplicity of life in the home. Roman women can back their fighting men as mother and betrothed of the enemy do by their devoted thoughts of some hard-pressed young

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warrior. What overthrew Troy was an adulteress and the guilty love she inspired; what overthrew Antony was passion not controlled by wisdom; and what is undermining the Roman state is the fact that ages fecund in crime have corrupted the marriage, the family and the home. First, the adolescent girl learns voluptuous dances, and the arts of coquetry; then as a married woman even at her husband's table she seeks younger adulterers; finally, she does not succumb to one great passion but sells herself with her husband's connivance to any pedlar or skipper who can pay extravagantly for her shame. Not from such parents sprang the youth who fought Rome's great wars, but they were the virile sons of peasant soldiers, taught to work on the land and bring in firewood under a stern mother's orders. The corruption of our times is our despair.

So clear a bugle-call to purity Horace sounds to the youth of his day in his later writings. Other passages on the Roman family are no less significant. He comments on the economic aspect of marriage, saying frankly: "Now forsooth Queen Money gives a wife with a dowry, gives credit, friends, family, beauty, and Persuasion and Venus do honor to a man who has got the coins." And again he proclaims the mercenary point of view of the times: "Silver is sought after and a rich wife to bear one's children." He contrasts with the social corruption of Rome the purity of family life among primitive peoples like the wandering Scythians and the stern Getæ. "Among them the pure-hearted woman is kind to her motherless step-children; the

dowered wife does not rule her husband or put her trust in a handsome adulterer. Women's great dowry is the virtue of their parents and a chastity that with unbroken faith shuns the husband of another. And to sin is a crime and its price is death."

In the fourth book of odes, in poems published as late as 15-13 B.C., Horace adopts a more hopeful tone and praises the success of Augustus' moral reforms in the Roman world. Augustus himself furnishes illustration of what the influence of a pure home and wise education can do for youth; an admirable motto for the teaching of eugenics is written, "Brave and good are the sons of the brave and good"; and it is announced that now the Italian home is pure and not polluted by any debauchery; tradition and law have conquered defiling guilt; young mothers are praised for children who resemble them; punishment overtakes crime. In three odes, to be sure, Horace uses some of his old themes: he has given up love and love-poetry because he has turned the tenth lustrum (fifty now); he has not forgotten kind Cinara who died young; he knows Ligurinus' charms; and he mocks in ugly fashion at old wanton Lyce. But these poems are only foils for such spiritual themes as Lollius' virtue, the immortality of fame and of poetry, and the dignity of the Roman family. In the last ode of all, Augustus is again lauded for having thrown a bridle upon licentiousness that had slipped all bonds, and the Romans, when they are called to solemn thanksgiving and praise for the new era and the new ruler, are to raise their hymns in company with their wives and their children.

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So on the Altar of the Peace of Augustus, in his triumphal procession, appeared the Roman family.

A chapter of this scope makes no attempt to treat adequately or exhaustively the subject of the position of women in the Augustan Age. Horace's picture of the social life of the time could not be drawn without an effort to sketch in his observations on the women of the period, to show how he used them in his poetry and what was his attitude toward problems of sex. We have seen that his first comments on the relation of men and women were generally satirical, often coarse, and in harmony with the prevailing cynicism and opportunism of the time. Later, the genial urbanity which he achieved and his choice of the lyric form led him to write of light amours in exquisite society verse. It is impossible to judge how much autobiography as to facts there is in any of his poems dealing with women, but in his verses there is keen observation of three classes of women, courtesans, matrons, and noble girls, and some suggestion of standards of conduct for them all. In Horace's own standards and taste a very decided development appears from the time of his hot-blooded, sweet youth to the wise reflections brought by whitening locks. Under the influence of Augustus' attempts to purify the family, check race suicide, and invigorate the manhood of the Roman world, Horace was inspired to strike some of his loftiest notes as he chanted the beauty of chastity for youth and the felicity of the home where mothers were praised for children resembling themselves.

What Horace's own personal conduct was we do not

know. He avers that in boyhood his father kept him chaste; in his mature life, Augustus jested about his purity. Such hints indicate that he was better than his times. Certainly he had the honor of helping to point youth to a more excellent way than had been the practice of the late Republic and the early Augustan Age.

COUNTRY DAYS

FARMS AND VILLAS

THE increasing complexity of city life in the Augustan Age made the thoughts of Romans turn inevitably to the country. Horace was not the only person who exclaimed:

O country, when shall I behold you? When may I, now from old books, now from sleep and lazy hours, quaff dear oblivion of this harassing life?

The smoke and wealth and din of town, the bustle and jostle of city streets, the forum's wordy strife, receptions and calls, authors' readings and plays, gladiatorial combats and horse races, religious pageants, triumphal processions, left small peace for meditation or for reading or for living well. One had to escape from the turmoil in the interest of health, peace of mind, and the fine art of living. Climatic conditions also demanded that in the long, hot drought of summer the Romans should seek hills or seashore or riverside for the refreshment of the body. Nature too was coming to be cherished for her own beauty, and as even in a city house, a little garden counterfeited the greenwood between four walls, so a longing for fine views and beautiful surroundings produced a desire for

the possession of country estates. Moreover, the exigencies of travel at a time when comfortable hotels were virtually unknown and innkeepers were unreliable, made it desirable for men who journeyed to own small villas in different parts of Italy where they could put up on their trips. Many a Roman gentleman now came to own one or more suburban villas as well as his city house.

Another aspect of the increasing interest in country life at this time was the economic. Part of the reconstruction policy of Augustus was that back-to-the-land movement which encouraged veterans to take up small holdings, which tried to supplant part of the slave labor on farms by free tenants and which, by reinstating the dignity of work on the soil, sought to solve problems of both unemployment and shortage of food supply. This imperial encouragement of farming was supported and popularized through great poetry, as Vergil in his *Georgics* and Horace in his second epode set forth the satisfactions and the rewards of the farmer's life.

Out of these various causes for a growing interest in country life there had already developed two types of country houses, the *villa rustica* or farmhouse, and the *villa pseudo-urbana* or country estate. For a genuine farmhouse, or *villa rustica*, it was important that a site should be chosen for practical considerations—healthfulness of soil, good air, water supply, and also means of communication, since for the marketing of goods it was important to be fairly near a highway. The farm building was usually a large, rambling struc-

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ture including granaries, wine-presses and vats, presses for olive oil, stables, cow-houses, poultry yard, quarters for slaves, and apartment perhaps in the second story for the master on his brief visits. Such an estate would be managed by a slave overseer or *vilicus* and worked by a large band of slaves. In the early days, the farm produced simply the food of the master and his great retinue or *familia*. Later, when agriculture became a business, there was also specialization in production for profit, like the cultivation of the vine or the olive tree.

The ruins of the Villa Boscoreale, two miles from Pompeii, give us a vivid idea of the arrangement of such a farmhouse. The building includes great central courtyard with columns on three sides and upper rooms over the front, large kitchen with hearth and niche-shrine for the household gods, stable, bathrooms with dressing-room (*apodyterium*), room for warm bath (*tepidarium*), room for hot bath (*caldarium*), furnace, tank, reservoir, even the hot and cold water pipes, tool-room, small bakery with little mill and oven, dining-room, bedrooms, large press-room for making wine with press and vats for holding the grape juice, also a court full of open vats in which the wine fermented in fresh air, a room for making oil with press, olive crusher and vats, a wagon room and a threshing floor. The commercial products of the farm were clearly the wine and the oil, as the vats for wine in the storeroom had a capacity of twelve thousand gallons and the jars for the olive oil held several hundred gallons.

The owner must have spent part of the year here, as the elaborate bathrooms and the apartments of the

attached villa (peristyle, dining-room, bedrooms) indicate. That he was a man of wealth and taste is proved by the beautiful fresco decorations of his house which are now in the Metropolitan Museum and by the silver treasure from this villa which is in the Louvre. The frescoes display three types of subjects: groups of life-size figures, purely decorative motives, and architectural compositions. The most beautiful of the figure pictures shows a woman seated in an elegant chair playing on a long lyre while a young girl stands behind the chair listening. One room was decorated with festoons of grain and fruit hanging between Corinthian columns, another with garlands of fruit and leaves. The frescoes of a small bedroom, now exhibited on the wall of a room of the original size, give a fascinating idea of exterior house architecture, of small shrines and of garden grottoes. The charm of subject, color, and composition in these frescoes suggests the elegance of the villa from which they came.

This is true also of the Boscoreale silver in the Louvre, one hundred and three pieces, including bowls, pateras, cups, ewers, ladles, mirrors, decorated in heavy *repoussé* work with many different motifs. Pateras or shallow saucers have as different emblemata in the center as the head of the personified city of Alexandria surrounded with symbols of deities and a portrait bust of a very plain Pompeian gentleman. Bowls show *genre* pictures of animals and foods, groups of long-beaked birds, or delicate intertwining branches of olives. A pair of cups have groups of

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philosophical skeletons discussing the meaning of life. The gentleman farmer of such a country place must have been a man of great taste and culture, true to the best traditions of Varro and Vergil about the dignity of life near the soil. We can imagine him stoutly upholding Varro's dictum that "God made the country and man made the town," or discussing with Varro and his friends, Appius and Axius, "what makes the perfectly equipped villa"—the beauty of its workmanship, its decorations and its furniture, or the success of its farm in products of the soil, in live stock, in fowl, bees, or birds. We can imagine the urbane owner of the Villa Boscoreale declaring with Horatian geniality that a country house might include both the useful and the beautiful. Unlike Horace's Alfius, he did not play with the idea of farming and then return to money-making in Rome in spite of having sensed the joys of plowing his father's fields with his own oxen, of wedding vine to poplar tree, of watching the lowing herd wind homeward. Probably, the hardest part of his end on that fatal day when Vesuvius rained its ashes over the Villa Boscoreale was that he had to leave land and house and dear wife and that none of his trees except the funereal cypress would follow him when life passed. Horace voiced the horror of being evicted from one's holdings either by death or by the fortunes of war, and makes the story of the expulsion of Ofellus typical of his own father's fate, and of the lot of all dispossessed peasants. Ofellus was content to remain on the land as a day laborer, so strong was his affection for the soil.

Such was the *villa rustica* and the feeling for the land which laid its foundation stones. The *villa pseudo-urbana*, or country house, grew up rather from an æsthetic desire for beautiful natural surroundings, for the physical demands for cooler temperature in summer and for comfortable stopping-places in travel, and from a wish to escape from the distractions and complexities of city life to quiet retreats where one could rest, read, or write. Sites were therefore selected on the basis of convenience, climate, or beauty, and favorite districts were the seaside where the foam dashed up on the walls, the mountains where the cool air braced body and mind, places near rivers or waterfall where the flow and the fall wooed slumber, or the shore of some peaceful inland lake.

Of the life in such villas we have considerable information from the century preceding and the century following Horace's times, so fully did Cicero and Pliny write of their villas in their letters. Cicero could easily escape from Rome to either the mountains or the Mediterranean, as he had one villa in the Alban hills at Tusculum and another on the seashore at Antium. When he wished to get farther away from the clashing politics of the city, he could go southeast to his birthplace at Arpinum, high in the Volscian mountains near the little stream Fibrenus, a tributary of the Liris. For travel southward, he had a stopping-place at seaside Formiæ on the Appian Way, and in the fashionable residence district about the bay of Naples he had villas at Cumæ, Puteoli, and Pompeii. Some time after the death of Tullia, Cicero acquired

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another seashore residence near Rome in place of the one at Antium which he had sold, at Astura just south of Antium, and there to-day at the very edge of the water and partly submerged in it may be seen the outlined foundations of the house where he mourned in undisturbed seclusion over the loss of his daughter. Many of Cicero's letters refer to his life at these villas, to purchases of works of art for them, to the society of friends who gathered at them.

In the time of Cicero, the poet Catullus immortalized the two country residences which he adored, his Sirmio, gem of islands and of peninsulas, and his Tiburtine estate, by writing a poem for each which was nearly as ardent as his hendecasyllables to lady Lesbia. Equally famous descriptions of villas in literature are the letters of the younger Pliny which describe his two named *Tragedy* and *Comedy* on Lake Como, his Tuscan villa, and his villa at Laurentum. These letters coupled with visits to the ruins of country villas near Pompeii and to the exaggerated and glorified country palace of the Emperor Hadrian near Tivoli lead the imagination to a fair reconstruction of the country villa in the early Empire. Such a structure was complicated, for it contained court surrounded by columns, dining-rooms for different seasons of the year, bedrooms of different degrees of quietude, elaborate bathing arrangements, libraries, choice collections of works of art as well as elegant decorations in fresco on walls and mosaics on floors, terraces and porticoes for promenade, and formal gardens with hedges, fountains, waterways, marble seats where one could

enjoy beautiful distant vistas. The magnificence of city life was now beginning to encroach upon the country and the megalomania of Emperors could produce a country villa of such splendor as Hadrian's.

As Horace's villa life stands midway between the simple houses of the early Republic and the luxurious establishments of the Empire, it is well to retrace our steps to study the ruins of a Pompeian villa built perhaps shortly before the Augustan Age, the Villa of Diomedes. This large villa lies at the end of the Street of Tombs at the left of the road which leads toward Vesuvius. Because of a natural declivity in the land here, the building lies on two levels, the garden at the rear and its adjoining rooms being much lower than the front part of the house which is on the level of the street. The arrangement of rooms in the front part is true to Vitruvius' typical plan of a country house, for one enters directly into a peristyle, an open room with a colonnade surrounding a garden, and out of this peristyle open the groups of rooms of the villa proper: the baths and the kitchen, the dining-room, bedrooms, *tablinum*. Notable among these rooms is that of the swimming-pool in a triangular court at the left of the entrance, where the wall back of the tank was painted with a garden scene, two columns supported a roof over the tank, a colonnade decorated the other two sides of the court, and in one corner of the colonnade was a hearth on which were kettle and pots, suggesting that light refreshments were served there for the bathers. Another interesting room is a bedroom with a large semicircular bay win-

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dow looking out on a garden, where quiet was secured by an anteroom between the bedroom and the rest of the house. Behind the rooms bordering the peristyle at the rear was a colonnade and then a broad terrace, overlooking the garden. Connected with the terrace was an unroofed promenade over the colonnade which surrounded the rectangular garden below. From this walk there must have been a fine view of the sea and the coast as well as of the garden. This garden had a fish-pond in the middle, in which was a fountain, and back of the pond an arbor under a vine-covered pergola. Behind the garden's colonnade were charmingly decorated rooms and underneath it was a wine cellar containing many amphoræ. Here the family took refuge at the time of the disaster, and here they perished, for the skeletons of eighteen grown persons and two children were discovered here. In other parts of the house were found the bones of fourteen men and of a goat and a dog. You may see these bones in a little morgue at the end of the road, pitiful memorials of the retinue of people busily occupied with their life in the Villa of Diomedes on the day when they became dust and shade.

From so lugubrious a *memento mori*, let us turn to villa life in Horace's pages. Sites for villas mentioned by the poet are the coast of the Tyrrhenian, the Apulian, and the Ionian seas, the shore of lakes like the Alban, banks of rivers (Tiber, Anio, Digentia), towns of the Campagna (Veii, Gabii), the hills near Rome (Alban and Sabine) and other mountains like those of Apulia and of Sicily. Horace gives us snapshots of

some of these: rich man encroaching on the very sea by having his contractor and slaves push foundations out into the deep until the fishes feel that their domain is contracted; stately garden and villa laved by the golden Tiber's stream as the Renaissance Farnesina is to-day; the gleam of some white house on the slopes of lofty Tusculum shining out as the Villa Aldobrandini now does from the lower level of Frascati; the remote peace of the fields of Venafrum or Lacedæmonian Tarentum toward which Regulus, after the tedious business of his clients had been finished, might have wended his way had he not preferred the lot of an illustrious exile; then Tibur with its orchards, its falling water and downward stream, and the retired valley of a Sabine farm. The charm of many fair spots finds in Horace its immortal phrase.

Besides giving hints of such beauty, he discusses climate, for in a letter to a friend, Vala, Horace relates how his physician, Antonius Musa, has interdicted Baïæ's myrtle groves and sulphur springs and is prescribing cold bath cure and a change of climate, so the poet wishes to know from his friend the respective advantages of two seaside resorts, Velia and Salernum, their winter climate, their food supply from harvest, hunting, and fishing, and whether they have good spring water to drink since he does not care for the wine of that coast; up in his own little farm he can stand anything, but when he goes to the sea, he wants a mellow old wine that will drive away care, distil rich hope in veins and heart, give him eloquence, and make him seem young to a certain Lucanian lady. In

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another epistle, he relates how Volteius Menas was misled into buying a farm partly by the delightful air of the Sabine hills; and of his own farm he writes to Quinctius: "You would praise the climate."

The advantages of using friends' villas as stopping-posts for travel are clear in the satire describing the journey to Brundisium, both because of the annoyance at the inns where the party had to stay and because of the satisfactions of their halts at Formiæ where Murena put them up and Capito fed them, and at Caudium where the well-stocked villa of Cocceius entertained them.

As usual, Horace does not comment merely on such objective features of country life as beauty of landscape, beneficent climate and convenience in travel. Here, too, with his habit of brooding meditation he tries to analyze the feeling for the soil and the effect of property holding. He saw men craving possession of landed estates, dreading encroachment of neighbors over their boundary line of poplars, fearing eviction in wartime, or that final ejection inevitable even in time of peace when one must ask: "Of what avail are Lucanian pastures added to Calabrian if the reaper whose name is Death cuts down high and low, and is not to be bought off by gold?" He saw the anxious father, Servius Oppidius, who owned two estates at Canusium, calling his two sons to his deathbed and exhorting both spendthrift and miser never to give up their land, even for the satisfaction of winning by lavish largess the office of *ædile* or *prætor*.

In the face of such extravagant devotion to ancestral

estate in the country or to landed villa, Horace asserts that real ownership consists only in what a man can use, and that a man may enjoy without having large possessions or permanent tenure. Yet even as he works out this philosophical point of view of land holding and property, he is forced by self-knowledge to confess: "I praise little and safe possessions when my fortunes are low, great-hearted in the midst of small estate, but when some better, richer fortune rises, I say that you alone are wise and live well who have your money invested in shining villas."

His point of view did not, however, remain unprejudiced, for in 33 B.C., he was presented by his patron Mæcenas with a farm in the Sabine hills which gave him a new conception of property holding and of the value of life in a country villa.

THE SABINE FARM

It was natural that a man who had been born in the country, who liked simple peasants and who drew much inspiration from nature should dream when he was a quæstor's clerk of some day owning a farm of his own. Horace confesses such ambition:

This was ever in my prayers: a piece of land not very large where there was a garden, and near the house a spring of running water and above these a bit of woodland.

He adds that the gods have done even better by him in giving him a stronghold in the mountains where he can retire from the city, and he prays for nothing

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more than that blessed retreat in his retired vale. No direct statement proves that this farm was the gift of Mæcenas, but circumstantial evidence from repeated allusions makes it all but certain that in 33 B.C. this great patron presented him with a small estate in the Sabine hills. How completely his wish was fulfilled is shown in his expressions of satisfaction.

A rivulet of pure water, a few acres of woodland, sure confidence in my crops are a happier lot than that of the official adorned with the rule of fertile Africa though he is not aware of it.

In a letter to a friend, Quinctius, Horace writes a full description of the lie of the land:

That you may not inquire, noblest Quinctius, whether my farm feeds its master from plow-land or enriches him with olive-berries, apples, grain, or the vine wedded to the elm, I will write you in a chatty way about the form and aspect of it. The mountains would encircle it if they were not broken by a dark valley in such a way that the rising sun beholds the right side and the setting sun warms the left. You'd praise the climate. What if friendly brambles should bear red cornel berries and plums? If oak and holm-oak should bless the herd with abundant acorns and the owner with abundant shade? You would say that leafy Tarentum was brought nearer home. There's a spring too worthy to give a name to the stream; the Hebrus in Thrace flows not more purely or coldly—good water for weak heads, good water for weak stomachs. This hiding-place is dear—if you believe me, even enchanting, and it makes me safe and sound for you on September days.

This little farm was large enough to be put in charge of a slave steward or *vilicus*. At one time, eight slaves worked on it, for Horace threatens to punish Davus by making him the ninth laborer on his farm. At another time, about ten years later, Horace speaks of five peasant farmers, *boni patres*, who lived on it. Doctor Lugli has pointed out to me that perhaps these allusions indicate two different ways of running the farm, for Horace may have first tried a system of peasant landholders who divided the produce with him, and then later, finding this unsatisfactory, had the whole farm worked by his own slaves under his overseer. But whether this reasonable hypothesis is true, or whether the *boni patres* and the eight slaves were contemporaries cannot be decided.

The house was simple to suit the size of the estate, with no shining ceiling paneled in ivory and gold, no architraves of Hymettus marble resting on columns of African, no portico measured off by ten-foot measuring rod which wooed the cool north. But Horace was content with such simplicity, believing that "small possessions become the small," and asking:

Why should I construct a lofty atrium in the new fashion with columns to arouse envy? Why change my Sabine valley for riches that bring more cares?

The country itself was the greatest joy: Mount Lucretilis rising in the west to tempt Faunus away from his Arcadian hills; the bubbling spring, than glass more clear, perhaps Bandusia itself; a tall pine towering up over the villa which the poet dedicated to

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Diana, guardian of mountains and of groves; goats and kids straying across the pastures without fear of wolves because Faunus' sweet pipe was re-echoing through the vale; then, below, the sound of the little river to lure a man to dream on the grass beside the running water under the shade of some spreading tree.

That was part of what his farm meant to Horace, and he was all eagerness at the Saturnalia to pack up some books (Plato, Menander, Eupolis, Archilochus) and with such companions be off to the warm shelter of his little villa for reading and writing. His steward might call this remote country deserted and inhospitable; to Horace it was charming. But the steward was working hard over the plowing and the care of the ox, and the river, too, after a heavy rainfall gave him trouble, because it had to be taught by a high embankment to spare the sunny meadow. It was no wonder that the steward and his under-slaves felt that such distance from Rome was a sort of exile-punishment, or that they missed the city, with its spectacles, its baths, its taverns, its music.

Apparently, you had to be a poet or a peasant to enjoy the land, for "the whole band of poets shuns the city and loves the greenwood," and a true Sabine had a feeling for the soil. On it were bred those vigorous sons, trained by stern mothers to help with all the farm work—the cutting of the firewood, the care of the animals; youths who grew up stalwart and courageous, ready to serve their country in her need. Horace was fond of his rustic neighbors—ready to tolerate their smiles when he tried to clear his fields of

stiff glebes of earth and rocks in unfamiliar labor, ready to listen to Cervius telling after dinner some old wives' tale like that of the country mouse and the city mouse. His slaves, too, interested him, so that he put both steward and Davus in poems and let Davus use the freedom of the Saturnalia for a lecture to his master on his inconsistencies. "At Rome," says Davus, "you wish for the country; in the country, fickle man, you extol to the stars the absent city."

Such inconsistencies Horace gracefully admits, and he is quite willing to laugh at the charge and sin again, exclaiming: "O country, when shall I behold you? . . . O the nights and banquets fit for gods at which my friends and I dine before my own hearth while I feed my saucy home-reared slaves tidbits from the table. There we drink without restraint and there we talk." Such were the daily pleasures of the Sabine farm, but there were more special occasions of excited joy when you might see the whole house smiling with silver; the altar garlanded with green boughs; slave-boys and girls running busily about; the flames rolling up smoke from the hearth. All this preparation might be in honor of Mæcenas' birthday, or of a visit from Tibullus, or some other friend who wished to hasten to country joys when in the grassy meadows the shepherds were piping strains to delight the god who loves the flocks and the dark hills of Arcadia. When a friend came to the Sabine farm, Horace would mark that fair day with a white stone.

Such a mark must be made to-day also for a visit to Horace's retired valley. There are easier ways of

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going out from Rome now than mogg^ging along on bob-tailed mule or jouncing over the paving-stones of the Via Tiburtina in four-wheeled traveling coach. In an automobile the whole sentimental journey may be made in one day, but good walkers may prefer to stay at Tivoli and tramp slowly over all Horace's country. The modern road out follows nearly the line of the ancient Via Tiburtina along the Anio's winding, and there are many temptations to stop by the way—at Palombara for the ascent of Monte Gennaro (Lucretilis), at Hadrian's villa, most of all at Tivoli where the water calls. But to Tivoli the student of Horace will return later. Now let him hasten through the town over the bridge and on along the Via Valeria, still following the Anio's meanders for six and three-quarter miles to the little town of Vico Varo, high above the river's right bank. This is Horace's Varia, whither his five good farmers were wont to go, and for the sake of Horace's allusion the traveler stops and is rewarded by the sight of certain antiquities: the ancient town wall and the beautiful old Corinthian columns built into the portico of the little church of Sant' Antonio, besides the town's most famous treasure—the octagonal tempietto of Renaissance times.

Just beyond Vico Varo, we must turn sharply to the left up the branch road which follows the rivulet Licenza (Horace's Digentia) and presently across the stream to the east we shall see the town of Mandela stretching out on its long ridge. Cantalupo it was for many centuries, but now its old Horatian name has been restored because of an inscription found in 1758

proving its right to that heritage. Our spirits rise as "the cool Digentia refreshes us, the stream which Mandela drinks, a district wrinkled with cold." Our next quest is the shrine of Vacuna, near which Horace wrote his letter to Aristius Fuscus. Again we must ascend to a hill town, Rocca Giovane, hanging high off a gray cliff. An inscription now built in the ramp wall going up to the castle records that the Emperor Vespasian restored here at his own expense a crumbling shrine of Victoria and, as the old scholiasts of Horace inform us that the Sabine goddess Vacuna was often identified with Victoria, the shrine restored by Vespasian may have been Vacuna's. Set in the same ramp is a small limestone relief much weathered of a female figure, clad in chiton and himation, whose right hand clasps the forelegs of a deer, and as Vacuna was also identified with Diana some have thought this a representation of Vacuna from the same shrine. Doctor Lugli will, however, show that from dimensions, material, and subject this is one of the four seasons represented on the tombstone found somewhere in this district. Two others, autumn and summer, stand on either side of the inscription. This figure with the spoils of the chase represents winter. Only the inscription about Vespasian's restoration of Vacuna's shrine gives us a signpost to indicate that we are in Horace's Sabine country. Now, we ask, where was this farm?

Here in the valley of the Digentia, thirty-two miles from Rome, fourteen from Tivoli, two sites have been rivals for the honor of Horace's home. In the second half of the eighteenth century, two scholars claimed

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that they had discovered the true site, the French Abbé, Bertrand Capmartin de Chaupy and the Italian lawyer, Domenico de Sanctis. Each wished the honor of locating Horace's villa and so regretted that his rival agreed with him, for both placed the farm in the lower part of the Licenza valley near its three branching streams and below the hill village of Licenza. In 1857, Pietro Rosa declared himself in favor of another site only a quarter of a mile from Rocca Giovane and on higher ground (650 meters above sea level while the Licenza site is 415). Boissier, in *The Country of Horace and Vergil*, follows Pietro Rosa. A third theory has recently been advanced in the article on *Sabinum* by Philipp in the Pauly-Wissowa *Real-Encyclopädie* (1920), namely, that since the farm had five peasant huts, was worked by eight or nine slaves and required an overseer, it may have covered the entire distance between Rocca Giovane and the Vigne di San Pietro at Licenza, a stretch of land only about two kilometers long and half a kilometer wide. The excavations made at both Rocca Giovane and Licenza are about to be published by Dr. Giuseppe Lugli ¹ in the *Monumenti Antichi dei Lincei*.

The imagination is certainly stirred when, walking up the valley of the Digentia, one comes suddenly upon a foot-path branching to the left marked with a sign-board bearing the words

¹ Doctor Lugli has told me that the excavations on the villa site at Rocca Giovane found walls of the second century A.D., but no building material of the Augustan Age; that on the other hand, the villa whose foundations have been uncovered at Licenza is clearly from the time of Augustus and Horace.

Villa d'Orazio Flacco,

and finds at the end of the path the foundations of a villa of the Augustan Age. The spot where it lies exactly suits Horace's description of his mountain-girt retreat, and the valley running north and south does permit the rising sun to warm the right side and the setting sun the left. The house faced south and in front was a garden which occupied about four-fifths of the ground. In the center of the garden was a large fish-pond, two meters deep, and around the garden on the three sides away from the house, was a crypto-porticus. It is this porticus which has aroused the incredulity of the learned who declare that Horace with all his protestations of the simple life never would have indulged in such a pretentious villa as this. Did he not indeed particularly comment on the fact that in the old days "no porticus measured by a ten-foot measuring rod and facing the cool north was owned by private citizens," and would he himself have had in his villa so elaborate a portico? But Horace was never noted for his consistency, and in a satire Damasippus accuses him of inconsistency on just this point.

You are building, [he said]. You are building—that is, you are imitating the great—Now is it appropriate for you to do whatever Mæcenas does and to rival him when you are so different and so much less important?

Perhaps it was just this crypto-porticus which Horace was adding to his villula that evoked Damasippus' comment.

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The house itself is small enough. It lies on the north side of the garden and is reached by five steps from the crypto-porticus at each end and by five from the garden, in the center. Across the front of the house there is a hall out of which the rooms open. In the center there is one room larger than the others directly opposite the steps, with a *compluvium* in the center, but no pillars to awaken envy. There were three rooms to the right of this central room and three to the left, so that the house is approximately symmetrical, though the proportions of the rooms are not identical. In three of the rooms the mosaic pavement still lies on the floor, black and ivory-white in color, with a star pattern in one room, a ray pattern in another, a more simple geometric design in the third. Back of the front row of rooms is another straight passageway, and north of this were other rooms on each side of the house, apparently, with a garden between them. Here, at a much later time, a *nymphæum* was built, rectangular in shape, with a water-course around it and four apses on the sides. The walls of all the rooms in the house have been restored to the height of about a foot and a half out of the material found and are of regular *opus reticulatum* of hard white limestone. More elaborate than the plan of the house are the ruins of the baths which have been uncovered west of it, one group of rooms apparently belonging to the time of the Antonines, another group which encroached upon the villa itself from the period of Vespasian.

The small objects found in the *scavi* of both baths and house are stored in one room of an old house at the

very top of the hill-town of Licenza across the river. This modern town of Licenza is perched, as Horace describes Acherontia, like a bird's nest high on the rocks. The path mounts up by many steps, winding between high houses of gray stone and stucco. In the one-room Horace museum at the top, there are coins, stamped bricks, fragmentary fresco decoration from the baths, and from the villa amphoræ, fragments of marble and pieces of statues, even one roguish faun head from a fountain, pottery, particularly bowls of red Arretine ware, small lamps, tessaræ of mosaics that were on the wall in dull blue, green, rose, keys and spoons, cameos, one gold ring, coins, dice, weights. I have already mentioned the finding of a tombstone which was decorated with low reliefs of the four seasons, three of which are extant. The inscription contains an Horatian exhortation:

You are all doomed to die, but at least you have lived. In life, one eats and drinks; and so you ought to be content that you have lived.

As the spot where the stone was discovered was not recorded, it cannot be associated with any certainty with Horace's villa.

Whatever archæologists decide about the ownership of the Sabine villa whose ruins we saw, we shall always feel that we mounted to Horace's Sabine citadel. In that retired valley, encircled with hills, sunlit at morn and eve, vocal with rivulet, shaded by olives, the genius of the place is his, and we could not leave with-

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out prayers to Diana, guardian of mountains and of groves and to Faunus, protector of the younglings of the flock, that they watch as of old over the dwelling of their votary, the bard.

Another question that has arisen on the subject of Horace's Sabine farm is: Did the poet have one villa which, like Catullus' villa near Tibur, might be called Sabine or Tiburtine, or did he own two villas, the one secluded in the valley of the Digentia, the other at the popular resort of Tibur near the rushing Anio river? Two English scholars, Dr. Thomas Ashby and Mr. G. H. Hallam, are inclined to answer the second question affirmatively and to argue that just as in the preceding era the poet Catullus had one loved villa at Sirmio, another at Tibur, so Horace was given first his Sabine farm, then at a later time acquired another villa on the hill opposite the falls of the Anio at Tibur.

The references to Tibur begin in 27 B.C., when the poet is thirty-eight, with an allusion to Tibur on the hillside as one of the places which receive the bard, the votary of the Muses. In another poem of about the same time Mæcenas is urged to leave the city's wealth and cares and shun the heat of the dog-star and summer's drought, not merely lifting his eyes to well-watered Tibur or the ridge of Tusculum, for now the wearied shepherd and the languid herd seek shade and river bank and the thickets of bristling Silvanus. Again in Epistle I. 7 when Horace has been describing the gifts which Mæcenas has bestowed upon him, he says: "Now not royal Rome pleases me, but quiet Tibur and peaceful Tarentum." In several passages he

speaks as though he lived and wrote at Tibur. His inconsistency is shown now by preferring Tibur when he is at Rome, and Rome when he is at Tibur. Yet he is deeply stirred by the thought of the "home of echoing Albunea, the rushing Anio, the grove of Tiburnus, and the orchards watered by fast-flowing streams." He says that the waters which flow by fertile Tibur and the thick leaves of the trees are what make a man famous for Æolian song. He compares himself to a Matinian bee laboriously gathering sweet thyme around the deep grove and the banks of well-watered Tibur. He urges Varus to plant no tree in the mellow soil of Tibur near the walls of Catilus sooner than the sacred vine. And finally he prays: "May Tibur founded by an Argive colonist be the home of my old age, may Tibur be the end for me in my weariness of seafaring, journeying, warring."

Certainly, such allusions suggest that Horace lived and wrote near the rushing Anio and the grove of Tiburnus, and although he never says that he had a home at Tibur, neither, as Mr. Hallam has pointed out, did he mention having one at Rome where he certainly lived. Moreover, tradition gives him a villa here, for Suetonius declares: "He lived frequently in a retired corner of his country estate, Sabine or Tiburtine, and his house was pointed out near the little grove of Tiburnus."

Suetonius also says that this grove was near the Villa of Manlius Vopiscus, which is believed to have stood where the Villa Gregoriana now stands, its grounds stretching, as Statius describes, across both

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sides of the narrow ravine. This is the grove which Vergil makes Latinus visit, "below lofty Albunea where the waters of the sacred spring resound most clearly and powerful vapors rise from the dark depth." This description suits the hill opposite the Anio's falls, and the ravine beyond to the north of the Villa of Vopiscus bore centuries ago the name *Truglia*. On the slope above the ravine near a spring is the ruined convent of Sant' Angelo where three hundred years ago traces of a Roman villa were visible (sculptured columns, mosaics) which was connected with the name of Catullus. About two hundred yards beyond the grove are the ruins of another villa under the old Franciscan monastery and church of Sant' Antonio, and these ruins may well be the remains of Horace's Tiburtine estate.

According to Mr. Ashby, the remains all belong to the Augustan Age. They lie on two levels, on the upper of which was the villa itself where the monastery now stands. The old Roman walls of *opus reticulatum* may be seen in the monastery kitchen and the next two rooms to the west, and the old Roman mosaic pavement is still visible on the floor of three rooms south of the hall. On the lower level there are remains of three rooms, the central one about thirty-two by twenty-six feet without its apse. Terra-cotta pipes for jets of water which are set in the vaulting show that the room was originally a *nymphæum*, but later by the addition of a row of columns along each side and of an altar, it was converted into a Christian chapel. On this second level and on a third still lower are several sections of ancient retaining walls, some of *opus quad-*

ratum, some of *opus reticulatum*, which served to support a terraced garden on the hillside.

These actual ruins are slight memorials of a great poet, yet perhaps help to confirm his residence in the olive groves on the hill across from supine, well-watered Tibur. More convincing to the imagination is the harmony of the site with his descriptions of Tibur and the beauties which he loved. An English scholar, Mr. G. H. Hallam, who has lived much in Sant' Antonio, and who devoutly believes that Horace had a villa on this spot, describes from intimate acquaintance the terraced garden and its view of Tibur across the river.

On that semi-tropical hillside—besides the more familiar flowers and fruits which abound, such as violets, roses, blue irises which fringe the Terraces, and are known in rustic speech as “sword-blades of Saint Antony,” Madonna lilies, strawberries, peaches, cherries, and figs—the less common pomegranate, khakis (persimmon), prickly pear, and the pizzatello grape yield their fruit in autumn, and in spring the nespolo with its delicious acid. Side by side with these are olive trees, dusted over in springtime with their soft, yellowish blossom . . . and date palms, and the bright green of lemon trees which show simultaneously both bud and flower and ripened fruit, while the flowering aloe rears its mighty stems, topped by great yellow tassels, twenty feet or more into the air. In the warm spring evenings the full song of the nightingales comes up from the “bosky glen,” and innumerable fireflies twinkle everywhere like tiny stars. What wonder if Horace wished to spend his old age in such a spot. One can imagine him taking his “sunset walk” along the mountainside, looking across the wide Campagna to the Alban Hills on his left, Rome in the

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middle picture and the three familiar little Sabine peaks, *Corniculum* and its companions, rising out of the plain to the right.

The view, as we look southward from *the Terraces* of S. Antonio, harmonises as no other view does harmonise with Horace's descriptions. As we stand among the olive trees, we see, in the background of the picture which there faces us, the hill of Catillus, or Catilus, one of the mythical founders of Tibur. To the left, and just under "Monte Catillo," is the Cascata Grande or Great Fall of the Anio. . . . To the right of this, immediately under the two little temples, is the old course of the Fall, now called Grotta di Nettuno. Further down the gorge, as we look across from our Terrace, are smaller falls, the Cascatelle, formed by portions of the stream, which make their way through the city, either in the open, or by natural limestone tunnels. Immediately in front of us, across the river, rose the ancient citadel; and the twin temples, of Vesta and the Sibyl, most picturesque of objects, crown the banks. Between us and the town flows the Anio, hurrying westwards to the Campagna, "the waters which flow in front of fertile Tibur" as Horace calls them. The word *præfluunt* which he used as he looked across them from his olives, seems to fix the position beyond a doubt.

Doctor Lugli would reply to Mr. Hallam that he doubts very much whether Horace had a villa at Tibur. His line of argument runs like this. Horace himself in an epistle written probably about 28 B.C., spoke of himself as *satis beatus unicus Sabinis*, and the most natural interpretation of this phrase in view of its context is: "completely happy in my one Sabine farm." Horace certainly was often at Tibur, must always have stayed there on his way to and fro between his Sabine farm and Rome, and probably often visited

at the villas of his friends; it was therefore natural for him to feel the charm of Tibur and write of the Anio. He does not, however, describe the magnificent view from the site of Sant' Antonio as he probably would have done, if he had owned the villa there. As to Suetonius' statement, the whole district between Tibur and the "retired valley" could be called "Sabine or Tiburtine," so that the Suetonius passage may refer to the site at Licenza. This site suits his description of his farm and his allusions to it never suggest ownership of more than one villa.

Who shall decide when Doctors disagree? My own opinion shifts, but I am inclined to think Dr. Lugli is right, and my thought goes back when I read Horace's poems to the little hill-girt valley above Digentia's brook. Yet Horace is with me too as I cross the rushing Anio and listen to its music. And when we enter the little chapel of Sant' Antonio by the roadside across from Tivoli, and study the tiny oil paintings which record miraculous rescues made by the saint, we may hang on the evergreen trees of our memories a votive tablet of Horace at Tibur to commemorate our gratitude to the poet who revealed his whole life in his writings as though it were depicted on votive boards. Not the least fair of the records thus painted by his poems is the one which shows him not tuneless in old age but striking a lyre in harmony with the downward fall of the Anio and the waters that flow by Tibur on the hill.

FEELING FOR NATURE

IT was long the fashion to believe that between the ancient and the modern feeling for nature lay an impassable gulf. As early as 1795 Schiller had proclaimed that the feeling of the Greeks toward the outer world was naive and objective, untinged by the modern sentimental interest, and this conventional view persisted for many years in spite of protestation from Greek scholars. Humboldt and Friedländer were conspicuous among those who maintained that the Greeks had as intense an appreciation of the beauties of nature as the moderns, even if their manner of expressing it was more incidental and their range of sensibility more limited. And eventually new methods of criticism based on the historical development of ancient literature in its various forms succeeded in showing that not only did the ancients have an intense feeling for nature to which they gave expression, but that the kind of feeling varied with period and with author, and the form of expression depended on individual writer and type of literature. Alfred Biese in his careful historical study outlined "the naive feeling for nature in Homer," "the sympathetic feeling for nature in lyric and drama," and "the sentimental-idyllic nature-feeling of the Hellenistic period and the Empire," and his work has been the starting point for

more special studies like Fairclough's *The Attitude of the Greek Tragedians toward Nature*, and Sir Archibald Geikie's *The Love of Nature among the Romans*.

The time is now past for easy acceptance of such statements as Ruskin's that the pathetic fallacy in nature description is essentially modern and that the Greek ideal of a landscape was a fountain, a meadow, and a shady grove; or Friedländer's dictum that the ancient feeling for nature was limited to the charming and the bright. The few generalizations that can be made safely are that the ancient feeling for nature is often manifested in an elaborate mythology or personalization of nature; that the nearness of the life of man to the life of nature was expressed in many metaphors and similes; that a sympathy between man and nature was felt and expressed from the earliest times; that finally rationalism, foreign travel, and the complexity of city life produced a sentimental appreciation of the country which created idyllic poetry. But even these tendencies in the ancient attitude toward nature are not essentially ancient or distinguishable from characteristics of modern feeling, as the rereading of Greek and Latin poetry emphasises. Each ancient writer, as well as each modern, must be viewed by himself would a reader know his subtle reactions to the world about him.

Horace's poetry embodies pictures of many different contacts between man and nature. He ponders on primitive man and his struggle with his environment, "when living creatures first crept forth upon the lands, a dumb, crude herd, and fought over their

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acorns and their lairs with teeth and fists, then with cudgels, then with the weapons which experience had later shaped, until they invented words . . . and names, and next began to cease from war, lay out towns and establish laws." These men of the wood some holy leader taught, restraining them from murder and from their wild habits, and so giving rise to the myth of an Orpheus, who charmed ravenous tigers and lions. Early they became farmers, stout hearts, happy over little, wont after the grain was garnered to lighten body and enduring spirit by holiday, whereon they sacrificed with their fellow laborers, their children, and their faithful wives, a pig to Earth, milk to Silvanus, flowers and wine to the Genius who reminds us that life is short. The farmer's hard work and simple joys find as clear expression in Horace's Epodes as in Vergil's Georgics and are drawn with so true a touch that Epode Second seems to picture life in little Venosa as it was in Horace's time and as it is to-day—laborious, self-sufficient, contented.

Then Horace sees not only early man and simple farmer wresting their living from the land, but he senses man's intellectual triumph over nature in great artificial works: harbor doubly rounded out of Lakes Lucrinus and Avernus; barren Pomptine marshes drained so that they feel the weight of the plow and nourish neighboring cities; river trained to change its channel and spare crops from inundation. Yet all these to the poet are only mortal works, far more perishable than such eternal verities as poets' words. And the most truly utilitarian aspect of nature to him is

that she refreshes the body, restores the spirit, and helps genius create the things that are unseen. It is the waters that flow by fertile Tibur and the thick-leaved trees that make a man famous for Æolian song. The whole band of poets hates the city, loves the green wood.

Perhaps the divine inspiration which he draws from nature is what leads him to see in nature the gods: Jupiter in flash of lightning and whirl of thunderbolt, the Dioscuri in the star shining above the calmed sea, Æolus holding the winds in the hollow of his hand, Venus dancing in spring moonlight, Vulcan thundering out the anvil chorus of his forge, Faunus protecting the younglings of the flock, Bacchus giving the grape and gladness, Diana ranging on cool Algidus, Apollo laying aside his armor to bless the Palatine altars. Such personalization of nature is sincere in its beauty if not in its religious feeling, and in this manner Horace voices the thrill of life outdoors for himself as well as showing sympathy, in other poems, with that rustic paganism which made the simple country woman offer tiny sacrifices to her country deities. For one remarkable trait in our poet is that, for all the aloofness of his spectator attitude, he understands multiplex and opposite points of view—country Phidyle with her offerings of rosemary and myrtle, rationalist Democritus, with his disembodied and rushing thought. And the philosophical attitude toward nature is as familiar to Horace as is the utilitarian or the religious, so that he records how the Stoic attempts to shape his own life in accordance with nature's laws, and how

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friend Iccius, after selling his philosophical library for a Spanish breastplate, returned from bootless wars to the study of the laws underlying the natural world: the causes of the tides, of the seasons, of the rotation of the stars, of the waning of the moon, of all the universe's discordant harmony. In other words, the poet in that mimesis of life which is the foundation of his art, was able to represent the feeling for nature in early man, who struggled with it, in the farmer who labored over it and reaped the reward of his labor, in inventive man who bent its powers to his will, in poet, in worshiper, in philosopher. But besides such vicarious presentation of various phases of the feeling for nature Horace indicates by many subtle touches what he himself observed in the outer world, how he used in his poetry what he saw, and what his own emotional reactions to nature were.

First of all, Horace knew the sea. Once he pictures it as a stream surrounding the world, coining an epithet, *circumvagus*, for his ocean in imitation of the Homeric conception. Generally, he refers to the seas which he himself had known, vivifying his allusions with special names and descriptive adjectives so that we hear now and again of the open Ægean, the waters that flow about the shining Cyclades, the Myrtoan cleft by Cyprian bark, the mourning Bosphorus, and many times of the restless Adriatic, curving Calabrian bays or dashing high its roaring waves, or the Tyrrhenian sea beating on jutting cliffs.

His descriptions are largely of storm at sea and its dangers. Bold, indeed, was the sailor who first went

down upon the sea in ships and viewed with dry eyes the monsters swimming in the deep, the turbulent ocean, and Acroceraunia's notorious cliffs. It is a terrible thing to be caught on the open waters when black clouds hide the moon and no fixed stars shine for the sailors, and if shipwrecked, one may lie unburied on some desolate shore where no passer-by will so much as scatter three handfuls of dust over your bones to give your spirit peace. Or if you sail safely, it is bad enough to be delayed by wintry storms across the Adriatic and not to be able to return to Italy until spring zephyrs blow, while at home your sweetheart flirts with some neighbor or your old panic-stricken mother never turns her eyes from the curving shore where she hopes some day you will beach your bark. Yet the trader must sail in spite of dangers to cargo, love, and life, in spite of his own terror.

This dread of the sea is the keynote of various similes comparing man's life to the ocean. Life itself is a voyage on which the individual man may sail his tiny scollop, or the whole state put out in great ship. Man must not always press out to the deep, or hug too closely the dangerous shore. The ship of state must shun the treacherous waters about the little islands. Love, too, is a sea, and a dangerous one where every breeze is deceptive and the sky often clouded: fortunate the man who, barely escaping shipwreck, can hang up his dripping garments as a votive offering to a saviour god. Woman herself is a dangerous ocean, if she is some Myrtale fiercer than the swelling Adriatic. Or, the figure changing, beauty gets its tribute, and

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never was there more exquisite comparison than for Chloris, whose white shoulder gleams out like the pure moon shining on the sea at night.

The last simile hints that at times Horace found joy in the sea, but, as we would expect, in the view of it from the land. He states more clearly in another place the pleasure of a quiet life in a tiny town where from the shore he may watch Neptune raging; he praises a spot with a wide sea view; he says that no place in the world is fairer than beautiful Baïæ; and he describes his own joy in the seashore, telling of some noble, gentle influence there which drives dull care away, infuses rich hopes into veins and heart, which gives him words, and makes him young again to delight his Lucanian lady. He writes Mæcenas, who wishes to hurry him back to Rome, "if winter paints the snow upon the Alban fields, your poet will go down to the sea and indulge himself by reading there, all huddled up; you, dear friend, he will revisit with the Zephyrs, if you please, and the first swallow."

Bad weather Horace disliked and often describes other storms than those at sea—father Tiber in flood, snow and hail descending on the lands, rains inundating the fields, winds smiting the oak forests of Garganus, dangers of rain to crops, of hail to grapes, of heat to olives. In his descriptions sound is more prominent than color, for his pictures are not polychrome, painted only in black, white, and green, but he makes us hear the crash of the thunderbolt, the hoarse roar of the surge, the moaning of the breakers, the swish of wind in words. He takes no pleasure in

these sounds, but finds his joy indoors in time of storm—in the hearth piled high with seasoned logs and the mellow, four-year-old wine in Sabine jar.

The sound of running water echoes more happily in Horace's poems than the roar of ocean. Rivers featured largely in his habitat, for he was born near the loud-sounding Aufidus, swam as a youth in Rome in the tawny Tiber and saw the villas laved by its waters, was refreshed by the cool stream of little Digentia near his Sabine farm, wrote much poetry to the music of the rushing Anio, and felt the peace of the Liris, that river taciturn which still courses quietly through the meadows of Latium. Names of great rivers like the Hydaspes and the Po decorate strophes. Even the Rhone is to know of Horace's fame. The Rhine is fit subject for a purple patch of nature description. The Hebrus is part of the marvel which greets the eyes of the Bacchante as starting from sleep on mountain height she sees the great stream, all Thrace white with snow, and Rhodope's long ridge beyond. The thrill of that nature picture is used by Horace to illustrate his own startled awe at the new theme of his verse—the eternal glory of illustrious Cæsar. Another river, the Metaurus, is mentioned for its historical connection, since beside it two consuls subdued the brother of Hannibal. And others, Nile, Tigris, Tanais, and Danube, are the boundaries of Augustus' glory or symbols of his fame.

With such vitalized geography does Horace embroider his national odes, but his personal feeling for rivers finds expression in smaller strains on the happiness of

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hearing the fleeing water in the downward stream as one lies in the shade of a tree whose leaves mingle their murmur with the music of the flow. Sweet is it to steal a part of the solid day for idling beside the sacred source of some little spring, whether it be your own Bandusian, or the far-famed Castalian in whose crystal spray Apollo laves his flowing locks. Springs deserve their own festival and have their own sacrifices, for springs and lakes as well may be the haunts of deities. Apollo descends Parnassus to Castalia. Venus is proffered a shrine near the Alban lakes. Diana walks over Algidus to her own precinct on Nemi's slopes. Avernus is the entrance to the lower world, and its waters are devoted to infernal rites. Thus Horace, though a rationalist, had the joy of glimpses whose beauty made him less forlorn—caught sight of elusive gods, even of Bacchus (believe it, ye future generations!) sitting in a remote cavern teaching the nymphs and the goat-footed satyrs to sing.

Mountains as well as rivers and springs were the haunts of gods in the fair ancient days, so part of the background for Horace's tales of Greece is their storied heights. On cool Hæmus it was that the trees followed the strain of Orpheus' lyre. In Thrace the hundred-handed brothers attempting to pile Pelion on dark Olympus started the war of giants and of gods. On Rhodope's ridge the Bacchantes held their revels. Where Helicon breaks down in cliffs to the sea, the jocund Echo repeated the strains of the Muses nine. On the dark hills of Arcadia the shepherds played their pipes to Pan, who loves flocks and music. Hymet-

tus, famous for honey and for marble, was viewed by the maid Pallas from her citadel, honored in eternal song.

The mountains of Italy are pictured more familiarly than the Grecian, though Diana walks in the Alban hills, a giant lies buried under Ætna, and Faunus often leaves Arcadian Lycæus for Sabine Lucretilis. The mighty snow-covered Alps are not like Olympus, the home of the great gods, but the scene of human warfare, for under the Rhætian Alps the Vindelici saw Drusus waging his wars and here Drusus and Tiberius overcame the warlike tribe of the Genauni and the swift Breuni and stormed citadels placed on the dread mountains. The imperial odes of the fourth book might be a reportorial account of Italian fighting in the last war. The Apennines are mentioned for their great height in the pessimistic second epode where Horace in the horror of civil war urges his compatriots to seek the fortunate isles and never return home until the river Po laves Apulian mountain peaks or the lofty Apennines are leveled to the sea. Well known to Horace are the mountains of his native Apulia when he returns in Mæcenæ's suite after many years—Matinus' peak, Garganus' long wind-swept promontory running out into the sea, Vultur's ridge which dominated Venosa's countryside. Well known to him too are the mountains near his later homes, and forever to be associated with his name: Soracte standing white with snow, charming Lucretilis in his Sabines, Diana's Algidus. And the small landscapes which Horace paints of these mountains would make us know

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that he had been on them even if biography did not confirm the facts. We even hear the sound of the woodman's axe as he trims the ilex on Algidus, home of many black-leaved trees.

Such references to the mountains of Greece and Italy show Horace's familiarity with mountain scenery and his observation of it, show how he used mountains to illustrate dangers of war and travel, or as symbols of marvels or as haunts of the muses, show how a true foster son of Greece, he knew the mountain-set stories of gods, and indicate even his prosaic sense of the wealth that mountains yield in wood, honey, marble. While certain pictures of mountains are used to emphasize the joy of indoors, a feeling for the Sabine hills is displayed that showed how Horace loved his impregnable citadel of repose, and the girdle of mountains about his retired valley.

Part of the pleasure which I believe he certainly felt in mountains was in their woods, for in his poetry we not only hear the sound of the woodman's axe and the lashing of the branches under the storm wind, but we see individual oaks, ilexes, pines, and ash, smitten, tossed, lopped by axe, garlanded with ivy. Then there are stories of the wood: how Horace, a mere child lost on Vultur's slopes, was covered by the doves with leaves of laurel and myrtle and so protected from snakes and bears, and it matters not that Vultur is so far from Venosa that no babe, however precocious, could have strayed to its forests. Horace probably was lost somewhere in some wood, for a similar experience is used in a vivid simile that describes how when

men through a mistake wander off the trail in the forest, one turns to the left, one to the right, and each is as completely confused as one bereft of his senses, a state of bewilderment known to many a walker.

Cultivated trees are also part of Horace's picture of Italy: the poplar, the plane, and the pine with their pleasant shade, the elms festooned with grape-vines, the white poplar planted in rows for boundary lines, then the fruit trees, the olive, the pear, the apple, and the fig. All these he pictures as well as the work of setting out, of trimming, of grafting, and the wealth of his trees is the wealth of Italy to-day.

Other trees are used symbolically, for the palm trees of Herod are the emblems of wealth; the black cypress betokens death; the bay adorns the victor's brow. And trees furnish fine comparisons: the famous Homeric simile is used again, "Like the generations of leaves are the generations of men"; love's close embrace is the wedding of ivy to ilex; Achilles when he fell in Trojan dust lay like great pine smitten by gnawing axe or cypress overthrown by high wind; the fame of the house of Marcellus ever grows like a tree of immemorial age.

Again to Horace as to all lovers of outdoors, special trees were specially dear, witness the pine towering over his villa which he dedicates to Diana, our lady of the woods, and his proud list of the trees on his Sabine farm: the olive, the apple, the elm wedded to the vine, oak and ilex with acorns for the herds and shade for the master, and all the joy of leafiness. Only one tree was accursed to the poet—that sorry log which nearly

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fell on his innocent head, indeed would have ended all country pleasures had not Faunus or Mercury rescued their votary. The grape-vine, too, was dear to him, so that he bids Varus plant no tree around the fertile soil of Tibur and the walls of Catilus rather than the vine, and he sings the praises of the purple grape as he sits in an arbor under its pendant clusters, quaffing some purple goblet "with beaded bubbles winking at the brim," and laughingly comparing young Lalage to the unripe grape, or composing a brilliant ode to the wine-jar born with him in the consulship of Manlius, whose blessings spur the slow, comfort the anxious, compel the truth, raise hopes.

He who sipped the wine must wear a garland, not necessarily one of costly roses elaborately woven on linden bark, but perhaps of simple myrtle or dewy parsley. The Romans, like Sappho, believed that

flowers are sweet, and the Graces
On suplicants wreathed with may
Look down from their heavenly places,
But turn from the crownless away.

So at their banqueting and at their love-making, on anniversaries and on welcome-homes, at triumphs and in choruses they wreathed their heads with flowers or green leaves. Few flowers are mentioned by Horace—crimson rose, purple violet, short-lived lily, fragile myrtle, rosemary, parsley, for he has no such loving picture of a garden as Vergil paints for his old Corycian, seems rather to affect scorn of the beds of

violet, myrtle, and all fragrant flowers that have supplanted the fertile olive orchards. Yet he notes their odor, their color, their sunny charm, strews them before youth with lavish hands, draws a delicate vignette of Europa just before her rape gathering flowers in the meadows to weave a garland vowed the nymphs, and makes the lovely rose, all too short-lived, the symbol of youth's quickly passing blossom.

It is natural that almost all these references to flowers are found in the odes where they are the suitable concomitants of banquets, love, and celebrations. Far more numerous and limited to no one type of his writing are his allusions to animals, and from no other source did he draw so much material for comparison, description, and illustration. The country child in Venusia and the Sabine landholder were clearly the friend of "our Brother the Ox" and of all those patient dumb creatures who serve man's needs. The oxen at the plow are the symbol of the farmer's blessed estate: "Happy the man who plows his father's acres with his own beasts"; and they are also the symbol of the peace which Augustus has brought to the Roman world: "For now the ox ambles through the fields safely." Horace is sensitive to the suffering of animals, the pathos of the oxen broken by plowing, their weariness at the end of the day's work when the sun lengthens the shadows of the mountains and takes the yokes from their languid necks; and the poet shows the farmer sharing the joy of a festival with his co-worker: "The festal countryside makes holiday in the meadows with the ox freed from labor."

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Other farm animals too brought joy to farmers' and to poets' hearts—the lowing herds, the Sicilian cattle, or some special young pet of the farm, perhaps a heifer growing up in the pastures to be sacrificed in fulfillment of some vow: his budding horns curve like the new moon's crescent; white is the mark on his forehead, the rest of him tawny. What delight there is too in seeing at nightfall the well-fed sheep hastening homeward from their pastures, and the healthy goats with heavy udders coming in for the milking, glad of the comfort of their wattled folds. The farm must have also its pig that loves the mire, the comical symbol of the Epicurean school of philosophy. And the dog, fierce as he is, is the friend of the shepherd, for he guards the house and guards the flocks, and the farm needs too a stubborn little donkey or some old nag to help with the farm work.

Horses are only for the wealthy—to draw a rich man's carriage, or for racing. Horace himself will travel on a mule, his portmanteau chafing its sides and the rider his shoulders. The distinguished old lawyer Philippus can drive his ponies out to the Sabine hills, and wealthy Pompeius Grosphus can have a mare fit for racing in a four-horse chariot. Horace speaks sympathetically of boys' passion for dogs and horses; refers to the need of care in breeding and in breaking fine steeds; and shows compassion for the old horse who should be turned out to pasture before he breaks his wind and is a useless laughing-stock.

There is something of pity too in the mention of animals which are to be sacrificed, like the young kid

whose budding horns betoken love and battle near, but all in vain for to-morrow the playful child of the flock will shed its red blood to the Bandusian fount. So kid is sacrificed to Faunus, pig to the Genius or the Lares, lambs to the tempests, bulls at times of great triumphs. For these animals of the farm have to give their lives as well as their labor for their masters.

Besides, they had to fear wild animals, for wolves might prey on kids and lambs, and lions sometimes descended on goats in their happy pasturage. And of many of these wild animals which were the terror of farm and farmer, Horace speaks—lion, wolf, bear, tiger, boar, and of the chase which the hunter indulged in for protection. Of course, hunting also brought in food, and some men hunted for the excitement of the sport even though they were unsuccessful and had to buy a boar on the way home. Then in foreign lands wild animals were hunted down for exhibition in the games at home, for the taste of the audience was tickled by sight of bear, giraffe, or elephant, and by such display a great general might acquire new merit.

Similes, fables, and proverbs find their source in both domestic and wild animals. Cæsar is like a horse which kicks out if stroked the wrong way. The avaricious man in his pursuit of gold is like the jockey in the races who tries to out-distance all other chariots. Paris, shunning battle, is like timid deer that runs away from ravenous wolf and the Carthaginians are but timid deer before their enemy-wolves, the Romans. Victorious Drusus is like fierce young lion at which she-goat trembles. Young Chloe clinging to her mother is like

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timid fawn in wild wood trembling at every stir in leaf or bramble.

Besides using such similes, Horace refers to many animal fables: the ass in the lion's skin, the wolf refusing to enter the lion's cave, the frog that imitated the bull, the fox and the crow, the weasel in the grain-bin, the combat of deer and horse, the conversation of country and city mouse, the viper and the file. And such animal lore which belongs to the talk of the people is found also in the use of proverbs, such as to teach an ass to run, to tell a story to a deaf ass, to outstrip a rival with white horses, the mountain labored and gave birth to a ridiculous mouse.

The allusions to birds are not so many as those to animals. Kinds of birds used for food are mentioned, not only chicken, goose, and dove, but also thrush, blackbird, gull, and crane, and for gourmets, even the peacock and the stork. Similes are drawn from bird life: the warrior Drusus is the fierce young eagle descending on the sheepfold; Horace worrying over Mæcenus in time of danger is like the mother bird dreading snakes for her fledglings; or Horace the poet is the white swan that flies to distant lands in far east, west, and north. Birds also are omens: the first swallow announces the spring; the woodpecker seen on the left warns against starting on a journey; the long-lived crow foretells coming rain. Horace had noted some characteristics of birds like the timidity of the dove and the eagle's keen sight and ferocity. He knows that the songs of birds woo slumber. He has a feeling for the mother bird that dreads danger for her little ones.

Horace heard the eternal passion and pain in the song of the bird that was the harbinger of spring, and for him too the springtime awoke emotions of joy and sorrow. Peculiarly sensitive to the weather as he betrayed to Mæcenas in the letter assuring him that he would not come back to the city until winter snows were over and the first swallow had appeared, the poet sensed all the delight of that season of renewed life. Now the Zephyrs blow, the sea is open, ships are drawn down on the water, the flocks are in the pastures, the shepherd plays his pipes, grass covers the fields, the loosened earth bears flowers, the trees put forth leaves, the rivers break their fetters of ice and flow on their downward course, and their music is mingled with the warbling of birds in the trees. Now it is that a poet may discern Venus dancing in the moonlight, or the Graces three and the nymphs. Now thunder reverberates as Vulcan beats out bolts on the anvil of the Cyclopes. Now is the time to set aside delay and greed for gain and thought of funeral pyre, and to bring out our costliest perfumes and our choicest wines which give new hopes and wipe away care's bitterness. 'Tis sweet to revel for a moment; soon the spirit flags for the admonition of the fleeting year is not to hope for immortality. Winter's cold is softened by the Zephyrs, Summer treads upon the heels of Spring, then passes on when Autumn pours forth her wealth of fruit and once again sluggish Winter returns. Swift moons restore the losses of the sky, but when we go whither pious Æneas, whither rich Tullus and Ancus passed,

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we are dust and shadow. That is the lesson of the passing hour.

So melancholy a Jacques did Horace become even in the presence of spring, seeing Joy with hand

ever at his lips Bidding adieu,

and finding the change of seasons sad. Spring affected him more poignantly than the other quarters, for there are only slight references to the heat of summer suns that drive shepherd and flock to seek welcome shade by running water, and autumn was heavy upon him and its winds leaden although it did ripen the grape. He paints more winter landscapes: the whiteness of the Thracian scene cut by the ice-bound Hebrus and backed by Mount Rhodope, a fall of snow upon the Alban fields, Soracte standing all white, so that the trees are hardly able to bear their burden, the Alps in winter, the hunter pursuing the boar in Lucanian snow. The poet shudders at the storm, the lowering sky, the falling rain or hail, the roar of sea, the moaning of trees lashed by north wind. Safe in the house he would shut out the cold, heap high the fire, bring out the wine, entrust the future to the gods, and strike the lyre for a song.

Sun, moon, and stars no less than seasons shed their influence on Horace's poetry. Pure sunlight was to him the best symbol of good fortune. He had felt its beneficence, had watched it bring in the dry days of summer, and seen it in late afternoon change the shadows on the mountains, again had seen it set in ocean.

In the poet's young manhood he laughed at the extravagant flatterer who dubbed Brutus the Sun of Asia; grown older and more diplomatic, he himself salutes Augustus as the light of the fatherland, "for when your countenance-like spring shines out upon the nation the day goes more happily and the suns shine brighter." More memorable and perhaps sincerer is that strophe in the *Carmen Sæculare* wherein Horace extols the greatness of the eternal city:

Fostering sun, who in thy shining car dost usher in the day and lead it off, who art ever born anew and yet the same, mayst thou be able to see nothing greater than the city of Rome.

Moon and stars are also used both in setting and simile. "Peace is the prayer of the sailor overtaken on the open Ægean, when a black cloud hides the moon and the fixed stars do not shine for the sailors." In the journey to Brundisium the famous party boards a canal boat on the Pomptine marshes just as "night was preparing to spread shadows over the lands and scatter the stars in the heaven." A description of night is also the setting for one of the few passionate poems which Horace ever wrote, Epode Fifteen: "It was night and in the serene sky the moon was shining among the lesser stars when, clinging to me with soft arms more closely than ivy does enfold tall ilex, thou didst swear, repeating my own words, that as long as wolf was enemy of flock, as long as Orion, enemy of sailors, disturbed the wintry sea, as long as the breeze played

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in Apollo's long locks, this love of ours would be mutual."

Moon and stars are also used in incantations and in astrology and Horace, we shall see, has something to say against both the necromancy of the witches and the Babylonian numbers. Even the moon, he says, blushing hides her fair face that she may not witness the orgies of Sagana and Canidia. Effective comparisons are made between men and the heavenly bodies: Julius Cæsar's star shines out like the moon among the lesser fires; Horace's rival with Lydia is fairer than a star; young Telephus is like pure Vesper; a shameless old woman seeking to be sportive in the midst of young maids casts a cloud over those bright stars. Brief as are such allusions to sun, moon, and stars, can anyone on reading Horace's poetry not feel that he was sensitive to their beauty?

The main point, indeed, which I have tried to bring out in this study is that Horace was alive to the outer world, conscious of its influence, and of its artistic place in poetry. He has shown himself aware of the varied attitudes of man toward nature: early man's sense of struggle with it, the farmer's hard labors and pleasurable rewards, the inventive man's domination of natural forces, the ordinary man's quest for health from the mother of us all, the poet's inspiration in woods and waterfalls, the religious man's worship of nature-gods, the philosopher's attempt to explain the riddles of the universe.

Many incidental references show feeling for nature and make a rich nature background for the poems, for

Horace has looked with that inward eye which is the bliss of solitude on seas, rivers, lakes, and springs, on mountains and their woods, on trees, grapevine and flowers, on animals and birds, and he has responded to the seasons' changing course and to the sweet influence of sun, moon, and stars. He has shuddered at storm; he has basked in the sun; he has rejoiced in the spring; he has been glad too of many little things that make up the joy of outdoors. All his incidental references paint a rich Italian background for his poems, surprisingly true to the Italy of to-day.

Many similes which enrich his language are based on similarities between the life of man and the life of nature. The elaborate classifications of these made by Eduard Voss and Franz Hawrlant serve to show laboriously how many points of contact on both the physical and the spiritual side the poet found between man and his world. Whether life is represented as a vast sea on which man voyages, or a flowing river bearing everything with it, or whether the generations of men are compared to the generations of leaves on the trees, or man's fitful life is compared to the changing seasons of the year, the poet shows a sense of intimate nearness between the life of man and the outer world, and this feeling of closeness, developed in a score of smaller comparisons suggests an implicit sympathy between man and nature because of all their points in common.

Nature descriptions are, however, not always used to point a moral, for their æsthetic value for poetry is clearly appreciated, although Horace has but one ode,

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to the Bandusian Spring, which can be considered a pure nature poem. In the *Ars Poetica*, the epistle in which he combined his balancing functions of poet and critic, he wrote a passage about nature descriptions which is illuminating in showing that he had considered the effect of nature description in the poetry of the age and had definite standards about it:

“Frequently after an effective beginning in a piece of literature, a beginning that promises much, a purple patch or two is stitched on to make a fine showing when the grove or altar of Diana is described, or the wanton water winding through the woods, or the river Rhine, or the rainbow.” It is just that danger of the “purple patch” which Horace with his æsthetic sense of proportion would avoid, so that he tells even Augustus that he cannot produce “fine writing” and describe “the sites of countries and rivers, and citadels placed on mountains and barbarian kingdoms”—and it is for such extraneous descriptions that he satirized a contemporary writer under the cognomen of Alpinus for his wordy spuing of snow over the wintry Alps. But there need be no mistake about his keen eye for natural beauty and the joy in outdoors that prompted such phrases as

I praise the rivulets of the charming country and the rocks painted over with moss and the wood.

Perhaps Horace’s feeling for nature is shown most of all in his delight in particular places in Italy. We have seen his devotion to Tibur, “the home of the resounding Albunea, and the rushing Anio and Tibur-

nus' grove and the orchards watered by falling streams," and his love for the farm farther up in the Sabine hills, mountain-girt, rich in trees, filled with music of rivulet. Other hill-towns too charmed him: he pictures a gleaming villa that shines out from lofty Tusculum; cool Præneste's height gives him a chance to reread Homer; he goes up to Anxur, high in the air, situated on cliffs that gleam afar. And the seashore as well as the hills gives him joy: Tarentum, founded by a Spartan colonist, near the sweet stream of the Galæsus, is the corner of the world that smiles at him more than all others; and no bay in the world shines fairer than exquisite Baiæ. So ardent a lover of nature in her special manifestations was at times the poet who censured the purple patch and extolled the golden mean. Perhaps he has carried us with him to believe that his feeling for nature was intense though expressed in miniature, the *multum in parvo* which was so often a key-note of his life.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

MAGIC AND ASTROLOGY

THE ultimate question to be raised about the life of Quintus Horatius Flaccus is what was his spiritual reaction to the facts and substance of the world. Did he synthesize its meaning for himself? Did he accept the superstitions, dogmas, and creeds current in his age, or did he work out a personal interpretation of life which served him as religion or philosophy? Here, as in his reactions to political conditions, to social customs of the city, to country life, we may expect that he not only reflects all the current practices and beliefs of the time, but also develops independently a working hypothesis for his own inner life that is in harmony with his artist's point of view.

To appreciate to the full what his art of life was, we must study first his reflection of *la vecchia religione*, or the magic in vogue among the common people, then of the imported pseudo-science of astrology which furnished the fashionable psychic experiments to the educated, his attitude toward all miracles and superstitions, and what in view of that attitude he made of the possibilities of after-life and a future world. When we have seen him penetrating the mists of superstition, we must try to see whether religion shed the clear light

of faith upon his spirit and how aware he was both of the historical development of the Roman religion, and of the renaissance of Augustus with its old revivals, its new cults, its stately ceremonials. Then when his attitude toward worship—hymns, prayers, and formalities, has been observed, we may raise the question of his own personal faith in a higher power. And last, just as we have studied the poet's attitude toward the gods, we must pursue his knowledge of the different philosophical schools which for "the few," the intellectuals, had supplanted faith, and we must see what personal philosophy was worked out in the Sabine villas where Horace had time for his maturest thought.

Horace's relation to Magic, Astrology, and Superstition has already been so admirably presented by D'Alton and analyzed by Tavenner and Riess that I can only recast their material, as a foundation for a study of religion and philosophy in Horace's poems. Of course, it has always been found difficult to draw any well-defined line of demarcation between magic and religion, or magic and astrology, or superstition and religion, or religion and philosophy. They are not in origin or development mutually exclusive fields of practice, faith, or thought. They have in common a social development from the life of a group of human beings in their endeavor to establish contacts with dimly descried spiritual forces. Magic attempts in defiance of or in subjection to these powers to control inanimate objects, human beings, even gods by the exercise of occult rites, and it is always secret and illegal. Astrology, intimately bound up with an infant science

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of astronomy, and gaining its lore from the stars, seeks not domination but knowledge of the future from its study of the heavens; yet too often becomes the ally or sister, as Cumont says, of magic, which tries to further its own occult influence by the use of sidereal prophecies. Through religion, man seeks in a spirit of humility and awe to put himself in harmonious relations with his god, and religion is public and legal, though what is taboo and magic to one generation may become the religious expression of another age. Philosophy, the love of wisdom, results from attempts to rationalize man's relation to the outer world, to his own spirit, and to extra-mundane powers. In each of these concepts, magic, astrology, religion, philosophy, however elaborate and exact a ritual may develop about it, essential elements are imagination and faith, and the proportion of these elements and their direction are perhaps the determining factors in the distinctions to be drawn between these various avenues of approach to the Unknown. At one end of this spectrum are the dark colors of superstition with its blind terror and frantic efforts before tyrannical deities; at the other end is the radiant light of ecstasy in which the mystic enters into communion with a beneficent and pervasive world-spirit.

From very early times in Rome, the state had set its face against the practice of magic arts, for in the Laws of the Twelve Tables there were prohibitions against transferring a neighbor's crops from his fields to your own and against chanting magical incantations. Foreign cults were suppressed by prætor's edict in 212 B.C.,

and the Mysteries of Bacchus checked by the *Senatus Consultum* of 186 B.C. In 139 B.C., the prætor Cornelius Scipio Hispalis by an edict drove out the astrologers from Rome. Apparently, human sacrifice had been practiced in magic, for in 97 B.C. a special *Senatus Consultum* forbade it. In the Augustan Age, Agrippa in 33 B.C., expelled both astrologers and magicians, but how ineffective these repressive measures were is proved by successive expulsions in the early Empire, and by the fact that when in 12 B.C. Augustus ordered all books of magic and divination except the Sibylline to be collected and burned, about two thousand were destroyed. When Emperors consulted astrologers to learn their future, the common people naturally had recourse to *magæ* or witches, and the religious felt justified in mingling mysteries with worship.

Significant for Horace's age is part of a speech made by Mæcenas to Octavian when after the battle of Actium he was considering plans for the reconstruction of the Roman world: "Furthermore, do you not only yourself worship the Divine Power everywhere and in every way in accordance with the traditions of our fathers, but compel all others to honor it. Those who attempt to distort our religion with strange rites you should abhor and punish, not merely for the sake of the gods (since if a man despises these he will not pay honor to any other being), but because such men, by bringing in new divinities in place of the old, persuade many to adopt foreign practices, from which spring up conspiracies, factions, and cabals, which are far from profitable to a monarchy. Do not, therefore, permit

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anybody to be an atheist or a sorcerer. Soothsaying, to be sure, is a necessary art, and you should by all means appoint some men to be diviners and augurs, to whom those will resort who wish to consult them on any matter; but there ought to be no workers in magic at all. For such men, by speaking the truth sometimes, but generally falsehood, often encourage a great many to attempt revolutions. The same thing is done also by many who pretend to be philosophers; hence, I advise you to be on your guard against them, too.¹

The religion of the ancestors and augury are to be encouraged. Magic is to be prohibited. Foreign cults and philosophers are to be regarded with suspicion. Astrology is not mentioned by name and from Suetonius' account of the marvels surrounding the birth and death of the Emperor we see that astrology had its share in the predictions of his greatness; that he knew his horoscope as both Publius Nigidius and Theagenes of Apollonia had cast it; and that he had a silver coin struck bearing the sign of Capricorn, the star under which he was born.

Such hints of the prevalence of magic rites and astrology in the Augustan Age explain the interest of the poets of the time in them. Horace has three important poems devoted to the subject of magic besides many incidental allusions throughout the entire range of his writing. These are Epodes Five and Seventeen and Satire I. 8, and their probable dates show that they were composed around the time of the agitations which culminated in 33 B.C. in Agrippa's expulsion of the

¹ Dio Cass. LII. 36, translated by E. Cary.

magicians and astrologers from Rome. In all three, a witch who is called Canidia figures, and the details of her life (her Neapolitan origin, her home in Rome in the Subura, her nefarious practices) are so vividly related that we would believe her an actual person without Porphyrio's information that under the name Canidia is concealed Gratidia, a Neapolitan seller of perfumes.

In Satire I. 8, the description of the witch and her companion, Sagana, is put in the mouth of Priapus, that eastern god of fertility whose name had become a symbol of savory verse, and the racy tongue of the garden god was bound to make the description of the enchantresses a little lewd and rather witty. The scene is on the Esquiline in a region now reclaimed for Mæcnas' gardens, but once the burial-ground of the very poor, haunted by those who sway human souls by incantations and potions. Here Priapus had seen on moonlight nights Canidia and Sagana, in black robes, hair disheveled, feet bare, hunting for dead men's bones and noxious plants, chanting incantations, digging a ditch and pouring in the blood of victims, summoning Hecate and Tisiphone, then eliciting the ghosts, making figures of wax and wool for spells on others, and throwing prophylactics like beard of wolf and tooth of serpent into the fire in which the tortured waxen image was melted.

Vivid and curious a document as this satire is, it has not the consummate horror of Epode Five. This describes the slow murder of a small boy by the witches that they may use parts of his fresh young corpse in

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love philters, and the childish victim is allowed to relate his own woes as he stands buried to the neck in the ground with appetizing food displayed before his famished eyes. In reply to his piteous appeal Canidia only invokes Night and Diana to aid her in preparing a more potent love cup for the man who scorns her, and the boy dies in the midst of his own feeble curses against his torturers. No more terrible document against evil necromancy is extant.

In Epode Seventeen, Horace, adopting a lighter and more ironic vein, pretends that Canidia is now revenging herself for his diatribes by exerting her magic spells against his health so that he is forced after the manner of Stesichorus to recant his condemnations. The subtle art by which he renews his charges throughout this pretended palinode adds the stab of a fine steel blade to the fulminations of the previous thunderbolt.

In these three poems and in many incidental allusions in satires, epodes, odes, and epistles, Horace gives us information about *magæ* in his time: their homes, their methods, the objects used in their rites, the principles underlying them and the effects they sought to obtain. Thessaly above all regions had been the home of wizards since the time when Medea flying in dragon car from Jason sowed her herbs over the land, and it was here that Apuleius was to go later for his studies in the black arts. Certain districts in Italy, too, seemed to have produced magicians: Horace's own Sabine hills, Ovid's cold Pæignian heights. The land of the Marsi also was known to Horace as full of the magic which has haunted it from the time of Vergil's priest

the snake-charmer to D'Annunzio's *La Fiaccola sotto il Moggio*. How such traditions persist may be seen also in the story of Circe, the ancestress of the Marsi, whose abode was placed by Homer on the island of *Ææa*, identified by ancient writers with the promontory of Circeii at the southern end of the Pomptine Marshes. There only three years ago an Italian peasant told me that the great cave opening on the blue sea is haunted by a "*maga*."

Favorite stories among the Romans were those which Horace tells of Circe's transforming cups, of Medea's deadly poison, of Lamia's child-eating, and credence passed easily from mythology to contemporary magic. The verisimilitude of Horace's narratives and references make it probable that he was lampooning real persons in Canidia, Sagana, Veia, who perhaps was of Etruscan origin, and Folia of Ariminum, and we can well believe that the Esquiline, the Circus, and the Forum knew their notorious habits. Their methods he makes clear. They use magic songs, some of them the lore of antiquity hoarded in scrolls, or handed down by word of mouth; others, new incantations, and by these awful chants they can call down the moon and stars, can transplant persons from one place to another, can send debilitating illness upon their enemies, awake the passion of the indifferent or cure the lovelorn.

How closely Magic and Religion approach in their respective beliefs in the power of incantations and hymns, Horace may have had in mind in a later passage (Epistle II. 1, 132-8) describing the beneficent work of poetry in worship. "From what source would the

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unwedded maids and pure lads learn prayers, if the Muse had not given the poet? The chorus demands aid and feels the deities present in person, implores rain from heaven, winning favor by the prayer it has learned, averts diseases, drives off dread dangers, obtains both peace and a year rich in crops. By song the gods above, by song the Manes are placated." Students of folk-lore recognize that Magic and Religion share such invocations, rain-charms, blessings on crops, control of disease.

But let us return to the witches of the epodes. In their runes they summon Hecate with her hell-hounds, Tisiphone queen of the Furies, even Night herself and the powers of the Dark. Even while they chant, rendered safe themselves by their prophylactics and amulets (snakes in hair, twisted knots on arms), they sprinkle their home with the water of Avernus; they mix terrible potions from the marrow of dead men's bones and fatal herbs; they burn together the dust from tombs, branches of cypress trees or wild fig, eggs soaked in blood of toad, feather of owl, murky pitch; and in the corrupt flames they place a tiny waxen image of a man whose heart is to be melted as wax softens in flame; and if he come not yet, the magic wheel is started and round and round it whirls, until the feet of recreant lover come eddying to the door, and if the witch have the man's real name to mention in her charm as Canidia called "Varus," she may confidently boast that he shall run back to her and that sooner shall sky settle lower than sea than he not burn for love of her as bitumen now burns in the black fires.

If all these rites repeated thrice or three times thrice have no avail, even with the use of that holy number and the selection of lucky days, then recourse may be had to necromancy, the summoning of the spirits of the dead. Trench is dug in ground with nails (no iron tool to be used in rite so ancient), and through this door opened into the lower world the shapes are evoked. The blood of victims newly slain drips down into the pit to give vitality and voice to the dead, yet even then they can but gibber and squeak their responses to the questions of their summoners. Perhaps the shade of a person but lately dead will have more power, so why not kill and use? But witches must beware lest manes of the wronged turn into vampires and riding on their restive hearts destroy their sleep: that was the threat the starved child uttered to the obscene old dames as he breathed his last.

It was psychologically natural that a people who believed as did the Romans in the Genius of the living, that spiritual *ego* which controlled individual destiny, and who worshiped, in the Manes of their ancestors, the spirits of the departed, should readily give credence to Lemures, or vagrant ghosts, turned maleficent by magic art. It behoved a man to be wary, to wear his amulet, to begin his work on a lucky day, to use counter-charms to turn aside the evil eye, or get some witch to reverse her magic wheel and unbind the spell which some other *maga* was turning. A man could learn much common lore, and observe omens that predicted harm so that he would not start a journey if he had heard an owl screech, or seen a pregnant bitch or

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a wolf running down from the Lanuvian field or a mother fox or a snake shooting like an arrow across his path, or a woodpecker on his left, or an aged crow that foretells rains. So many little things one must watch in order to depart with feet blessed. Even his dreams may tell him much if they come after midnight when dreams are true. For the interpretation of dreams has been an art from long before the times of Artemidorus to the psycho-analyst of to-day.

Other bits of odd lore, difficult to classify, appear scattered through Horace's pages. The influence of the moon is often mentioned: when the moon is new, prayers should be offered and Diana invoked for a good harvest; the new moon also fattens shell-fish, but the waning moon reddens apples. The stars, too, have their power, so the baleful dog-star is hated by farmers and the blessed Dioscuri cherished by sailors. Utterly irrelevant but mentioned as common knowledge are such items as that white horses are more rapid; long eggs make better eating because they contain a male yolk; and seeds of apples are used for love-oracles.

I have tried to picture through Horace's own words the magical rites in vogue in his time and the current superstitions. The principles of magic back of these practices seem to resolve into three (again the mystic number!): a primitive animism or belief in a power in so-called inanimate objects which could be made active instead of latent; a sympathetic magic which worked on the theory *similia similibus curantur*; and the isolation and direction of that magnetic power of a person, which the Melanesians call *mana*, a power

which can be freed and made effective under special conditions, and which is not annihilated by what is called death, but may be elicited even from corpses. These methods were employed to attain results as marvelous as the bodily transformation of human beings for trivial matters like the prevention of a successful journey. They were, we may say, either constructive or prohibitive: could secure power or destroy it; could cause illness or restore health; above all, could win love or cure the love-lorn.

These uses of the art of magic find illustration in the other poets of the time. In Vergil's eighth eclogue, the song of one of the two contending shepherds takes the form of a dramatic monologue in the mouth of a girl sick with love for unresponsive Daphnis, and her directions to her maid about the various rites are broken by the recurring incantation: "Draw from the city, my songs, draw Daphnis home." While the poem is largely imitated from Theocritus' second idyl, invocations, amulets, ceremonies, methods, and results correspond exactly to the Roman usages reflected in Horace's poems. Vergil's *Æneid* shows another sort of magic inextricably bound with religion, and his mystic Golden Bough which gave entrance to another world has become the symbol of man's devout approach to the things that are unseen.

Tibullus furnishes not an artificial and imaginary reproduction of love magic, as Vergil does in Eclogue Eight, but a personal situation in which the poet himself goes to a witch to secure aid in his love affairs and also fears the influence of another *maga* over his Delia,

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whose life seems controlled by her *lena's* power. While Tibullus may be following literary tradition in representing himself and his *innamorata* as bewitched by love, there is nothing to prevent our supposing that these passages are really autobiographical and that he and Delia both dabbled in the black art. In Propertius, references to love's magic are more incidental and less significant, as are the few references to the power of the evil eye in Catullus' poems.

Much magic appears in the poems of Ovid with a luxuriance of detail which makes a rich commentary on many brief statements in Horace. This is to be expected in the *Metamorphoses* since magic was used in these transformations, and stories are told of those most famous of enchantresses, Medea and Circe. In *Heroides* Six, Hypsipyle writes to Jason a long account of how the barbarian woman won his love by magic arts. In *Metamorphoses* Seven, Medea first gives Jason magic herbs and instructs him in their use so that he was able to yoke the fire-breathing bulls and drug the watchful dragon; then later by her own magic spells she works the rejuvenation of Æson. In *Metamorphoses* Fourteen, one story after another of Circe's magic power is related: how she changed Scylla's body into barking dogs because of jealousy over Glaucus; how by draughts and incantations she changed Ulysses' companions into swine, then made them men again to please their leader; how she transformed Picus, who rejected her love, into a woodpecker, and his friends into monstrous beasts of many kinds.

Magic and religion often appear interlaced in Ovid, so that gods use magic rites. Proserpina changed the lad who told that she had eaten pomegranate seeds into a screech-owl by sprinkling him with the water of Phlegethon. Ceres performed magic rites over Triptolemus to make him immortal. Juno used magic against Alcmena to retard her deliverance of Hercules. Æsculapius restored Hippolytus to Diana not only by herbs but by touching the lad's breast thrice and thrice repeating healing words.

Besides these ceremonies of transformation and of medical magic attributed to the gods, Ovid has in the *Fasti* three illuminating accounts of popular rites that probably reflect the usage of the Augustan Age and go back to most primitive times. At the festival of the Feralia, an old hag, sitting among the girls, performs rites to a goddess called Tacita or Muta, which were probably to drive away evil spirits: with three fingers she puts three bits of incense before a mouse-hole, sings, weaves, sews up the mouth of a fish which she then roasts and sprinkles with wine, then drinks with the girls the rest of the wine, chanting: "We have bound the tongues of our enemies, the mouths of our enemies."

Equally interesting are the rites employed by an old Italian goddess, Carna, to deliver a bewitched baby from the power of the *striges*, vampires who suck infants' blood and feed on their vitals. Carna touches the doors of the nursery with arbutus three times and sprinkles water, performs a rite of sympathetic magic

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by the sacrifice of a pig two months old, and offers its entrails to the *striges*, then hangs whitethorn in the window to keep them out.

In a third passage, a Roman expels the Lemures from his house by throwing black beans behind him, by repeating a charm nine times, by touching pure water, by clashing bronze cymbals, and by repeating nine times, "Manes of my ancestors, go forth." Ovid is describing a private rite, but as the festival of the Lemuria appears in large letters in the *Fasti* and must go back to the earliest days of Rome, similar rites were probably rooted in the earliest superstitions of the Latins.

Besides these ancient rites probably connected with the early life of the family, we would naturally expect to find in the bard of the Art of Love much of the magic used by lovers. And he does indeed describe fully in *Amores* Eight the love of an old *lena* who is also a witch and the foul advice that she gives to his lady. In this poem, Ovid is using the same theme that Tibullus employed. He is more amusing when he writes against using magic rites for cosmetics, or tells a girl that her hair has been ruined by dyeing it, not by a rival's enchanted herbs or Thessalian shampoo. He points out humorously that however potent was the magic of Medea and Circe, their rites did not secure them permanent success with their lovers Jason and Ulysses. And finally he preaches very sensibly or diplomatically that magic is not the means by which to secure love: "Away with all forbidden rites; that you may be loved, be lovable."

This brief review of the amount of magic that appears in the other poets of the Augustan Age seems to me corroboratory evidence that Horace in his poems on magic is depicting realities of his time. He reflects much less of the astrology of the time than of the magic, but a few passages demand consideration. To understand them, we must recall the history of astrology. No account is clearer than the summary of Morris Jastrow in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. This "art or science of divining the fate and future of human beings from indications given by the position of the stars" seems to have developed among the ancient Babylonians. Among them, however, it was closely associated with astronomy and its predictions concerned the public life of the nation as a whole and of its ruler. When in the fourth century B.C., this form of divination emigrated to Greece, "judicial astrology," that is, the application of the art to the lives of individuals through the casting of individual horoscopes, developed, and in this form astrology moved westward to Rome. The indisputable influence of the phenomena of the heavens upon man's life led to an empirical study of coincidences between fixed laws and irregular phenomena of sun, moon, and stars and events in the lives of men. From this study an elaborate system of interpretation of the aspects of the heavens at a man's birth or conception was developed. The movements of sun, moon, and the five great planets were associated with the activity of various gods. Then colors, metals, stones, plants, drugs, animals, were connected with the planets and their influence.

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The constellations of the zodiac were also regarded as spheres of influence of almost equal importance with the planets and their interrelation at the hour of birth were believed to determine the future of the new-born child. The inevitable deduction from a belief in the horoscope was a fatalistic conception of the Universe and a recognition of Fortuna as an omnipotent goddess. This is the reason why the Stoics found it easy under Posidonius' guidance to associate astrology with their pantheistic belief in a world-spirit, their ethical dictum of living in accordance with nature, and their faith in a type of immortality which permitted the individual to be dissolved and reunited with the whole of which he was essentially a part.

In three passages at least Horace refers definitely to astrology. In Ode I. 11, he urges Leuconoe ("maid of white mind") not to inquire, for such knowledge is forbidden, what end the gods have decreed for her or for himself, and not to make trial of Babylonian numbers—rather to pluck the flower of the passing day. The "Babylonian numbers" are clearly the astrological calculations that arose in the east; the phrase *scire nefas*, "it is wrong to know," may refer to Agrippa's expulsion of the astrologers in 33 B.C., and the indifference to the future based on present joy has a vague tinge of Epicurean philosophy. The seventeenth ode of Book II, addressed to Mæcnas at a time when he was ill, takes, on the other hand, a sympathetic attitude with Mæcnas' apparent belief in astrology, and assures him that it has been decreed by powerful Justice and the Fates that the two friends will never be

parted, for their horoscopes agree in a marvelous way; Mæcenas, indeed, should recall how in his own life the friendly protection of Jupiter had saved him from hostile Saturn and once before retarded swiftly flying Fate so that the happy populace applauded his return in good health to the theater. Evidently, Mæcenas considered the astrologers among the legitimate diviners whom he urged Octavian to appoint. In a poem published somewhat later, Epistles I. 6, Horace mentions the fact that there are some men who can behold the sun, the stars, the seasons, advancing at fixed periods without being filled with terror. As he is here advocating the pursuit of the virtue which comes from philosophical knowledge and a happiness that is based on virtue, not on great possessions or high honors, it seems clear that he would have his philosopher one of the few who can regard with calm the movement of the stars, and the passage as Riess points out, may suggest how widespread the belief in astrology was.

This interpretation of the last quotation as indicative of Horace's personal attitude receives support from other passages which show a desire to supplant *tristis superstitio* by a philosophical point of view. A consideration of the poet's whole attitude toward miracles on the one hand and on the other toward the fatalistic conception of the universe must be left to the discussion of his religion and of his philosophy. But here we may recall two places in which he suggests that life should be guided not by magic rites but by the pursuit of wisdom. In the first (Epistles I. 1, 33-40) he suggests various means of controlling the passions of

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life, but proposes as the final solution philosophy: "If your heart is seething with avarice and wretched passion, there are words and incantations by which you can lighten the pain and remove a large part of the disease. If you are afflicted with the love of praise, there are certain expiatory rites which can restore you when you have read, in purity, a little book three times. No one is so envious, irascible, lazy, intemperate in drinking, amorous, passionate that he cannot be civilized if he will only lend a patient ear to philosophy."

The second passage is more specific in its allusion to the desirability of freeing the mind from the sway of magic, and appearing in one of Horace's last poems (Epistles II. 2, 205-13), may be taken as his final judgment. He inquires of a fictitious interlocutor, "Do you smile at dreams, the terrors of magic, miracles, old wives' tales, ghosts of night, Thessalian portents?" Our next query must be: What was this philosophy which Horace considered a more excellent way than magic arts?

WORSHIP

Virtually all the history of Roman religion is reflected in Horace's poems, and from his incidental allusions its development might be reconstructed in orderly progression. He knows the characteristics of that early native ritual when abstractions like Faith, Honor, and Chastity were deities, when the Italian had not created God in his own image, but from his inherent sense of *religio* or awe was reverencing the spirits in things, in acts, and in qualities. So in his small hut-home grew

up the worship of Janus, the door by which he entered; of Vesta, the spirit of the hearth-fire; of the Penates who guarded his storeroom; of the Lares, presences hovering near hearth within or crossroads without. And since these early Italian folk were farmers, they must need reverence the spirit of Tellus, earth, from whom they drew their livelihood; and Ceres, the grain-spirit, that she might rise in stately stalk; and Terminus who held their boundary-line with unbroken faith; and the woodland gods too, for the woods were near their cleared land and Silvanus' spirit dwelt there; and Faunus, the propitious. To all these there must be offerings of fruits of the farm and younglings of the flock to keep them friendly, and they must have their own festivals. Moreover, since there were always enemies, other tribes who menaced, the War Spirit, Mars, must be propitiated, and the wise priest-king, Numa, had instituted a special order of priests, the Salii, who danced and sang the war-songs and guarded the sacred shield from heaven, sign of small Rome's great future. The great sky-spirit, Jupiter, as time passed became the center of all this early religion.

The numerous references to the worship of these native gods of the animistic period show Horace's great sympathy with the simple country feeling of the *agricolæ prisci*. The "coming of the Sibyl" he knew also—the power of those Sibylline oracles whose early arrival in Rome was the vanguard of the Greek gods whose brilliant personalities and lively myths were to transform Roman religion into an anthropomorphism that in part sought to identify the old Roman abstrac-

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tions with these new Greek deities, male and female, and in part accepted one unfamiliar deity after another in time of crisis at the direction of the Oracle. The highly colored mythology of Græco-Roman polytheism had its place in Horace's mind, with the beauty of its story and of its ceremonial, and was to find expression on his lips in one period of his life, but he nevertheless at times shared with the intellectuals of the preceding age and of his own day the scepticism which polytheism begets, was perhaps especially influenced by Lucretius' philosophical demonstration that gods do not control human affairs or the material world. Like other patriot poets of the time, however, he saw the national value of Octavian's religious renaissance with its restoration of old ceremonies, its rebuilding of crumbling shrines, its establishment of new cults, and he allowed his Muse to be commandeered for the support of the revival of worship in his age, and for the praise of the Emperor's patron god, Apollo. He was aware of the fascination of the foreign cults that were making inroads upon the state, and had a word for the mysteries of Ceres and of Bacchus, for Cybele the Great Mother of the East, for Egyptian Serapis, and for Judaism. Clearly visible, too, in his later poetry, are traces of the beginnings of Emperor-worship. Accompanying these scattered allusions to different aspects of religious feeling and to various cults, are comments on phenomena of worship such as divination by haruspices and by oracles, on the significance of prayers and of sacrifice.

I propose here not to follow this historical outline

of Roman religion in collating material from Horace's poetry, but to try to trace some development in the poet's own personal attitude toward the gods and man's relation to them. In this, I think, three rather distinct periods are manifest: an attitude of criticism of worship that is quasi-irreverent and nearly satirical, a time of acceptance and support of Octavian's renaissance of religion, and a final shifting of posture from the bent knee of religious faith to the erect body and uplifted head of philosophical inquiry. I must first of all try to show how Horace turned the illuminating rays of his criticism upon the seamy side of religion as he had upon magic.

There are a few really comic descriptions of deities. Jupiter stands once as stage manager in the drama of life offering his discontented little human puppets the chance to change their rôles, then puffs out his cheeks in anger when they refuse. Priapus announces blandly that he was once the trunk of a fig tree, a useless log, but a carpenter, debating whether to make out of the piece of wood a footstool or a Priapus, decided on the god. It was Apollo who saved Horace from the clutches of the deadliest of bores. The levity of these references is extended to oracles and augurs, for under the thin disguise of Homeric characters in *Satire II. 5*, Horace is certainly not only depicting necromancy but satirizing the evil advice which augurs give and the laughable ambiguity of oracular utterances, even those inspired by great Apollo. Later, Horace was to treat all these religious phenomena with serious respect: Apollo will be dubbed "unerring"; Murena's entrance

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into the College of Augurs will be celebrated with banquet and song. But in the satires, we find him generally the critical, humorous rationalist in regard to many of the corollaries of faith. With Lucretius, he has given up belief in miracles and when on his famous journey to Brundisium, the town of Gnatia tries to convince the travelers that incense melts on their sacred altar without fire, Horace amidst jest and laughter declares: "Let the Jew Apella believe that; I do not. For I have learned that the gods pass a care-free life, and if nature displays any marvel, the gods are not sending it down in anger from their lofty home in heaven." Later, Horace was to record the miracles that surrounded his childhood and the thunderclap in a clear sky that provoked his so-called conversion. But now he errs with the "insane wisdom" of the Epicureans.

How irrational also vows and sacrifices are he is ready to prove both by mythology and contemporary anecdote. Just as in the Teiresias-Ulysses dialogue (Satire II. 5) he is satirizing under Homeric setting the necromancy, divination, and social evils of the time, so in his discourse on the madness of mankind (Satire II. 3) he is satirizing follies committed in the name of religion when he portrays through mythology the insanity of Agamemnon, who sacrificed his own daughter, and the religious frenzy of Agave when she tore to pieces her own son. No less insane, however, than such episodes from remote times is the vow of a mother who promised that if her ill child recovered from his fever, on the morning of that day he should

stand naked in the Tiber. "Chance or the doctor will cure him . . . but his mad mother will bring back his fever by placing him in the cold water. By what evil is her mind distraught? By fear of the gods?" It is again in the spirit of Lucretius that Horace assails such superstitious vows.

Hymns, too, have their place in his satire of religious customs. He mentions incidentally that a man who praises the hymn of the Salii, of Numa's time, wishes to seem to know that of which he is as ignorant as Horace himself. That is, this ancient ritual had in the Augustan Age degenerated into meaningless words. Again he perverts one of the most sacred religious formulæ to an immoral use. The almost untranslatable expression *macte virtute esto*, "be glorified (or blessed) because of thy virtue," is found, as Warde Fowler points out, in "the only unquestionably genuine old Roman prayers used at sacrifice" which have come down to us, preserved by Cato in his work on agriculture of the second century B.C. In all four forms of sacrifice which Cato copied from the books of the pontiffs, this formula *macte . . . esto* occurs. Horace turns it from prayers accompanying offerings of fruit, wine, victim, cake, to an approval, placed in the mouth of old Cato himself, of a man who frequents brothels instead of committing adultery. While the phrase, *macte virtute esto*, had come to be used in common parlance as a greeting, yet its sanctity and the putting it in Cato's mouth intensify the satire.

There are more comments in Horace on the subject of prayer than on oracles and augurs, miracles, vows,

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or religious phrases. Certain prayers quoted are merely formal and conventional and it is sometimes hard to draw the line between a prayer and an informal wish or blessing in the name of the gods. Such a case is one beginning in mock-heroic style and ending in irony: "Damasippus, on account of your good advice may the gods and the goddesses present you with a barber." The fact that men turn to the gods in time of danger, in storm at sea, or in war, is noted. And some of the evil uses made of prayer are recorded. The witch Canidia appeals to Diana for aid in her criminal rites. Horace himself prays that a personal enemy may be shipwrecked and promises that when the sea-gulls are feasting on his flesh, he himself will sacrifice goat and lamb to the Tempests. Is not the poet here employing his peculiar method of ironical direction of satire against himself to illustrate evil prayers? Certainly, later, in Epistle I. 16, he makes a sharp contrast between the public prayers of a so-called good man and his secret petitions to the goddess of thieves:

The good man, whom the whole forum and every tribunal watches, whenever he appeases the gods with sacrifice of pig or bull, after he has called in a loud, loud voice: "Father Janus! Apollo," whispers, fearing to be heard: "Fair Laverna, grant that I may go undiscovered; grant that I may seem just and holy; spread a cloud of night over my sins and trickeries."

The evil prayers of evil men may sometimes be answered as Canidia's were, although her pitiful child victim invoked the aid of heaven against her sorceries.

On the other hand, a devout poet like Vergil may be *frustra pius* and all in vain demand his friend Quintilius back from the gods. *Dis aliter visum*. That is one of the mysteries of mortals' lives. Often it seems, indeed, that capricious Fortune is the only deity and man in mock fervor exclaims: "Ah! Fortune, what god is more cruel toward us than thou?" Men who had lived through the revulsions of the civil war as Ofellus had were apt to feel her omniscience, and all were not philosophers enough to oppose stout hearts to adversity.

Horace had his own attitude both toward the goddess and toward prayer:

Fortune rejoicing in her cruel work and persistent in playing her insolent game transfers unstable honors, kind now to me, now to another man. I praise her when she tarries. If she shakes her swift wings, I relinquish her gifts; I wrap myself in the cloak of my virtue and woo poverty, the noble dowerless maid. 'Tis not my way if the mast creaks before Afric blasts, to descend to wretched prayers and to bargain with vows that my Cyprian and Tyrian wares should not add their wealth to the avaricious sea. At such a time, with the help of my bireme I shall be borne safely over the Ægæan tumult, by the breeze and the twin Pollux.

The addition of the god's name at the end of this passage may be a climax, but seems more likely an ironic afterthought. In either case, it is clear that Horace will not make prayer a commercial matter; and that it must be accompanied by man's own effort. So again he writes:

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"It is enough to implore from Jupiter who gives and takes away that he grant life, that he grant wealth. I myself will prepare for myself a contented spirit." And in the prayers he offers in serious moods his requests are for spiritual blessings. He reminds Mercury when praying that he may keep his Sabine farm forever, that he has never prayed avariciously for increase of fields or for the discovery of a pot of gold. On the dedication of Apollo's temple, he asks of the god that he may enjoy his possessions, be strong and pass through old age with mind unimpaired, honor unsullied, lyre ever tuneful. Moreover, among simple country people, Horace found a type of worship that was pure religion and undefiled and to rustic Phidyle he writes that her tiny sacrifices of rosemary and myrtle to her little gods of the house are as acceptable as great victim if the hand which touches the altar is pure. Here the satirist speaks in all reverence.

Indeed, the poet after an early period of criticism of the hypocrisies and corruption in much of religion, gradually developed a sense of the value of worship for the nation as a whole, as well as for many individuals. Even in the satires he was ready to speak of the rebuilding of the temples of the gods as one of the duties of high-minded citizens. And when through repose on the Sabine farm he had come to see life steadily and whole, he was ready both to accept and help Octavian's religious renaissance. I am inclined to believe that Ode I. 34 is a humorous-serious statement of his quasi-official acceptance of worship as part of the state's need, and that interpreted with Ode III.

25, it states the *religio poetæ* which he now was easily able to assume. The miracles which he had rationalized before must now be admitted; prayer must be offered to gods who do have power to exalt the humble and overthrow men of high estate; hymns must be sung to voice the beauty of faith and story; above all, the indissoluble union of religion and government must be supported.

In Ode I. 34, Horace declares that having seen lightning in a clear sky he must recant his insane wisdom of old and acknowledge the presence of God's power in the world of nature and the life of man. Later, we will consider the philosophical tenets involved in this so-called conversion, but now the ode may stand as an avowal of a change of poetic attitude toward God. Similar in tone is Ode III. 25, where Horace, in rapt frenzy inspired by Bacchus, declares he is about to sing a new theme, and a noble one; that indeed he is essaying to place the eternal glory of illustrious Cæsar among the stars and in the council of Jupiter. That is, carried away by the thrill of religious fervor, he is prepared to hymn Cæsar as though he were a god, perhaps to help make him one. Both odes were probably written after 27 B.C., when Octavian by assuming the cognomen of Augustus had secured the halo of religious association for his work.

I have already shown how gradual was Horace's reconciliation to Octavian's régime. When he had finally come to recognize the blessings of the Pax Augusti, he was ready to support the Emperor's work of reconstruction by his poetry, although he was

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unwilling to hold the official post of *comes et scriba*, companion and secretary, in his household. His muse, then, aided not only Augustus' political and social reforms but his religious revival.

The poet's æsthetic sense was naturally aroused by the beautiful stories of the Græco-Roman gods, and these and a certain poetic personalization of nature found expression in hymns to certain gods embodying their stories and worship. Venus is invoked to come from Cyprus to the tiny household shrine of a young girl who is in love and needs her aid. A hymn to Mercury tells his work in civilizing man by his gift of eloquence, his invention of the lyre, his trickeries, his services as messenger even in the world of shades. Faunus, lover of the fleeing nymphs, is summoned to his festival on the nones of December, celebrated by all the happy countryside and the care-free ox. In dithyrambic strain Bacchus' miracles on earth, in heaven, in hell are recounted. To Diana, guardian of mountains and of groves, tall pine is dedicated and sacrifice of wild boar promised. And to Phœbus and Diana short hymns and *Carmen Sæculare* are written for choruses of maids and lads. In all these there is a certain joy in the beauty of such song and we can easily imagine them all sung by devout worshipers as we know the *Carmen Sæculare* was.

To be coupled with such delight in the charm of old stories is what Sellar calls Horace's sympathy with "rustic paganism," a sense of the sincerity of country worship which made the poet record the peasant dances on the earth in honor of Faunus, the shedding of young

kid's blood to famous spring, the offering of pious meal and crackling salt to the little gods of the home. The ode to country Phidyle breathes the spirit of such unsullied and sincere devotion to the gods. It was natural that in such worship too the poet's Muse should wish a share.

Less easy to reconcile with Horace's earlier attitude toward the gods is his position as quasi poet-laureate for the formalities of the *Ludi Sæculares*. We have already seen how Augustus requested from Horace the production of the formal hymn for his great revival of these ancient ceremonies and the contemporary marble tablet now in the National Museum of Rome records in clear letters

CARMEN COMPOSUIT Q. HORATIUS FLACCUS.

That Horace himself appreciated the honor done him is shown by his own ode in which he proclaims his authorship by saying to a maiden of the chorus:

When you are married, you will say, "At the time when the *sæculum* brought back the festal days, I sang a song that was pleasing to the gods, for I learned the measures of the bard Horatius."

Nothing portrays more clearly the union between religion and government which Augustus essayed to revive than this hymn. In it are celebrated the early legends of the founding of Rome and the vague gods of the early animistic religion; the eternal glory of great Rome of the seven hills and the established order

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of the fates and the Sibylline oracles; the continuing favor of Jupiter and the great gods and the military victories of the Romans; Augustus' patron god Apollo with his sister; and Augustus' social reforms for the Roman world. It is as though the mantle of Vergil had fallen upon Horace and he, feeling a grave responsibility for the poem which his friend Vergil would surely have been asked to write had he been alive, had attempted to embody in the compass of a hymn the spirit of Vergil's religious-national epic, and to bestow, as Vergil had in the *Æneid*, special distinction upon Augustus' patron god, Apollo.

Before the time of the *Carmen Sæculare*, Horace used the poet's license in an extravagant praise of Octavian which associated him with the gods. In the second ode of Book One, after the narrative of the prodigies accompanying the death of Julius Cæsar, the question is raised, "Which one of the gods shall the people call to the aid of the fortunes of the tottering state?" And after prayers to Apollo, Venus and Mars (whose cults were particularly favored by Octavian) the question is answered by the suggestion that perhaps Mercury is already on earth in the disguise of the youthful ruler, suffering himself to be called the avenger of Cæsar, and this god-leader is prayed to remain with the Romans. In Ode Twelve of Book One, after a magnificent pæan to gods, demi-gods, and heroes of the Roman state ending with the flashing of Julius Cæsar's star, Octavian is praised as the vicegerent of Jupiter upon the earth. In Ode Three of Book Three, it is declared that by their virtues illus-

trious men become gods; so Pollux, Hercules, Bacchus, Quirinus attained the starry heights and among them Augustus will recline and drink the nectar. In the fourth ode of Book Three, the battle of the gods and giants is used to symbolize the victory of Octavian and the forces of righteousness over Antony.

Such association of Octavian with the gods had preceded the writing of the *Carmen Sæculare*. After that hymn, in the fourth book of odes, there are references which seem to me clear traces of a growing tendency to regard the earthly ruler as a god. The fates and good gods have given nothing greater and better to the earth than Cæsar nor will they, although the times return to the early age of gold. Again, Cæsar is not only a descendant of the good gods, but is invoked as a god by many an Italian at the end of his dinner as he pours out pure wine from the patera, and as he prays he mingles Cæsar's *numen* or deity with the Lares, or hymns the descendant of Anchises and Venus Genetrix. Nay more, Cantabrian, Parthian, Indian, wandering Scythian, Egyptian, Gaul, Spaniard, Sygambrian venerate Cæsar, the protector of Italy and Rome. The deification of a living Emperor seems to be advancing rapidly when a poet can use such language and can finally affirm (Epistle II. 1) that as Romulus, Liber, Castor, and Pollux after their great exploits were received into the temples of the gods, so "upon you in your lifetime we bestow ample honors and we set up altars where oaths are taken in the name of your deity." Such references may be poetic license; they may refer to such provincial wor-

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ship of the Emperor as was established in the province of Asia after the building of the Augusteum in Pergamum in 29, to the worship of the Genius of the Emperor with the Lares Compitales, and to the introduction of the Genius of the Princeps in the formula of official oaths between Jupiter Optimus and the Penates. But the whole subject of the cult of Augustus requires new investigation from literary sources, inscriptions, and monuments.

The foreign cults which were to become so popular in the later Empire scarcely appear in Horace's poem. The sacred mysteries of Ceres, the frenzies of the Bacchantes, the orgies of the priests of Cybele, have slight notice, and to the great Egyptian gods there is but one reference, an appeal to Osiris put in the mouth of a lame beggar. Judaism is given scant respect, for mention is made only of the wealth of Herod, and of the superstitious belief of the Jews in miracles, their proselytism, their peculiar rites. Horace shows no particular interest in any of these forms of foreign worship except that of Bacchus.

I have left until last the inquiry as to whether Horace shows any personal belief in deity. The question is difficult to answer, for the first attitude of the poet was satirical and in the odes he is generally voicing the faith of an individual, or of a type, or of the state. There seem, however, to be traces in the odes of a sense of some divine power in the world, expressed vaguely in terms like *deus*, *fortuna*, *Diespiter*, and a groping for expression of this world-spirit or oversoul of many names. It was perhaps this quest for an explanation

of the phenomena of religious experience and for the meaning of the world that led Horace to devote the latter part of his life largely to the study of philosophy. The epistles announce a distinct change both of theme and of interest, and a renewal of that study of ethics, or of conduct, which was started in the satires, but was now to be pursued with much more wisdom and more geniality. Before taking up Horace's philosophical discussions in the epistles, it will be well to consider his attitude toward after life, since a belief in immortality is often a determining factor in making a man religious or philosophical or both in his point of view.

THE AFTER LIFE

The inevitable approach of death has been faced by Horace in memorable phrases. "We are all driven to the same place." "Pale death knocks with impartial rap at the huts of the poor and the towers of the rich." "While we are speaking, jealous time is on the wing." Remember "the black threads of the sisters three." "Piety will not delay wrinkles, advancing old age, and unconquered death." "We must go to Pluto's house of exile." And then "when we depart whither father Æneas, rich Tullus, and Ancus went, we are dust and shadow." *Pulvis et umbra sumus.*

These poignant phrases are so impressive from their diction and their recurrence that one British scholar built up an elaborate theory to explain the underlying strain of melancholy in the odes of the first three books

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and another more recently has declared that Horace "is frequently obsessed with the fear of death." Few would now accept Mr. Verrall's theory that Horace was so sympathetically unstrung by the execution of Licinius Murena, brother by adoption of Mæcenas' wife, after the discovery of the conspiracy against Augustus, that the poet constantly betrayed his sorrow in these odes. A man who had fought on the losing side in a civil war, had lost his father while he was at the front, had his farm confiscated on his return, and had struggled with poverty, might naturally have some dark moods. War and personal loss can make the fact of death dominant. Perhaps it would be well to run through Horace's poems again and see how he really faced the phenomenon of death and what conceptions of a future world he presents.

He makes very clear what death involves—the loss of life's possessions and joy. When you go into the night that awaits you, you will not gain by throw of dice the kingship of revelry and no longer will you marvel at young Lycidas. You will depart from the fields you have purchased, from your home, and the villa which the yellow Tiber laves. Land and home and charming wife you must leave, and of the trees which you cherish none will follow their short-lived master except the hated cypress. Why build lofty marble halls at the edge of the sepulcher? Of what avail are estates and granaries when perpetual use is granted to no one and heir succeeds heir as wave succeeds wave? What avail are proud triumphs which are overturned by the loss of loved ones? Ownership

consists only in use; joy is fugitive; glory is clouded. No wonder that one sighs:

Eheu fugaces, Postume, Postume, labuntur anni;
(Ah! Postumus, Postumus, the fleeting years are gliding by!)

One thing after another they plunder as they go. They have stolen mirth, love, banqueting, playing. They are trying to wrench from me my poems.

One may not fear death, but in its train come ugly thoughts. The need of making a will, the eager heir who may squander all you have saved, the final *ave atque vale*, the kind mourners, the discordant wailing, the narrow tomb, the appealing stone. How meaningless such funeral rites are! How superfluous such honors! The poor slaves, thrust out from their cells, are buried in cheap boxes by their fellow-slaves; the rich are honored by funeral games where many pairs of gladiators contend. But the same amount of land is measured off for princes and for paupers; cruel Proserpina spares no life. Fortunate those who receive the little gift of three handfuls of dust and lie safely buried so that their spirits may find peace. Yet even buried or burned, the body may be profaned by the sacrilegious, the bones or the ashes scattered. Painful thoughts these. How is man to face them?

Horace reflects various ways in which men of his time reacted to the mystery of death, and in most of them some idea of an after life is involved. First of all, we notice that the traditional, mythological conception of a future world appears constantly in his poetry. The place of eternal exile is ruled over by

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tearless Pluto and dusky Proserpina. Rivers surround it, black Cocytus wandering in languid stream, and the Styx that must be crossed on Charon's bark. A many-headed watch-dog guards the portal. Judges are waiting to pronounce your doom, Æacus and Minos, ready to work his proud will. Some pious souls Mercury with his golden wand will escort to their happy resting-place apart from evil-doers. But in the fields of mourning are the criminals of old: proud Tantalus, ever extending thirsty lips to the receding water; Tityus tormented by the bird that is the appointed warder of his lust; Sisyphus forever trying to roll his rock to the top of the mountain; Geryon, giant of three forms; crafty Prometheus, the notorious daughters of Danäus endlessly carrying water in their perforated jars; the too amorous Pirithöus, confined in three hundred chains. All desire rest, but the laws of Jupiter prevent escape.

Here, too, in the shadowy realms may be seen not only criminals and the great figures of myth like Teiresias and Euphorbus. Why should not a Roman poet see the poets of Greece there, Sappho and Alcæus, striking the lyre to the listening shades? And may not a Roman meet face to face great Romans dead and gone: Æneas the founder of his race; his early kings, Numa, Tullius, Ancus? So tradition and imagination unite in peopling another world.

But such *manes*, spirits of the dead, are perhaps only *fabulæ*, stories, as Horace once called them, and many intellectuals had with Cicero long since discarded such old wives' tales. Yet the evidence from funerary

inscriptions and from literature suggests that these picturesque beliefs in the lower world of myth were still widely current among the people. The popular belief in magic rites was indissolubly bound up with belief in the Manes and the Lemures. The widespread fear of death and the punishments that follow it are the facts which made Lucretius so ardent a preacher of an enlightened rationalism which could annihilate superstitious terror. At the antipodes stand these two ways of facing the phenomenon of death: the superstitious, which has recourse to occult rites in the hope of dominating malign powers; the rationalistic, which declares that, as scientific inquiry shows, the body dissolves on death, so there is no future to be feared. Horace recognizes with Lucretius how damaging a part fear of death and fear of the gods may play in the life of an individual, and would find some way to ease the burden of man's fears and make swift-coming death a little thing. He knew the Epicurean's atomic theory of the composition of the world, of the body and of the mind, and the consequent impossibility of a future life for the individual, and the logical Epicurean corollary of rich enjoyment of the present he often places side by side with his *memento mori*. He knew, too, the Stoic's pantheistic conception of a universe pervaded by spirit to which the life of individual man returned in due course of time and of purification after death. And he recognized as a final triumph over death the Stoic belief that suicide is justified when spiritual freedom on earth is impossible, for God has left open to man that way of escape. The poet had an enco-

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mium for Cleopatra who refused to grace a Roman triumph and seeking to die in nobler fashion than in an enemy's chains dared to handle black serpents and to prove by her fierce death that she was no humble woman. Again, he declared that all the world might be subdued by Julius Cæsar, but he could not suborn the stubborn soul of Cato or prevent his noble death. The good and wise man will always dare to say in the face of tyranny that tries to make him suffer disgrace: "You may take my property; you may imprison my body. But my soul is mine. To save that, if need be, I will die." For so Horace interpreted Euripides' *Bacchæ*. But for the suicide of the man who is not the philosopher driven to the wall and forced to seek freedom by crossing the last line of the race-course, Horace has another word and he lets Damasippus tell how, when he was about to throw himself from the Pons Fabricius into the Tiber merely because business was going badly, he was prevented by Stertinius, who urged him not to do anything so shameful, but to learn a sane way of living. And in this vivid anecdote Horace seems to give a warning that for the average man philosophy recommends not death, but life with an attempt to solve and understand life's problems.

One kind of death Horace would fain make beautiful and his golden phrase is an imperishable memorial to all who have ever died in battle for their country:

Dulce et decorum pro patria mori.

The courage and fortitude of the patriot annihilate fear and make men ready to die for dear friends and

native land. That was the choice of young Achilles: short life and glory. That was the example of Regulus: death in prison and torture, so that there should be no degrading compromise or breaking down of Roman morale or brutish fear of death. An ideal may serve to minimize even death itself.

Horace seems to have understood that for the average man, perhaps especially for the average Roman with his practical nature, a philosophical interpretation of the after life which would dissipate man's body into the atoms of its original composition or free his spirit for eternal union with the world soul whence it came would not be efficacious in diminishing the horror of black death. But for the Roman the glory of great deeds was almost as tangible as personal life: indeed, they had seen that through statues, inscriptions, poetry, song deeds could live. The mysticism of the Neo-Pythagoreans was in part responsible for this popularization of the ideal of an immortality attained by virtue. With this belief, as in Stoicism, a new conception of the future world was introduced. No longer was it a realm of darkness under the earth, but it was in an upper ether of delicate air and pure light. Souls freed from the body ascended to heaven and finally there enjoyed communion with the divine spirit, a part of it and yet themselves. That individuality was retained is shown by the doctrine of transmigration of souls, and the alleged proofs that men of old returned to earth and lived again under other names. This bliss of immortality men obtained by noble lives—by fashioning themselves on earth like

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gods and proving that a part of God was in themselves. Such a belief naturally bestowed tremendous importance on the great deed.

We have already traced how the deification of the Emperor grew up little by little as men admired the prowess of their earthly ruler and poets sang extravagant praise of his exploits. This immortality conferred by fame upon ruling monarchs could easily be extended in thought to other heroes and mortals who had performed deeds of valor. And this type of immortality Horace often holds out to his Romans. Notable illustrations are his promises of eternal glory to Proculeius and to Lollius. Proculeius was an *eques*, brother of Terentia, the wife of Mæcenas, brother of Licinius Murena by his adoption, patron of literature, trusted friend of Octavian who after Actium sent him to negotiate with Antony and Cleopatra. Octavian had even thought of bestowing Julia's hand upon him. The scholiasts on Horace's encomium (Ode II. 2) say that his piety toward his brothers Scipio (Cæpio?) and Murena was so great that he divided his property in equal shares with them when they had been despoiled by the civil war. For this deed Horace awards eternal glory:

Proculeius shall live with his age ever extended, distinguished for his fraternal feeling toward his brothers. Everlasting fame shall carry him aloft on untiring wing.

Marcus Lollius, who received from Horace one of the most magnificent tributes ever bestowed by one friend upon another, was consul with Quintus Æmilius

Lepidus in 21 B.C. While he was in command as legatus in Gaul in 16 B.C., he suffered a disastrous defeat at the hands of certain German tribes that had crossed the Rhine, a calamity which summoned Augustus to his aid and which was classed by historians with the defeat of Varus. These military reverses did not diminish the Emperor's confidence, for Augustus made Lollius tutor to his grandson, Caius Cæsar, whom he accompanied to the east in 2 B.C. The Elder Pliny and Velleius Paterculus declare that there he succumbed to oriental temptations, enriching himself by accepting large gifts from eastern kings, setting wealth before honor, and yielding to dissipation. Falling out of favor with his young ward, he put an end to his own life by poison and as according to Velleius he was said to have betrayed the Roman plans to the Parthians, he died under a cloud of disgrace if we can trust an historian so prejudiced against him as Velleius, the partisan of Tiberius who hated Lollius, was sure to have been.

Horace's ode to Lollius (C. IV. 9), which was probably written shortly after Lollius' defeat by the Sygambri, does not refer to that disaster but extols Lollius' civic virtues, mentioning the specific qualities which Velleius much later was to declare he did not possess. Horace uses Lollius to illustrate the theme of the ode that noble deeds recorded in poetry are immortal.

I will not be silent about you or leave you unhonored in my poems, Lollius, nor will I suffer envious oblivion to cover your many great toils. You have a mind wise in

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worldly matters, upright in prosperity and adversity, a mind that condemns avaricious duplicity and abhors omnivorous greed. Such a spirit is the consul not of a single year, but whenever upright, faithful judge puts honor before gain; such a spirit rejects with noble mien the bribes of evil-doers and victoriously carries its weapons through the opposing hordes.

As we stand by the Tiber River to-day and read in the lower inscription on the Pons Fabricius

Q. LEPIDUS. M. F. M. LOLLIUS. M. F. COS. . . .

our minds perforce recall Horace's autobiographical lines which conclude his first book of epistles:

"If by chance anyone shall inquire my age, let him know that I completed four times eleven Decembers in the year when Lollius took Lepidus as his colleague," and I believe we will remember Horace's tribute to his friend more readily than the aspersions of the historian. Certainly, at one time Lollius could thus be praised for a pure *virtus* which has immortalized him.

What such *virtus* could do for a man Horace recorded in unforgettable strophes in his sequence of national odes (Book III, 2):

Valor not knowing sordid defeat shines with unsullied honors; she does not take up or lay down the symbols of office at the dictate of popular favor. Valor opening heaven to men who have not deserved death essays her flight by a forbidden road and on fleeting wing soars above the vulgar herd and the damp earth.

Here is the mystic conception of an ætherial immortality attained by the virtuous life. Such immortality Horace would claim not only for great deeds but for great verse. No theme is more conspicuous in the fourth book of odes (written at the request of the Emperor in honor of the military exploits of his stepsons) than the immortality which his poetry confers on the bard. The Muse not only forbids a man worthy of praise to die and blesses him with heaven, but it bestows immortality upon the bard himself. Pindar is presented with the laurel of Apollo even while he exalts the strength, the soul, the golden character of heroes to the stars. The man upon whom the Muse smiled at birth will not be famous for triumphs over fallen foes but for Æolian song. The maids who sing the *Carmen Sæculare* will remember that they learned the strains of the bard Horatius. The lesson of the fleeting seasons is not to hope for immortality. When we go where father Æneas went, we are dust and shadow. But songs, far more than statues, forbid that the man who deserves praise should die. The words of the poet born near the far-echoing Aufidus are to live with the words of Homer, Pindar, Simonides, Stesichorus, Anacreon, and Sappho. And these words confer glory even on great Cæsar's self. So through the fourth book Horace quietly exalts his own art as he had already emblazoned it in the epilogues to the second and third books of odes. In one, a bird and a bard, on new wing he soars up into the clear ether, leaving below envy and the cities of men. All the world will know of the son of poor parents who

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became Mæcenas' friend; he will not die or be confined by Styx's stream. Hence, away with vain funeral-dirges, ugly mourning, lamentation, cries, honors at the tomb—they are meaningless.

I have reared a monument more lasting than bronze. . . . I shall not altogether die . . . ever and again I shall grow anew with fresh praise. It shall be said where the violent Aufidus roars . . . that I from low estate attaining power was a pioneer in fitting Æolian song to Italian measures.

Such is the immortality which Horace justly claimed. If he had believed in an after-life for the individual, we would surely find some trace of it in personal poems of consolation or in references to the death of his friends or to his own death. Of the merry, bonny, rapacious Cinara he could only say: "Brief years the fates to Cinara allowed." He begs his friend Valgius to cease chanting tearful elegiacs on the loss of Mystes. In his ode to Vergil on the death of Quintilius, he can only share with him a common sorrow for the eternal sleep which has overtaken their friend, and hope for mutual strength to bear their loss. The mythological reference to Mercury escorting the *vana imago* to the dark throng seems but a poetic expression for death and the only consolation is: "'Tis hard, but what cannot be altered is made easier by endurance."

When Mæcenas is full of ill health and apprehension, Horace can only promise that he will die with him, will follow him on that last journey, as he has always on earth been his companion. Elsewhere, when

the thought of sudden death by the fall of a tree came to Horace's mind, he lets his fancy rove over what he might have seen in the dusky realm of Proserpina and imagines hearing among the horrors of Hades the strains of Sappho's love-songs and Alcæus' martial music. But this is in half-humorous mood and when he meditates seriously on old age, he prays to die at his beloved Tibur or that smiling corner of the world, Tarentum, and when the end comes, he would have Septimius shed a tear over the ashes of his poet friend. He knows that he will live on for a time in the love of his friends; that he will live for all time in the immortality of his poetry.

No person lived on earth more richly. That is why he saw all that was involved in death and gave full recognition to its meaning. In the face of that ultimate goal, he had learned to enrich the hour by the art of enjoyment and to immortalize living by the art of self-expression in poetry. That he saw clearly was the *virtus* which would lift him forever from the earth and make him strike the stars with his exalted head.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE SABINE FARM

If Horace has perchance attained the personal immortality which he did not expect, his shade must be considerably amused by the different conclusions about his philosophical position. Critics, loath to let one who lauded the study of philosophy go unclassified, have assigned him to various schools. Here are three illustrations. Stemplinger declares that his point of view

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was Epicurean, for he was profoundly influenced by his reading of Lucretius, his acquaintance with Philodemus, and his friendship with Vergil who had studied with the Epicurean Siron, and that if many of his ideas seem Stoic, it is because both schools had much in common. Archibald Campbell, on the other hand, announces that the poet's conversion from Epicureanism to Stoicism is entirely serious; that the first book of epistles, "though it has its light moments is pervaded and dominated by Stoicism," and that in this period Horace has become "a Stoic in all but name"; that, therefore, in Epistle I, 6, where Horace is testing and discarding different principles, but only refers to Stoicism, "the obvious implication" is "that it does not need discussion. It carries its credentials on its face." Gemoll, after a most elaborate study of all philosophical material in Horace's poems, declares that he was a follower of the Middle Stoa, and reminds his readers that this was very different from the early Stoa, representing a middle ground between Stoicism and Epicureanism. Since assumptions and conclusions are so various, it may be well, trying to lay aside all personal bias, to reread the poems of Horace and to ascertain what philosophers and philosophical tenets he mentions and discusses, what he considers the chief interests of philosophical discussion, and what he himself says at various times of his own position.

Pythagoras of Samos is the earliest one of the Greek philosophers whom Horace mentions, that impassioned religious leader, who settling at Crotona in Italy after he had lived half a century, gathered about him a

communistic society of men and women whose lives were controlled by the dicta of their master. Horace does not refer to this unique settlement, nor to Pythagoras' theory of number that made mathematical formulæ the determining factor in the universe, the life of man, and in art, nor to his insistence on the greatest abstemiousness in personal habits. Horace is tricked rather by Pythagoras' doctrine of transmigration of souls: playfully alludes to beans as the kinsmen of Pythagoras; tells the story of how Pythagoras claimed to prove he was the reincarnation of a Trojan hero, Euphorbus; again laughs a little at Ennius, who once asserted that in a dream Pythagoras revealed to him that his soul had passed into a peacock then into the poet, but who maintained this only until his own fame was assured without the need of such supernatural sanctions. In spite of such light treatment, Horace ranks Pythagoras with Socrates and Plato and in the wonderful, if baffling, poem about another Pythagorean, Archytas, does the master serious honor, as no mean judge of nature and of truth.

Empedocles of Agrigentum, whose philosophical poem Lucretius praised, interested Horace for two reasons: one, his theory of the universe which made two rival principles, Love and Hate, work for union and disunion upon the four original elements, producing what Horace calls a *concordia discors*, "discordant harmony"; the other the manner of his death—that notorious disappearance which by believers was interpreted as a translation to the upper air, but by sceptics like Horace as a cold-blooded plunge into burning

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Etna to win by vanishing the reputation of being a god.

Democritus, another fifth-century philosopher born at the Ionic colony of Abdera in Thrace, is mentioned in the same poem where Horace refers to Empedocles' "discordant harmony," as a type of philosopher who was so absorbed in speculation that he neglected all practical affairs: "We marvel if Democritus' herds eat up his fields and meadows while his swift spirit is wandering without his body." In another passage Horace finds "the laughing philosopher" very sympathetic and pictures how amused Democritus would be if he could see how the theater in the Augustan Age is given over to the spectacular. Again, Horace mentions that Democritus, believing that poets had to be born and not made, excluded those who lacked the divine frenzy from Helicon; hence, now all would-be poets try to manifest signs of insanity.

Of Socrates Horace always speaks respectfully. Good old Cato was steeped in Socratic lore; it is incredible that young Iccius will sell his library of Panaetius' volumes and the school of Socrates to buy a Spanish breastplate for gainful wars; and in his literary advice to the Pisones, Horace tells them that the beginning and source of writing well is wisdom and for that they should go first of all to the books of Socrates' teaching. The spell of that greatest of teachers was still entralling the imagination of youthful spirits.

Horace never traces the influence of that stimulating mind down through his pupils and their various schools

of philosophy, but he is thoroughly conversant with the beliefs of Cynics, Cyrenaics, Academics, Peripatetics, Stoics, and Epicureans, and mentions all but the Peripatetics by name. The fullest comment on Cynics and Cyrenaics occurs in Epistle I. 17, where the conflicting attitudes of the two fourth-century schools are set forth in dramatic contrast and Horace's own preference is expressed clearly. Horace is giving advice to a young man about the value of enriching life by making friends and of knowing the great, and to point his moral he quotes a conversation between Diogenes, the leader of the Cynic school that believed virtue the only blessing, and Aristippus, whose school maintained that the *summum bonum* was pleasure. One day as Aristippus passed a place where Diogenes was washing his vegetables, the Cynic, on seeing his rival, snarled out: "If Aristippus would eat vegetables patiently, he would be unwilling to use the friendship of princes." The Hedonist retorted: "If the one who criticizes me knew how to use the friendship of princes, he would scorn vegetables." Horace declares that he prefers the sentiments of Aristippus because in external matters no man can be independent of his fellows, and an ostentatious rejection of possessions makes a man really subject to his own small needs. The Cynic must have his rags; the Cyrenaic adapts himself to any circumstances and gracefully plays the role of poor man or rich man. He, for all his doctrine of pleasure, is the one who tries to subordinate things to himself, and who can despise wealth. Why! Once in the middle of Libya, Aristippus had his slaves throw away

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the gold they were carrying because they advanced too slowly under that burden. Horace admits that he often follows the precepts of Aristippus, though in the face of Roman opinion he speaks of secretly backsliding into his doctrines after having been a public-spirited Stoic. Yet he praises Aristippus' unworldliness about gold in the very satire in which he sets forth Chrysippus' teaching that all men are mad but the Stoic philosopher.

For Plato, the greatest of Socrates' pupils, poet, idealist, writer of Socratic dialogues, Horace has brief reference but high admiration. We know he took the learned Plato as well as Menander, Eupolis, and Archilochus with him into the country when he went out to the Sabine farm to enjoy old books and leisure hours. There seems to be reminiscence of the Phædrus in the Epistle to the Pisones, but we find no reflection on Plato's *Republic*, or his theory of ideas, or the specific points in the discussions of Socrates which he reproduced through his own marvelous mind. Horace in Greece was a student in the groves of Plato's Academy and he knew not only the work of the revered founder, but of such later leaders as Crantor and of a convert like Polemon. He mentions Crantor only to say that Homer teaches moral conduct more humanly than such formalists as Crantor and the Stoic Chrysippus, and he refers to Polemon only for the story of his conversion, how he burst half tipsy from a drinking bout into the Academy lecture-hall and was so sobered and influenced by the words of Xenocrates that he cast his garland from his head and became a philosopher.

It is impossible to discuss here how much trace of the unmentioned Peripatetic school is shown in Horace's doctrine of the golden mean and in the influence of Aristotle and Neoptolemus of Parium in the *Ars Poetica*. Such unsettled problems do not really affect our search for clear indications of Horace's own philosophical interests. And proof of such interests or of knowledge of various philosophers from imitations in Horace's poems is manifestly impossible when so large a part of the writings that may have influenced his work have been lost. We have to depend on his own clear discussions and statements.

He uses the Stoic and Epicurean philosophies much more than any others; indeed, these were the two schools of thought that contended for favor in Augustan Rome. Wide as was their divergence in emphasis, the Stoics believing virtue the greatest good, the Epicureans pleasure, they had much in common both in theory of conduct and division of their subject. Horace knew the three lines of discussion which both schools pursued: physics, which was concerned with an explanation of the phenomena of the outer world; logic, which analyzed thought-processes and developed the study of expression of thought in rhetoric or dialectic; ethics which was concerned with problems of conduct: the basis of sin, the nature of virtues and vices, and the character of the highest good. Of course, both schools also had to take cognizance of deity and of current ideas about gods and worship, and here we have already somewhat anticipated an account of Horace's relation to their postulates.

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The problems of the physics of the time Horace recognizes though he does not solve them. After Iccius has given up being a soldier of fortune and, content with a moderate income from managing Agrippa's Sicilian estates, is subordinating all things to virtue, Horace praises him for his sublime inquiries as to what causes calm the sea, what changes the year, whether the stars wander and stray at their own free will or under fixed laws, what makes the moon wax and wane, what the discordant harmony of the universe wills and effects. In another philosophical epistle, on the theme *nil admirari*, "against excessive admiration," Horace mentions that "there are some men who behold the sun, the stars, the succession of the seasons without feeling any terror"—the result arrived at by the Epicureans who sought to dispel superstition by a rationalistic explanation of a material universe and so to remove fear of gods and of death. Horace is more interested in the result, the freeing the soul from fear, than in the preliminary studies. So, too, in regard to logic, the formal methodology of thought-processes and expression, he has little to say, though he knows the distinctions made between *words* and *meanings*, knows, too, formal types of argument like Sorites, the tweaking of the hairs from the horse's tail one by one or the subtracting one by one each grain from a pile of grain. Perhaps he had learned much for his style of writing in satires and epistles from those rhetorical school exercises *suasoriæ* and *controver-siæ* which sought to promulgate or controvert ideas.

But the real field of philosophical interest for Horace was ethics.

Repeatedly, Horace mentions the Stoic School and its whilom leader Chrysippus; repeatedly, he discusses the various tenets of the Porch. He devotes, indeed, whole satires and epistles to talks about the Stoic *sapiens* or philosopher, his division of all men into the wise and the foolish, his own claims for protection on the basis of perfect knowledge, his belief that all sins are equal. In Satire II. 3, Horace in amused self-irony allows Damasippus, who appears in Cicero's letters as an agent for sales of estates and works of art, to instruct him about the Stoic distinctions between the sane and the insane, the wise and the foolish, that is—the Stoic sage and the rest of the world: clearly, ignorance of truth and wicked folly make a man blind, mad, and sinful; and the insanity of the unenlightened appears in various ailments—avarice, extravagance, ambition, passion, superstition; Horace himself is one of the many insane, for he too is building extravagantly and writing madly, is prone to anger, proud of his position, and amorous. This long poem in dialogue form, rich in anecdote from myth and from life, shows in Horace's discursive way what the philosophical discussions of the day were and exposes the Stoic claims.

In other poems, the assumed perfection of the Stoic sage is analyzed and criticized. How can a man who is wise be also rich, a good cobbler, handsome, even king? The Stoic would reply—because he understands the nature of wealth and cobbling and beauty

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and ruling and so from his wisdom has that potentiality which makes him the thing he understands. Perhaps, says Horace, but still bad small boys can gather in a crowd about Mr. Philosopher, pull his beard, and torment him unless he drives them off with his club. And although the Philosopher is second only to Jupiter, rich, free, honored, handsome, finally King of Kings and completely sound, he too may catch the influenza and suffer from it! It is these extravagant claims of the Stoics that Horace cannot accept. Moreover, his intelligence cannot tolerate the assumption that knowledge is perfection, that all sins as lapses in knowledge are equal and that only the Stoic sage is good or happy. Yet many times he lauds the virtue which was their *summum bonum* and holds up their ideal of civic duty to the youth of the state. Witness the great sequence of national odes. In one passage, Satire II. 2, he recognizes the beauty of their conception of man's spirit as a particle of the divine afflatus and he refers several times to the resultant principle that man should live in accordance with nature, a doctrine which to the Stoic seems to have meant that the individual spirit should be in harmony with the world-spirit of which it was a part. Just what the phrase meant to Horace it is hard to tell, for in one place where he uses it, Epistle I. 10, he speaks of "nature" as though the word referred merely to the outer world, and says that if a man is to live in accordance with nature, what better place can be found for such living than the blessed country? This may be one of

Horace's whimsical adaptations and rationalizations of a thought that seemed to him too high for the average mind.

Yet Horace certainly recognized with the Stoics the possibility of their world-spirit, oversoul, immanent god of many names, and in his own vague words for deity seems at times to approach their pantheistic idea. He is like them, too, in letting the name of Jupiter stand first and foremost for deity and yet at times calling the power in the world *Fortuna*, as though a less anthropomorphic conception were easier to grasp. With the Stoics, he accepted worship of the god under different names, after he had turned from his early days of scepticism to an appreciation of what faith and worship did for individuals and nations. But he could not follow them in admitting the astrologers to the ranks of the wise and in using divination as a means of learning God's will. That capitulation of the Stoics to superstition Horace rejected. He seems to accept with them the conception of hero cults which with Euhemerus declared that virtuous deeds on earth exalted men to the gods, nay, *made* them gods for posterity. And the names of the great Stoic heroes who by their virtue had attained the starry heights often appear in Horace's poetry.

He employs also the peculiarly Stoic habit of rationalizing or allegorizing myths. So the Homeric stories, so the myths of tragedy are interpreted by Horace. Paris and Ulysses teach their lessons; Orestes, Ajax, Agamemnon, Agave all were mad; Thyestes was over-

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thrown by passion; Tantalus is the type of the avaricious, Proteus of the changeable; the battle of Centaurs and Lapiths warns against over-drinking; the stories of Hypermestra and of Europa point maids the way to loving; Orpheus and Amphion did not perform miracles, but taught arts to early men. Horace also sees the danger in allegory and satirizes the habit in *Satire II. 5*, where he makes Teiresias' shade give most sordid advice about will-hunting to Ulysses, and in *Ode III. 7*, he represents the messenger of an amorous woman as tempting young Gyges by telling him stories of great lovers which teach sin.

It is this sort of unexpected reaction and variation in point of view which makes Horace's own philosophical attitude difficult to pigeonhole. He will seem to be following Chrysippus, or Epicurus, and expressing fully and sympathetically their view-points, then suddenly he is off, with tongue in cheek, or smile on lip, to presentation of their fallacies, their extravagances, their perils for the average man. In this ironic mood, I think, he puts much of the Stoic teaching in his poems in the mouths of little known or second-rate philosophers, Stertinius, whom he extols as the eighth wise man, Crispinus, Fabius, and he has a laugh at the corrupt Roman matron who had the books of the Stoics scattered among her silken pillows. Yet the books of Panætius, the great Roman exponent of Stoicism, he would fain have young Iccius keep in his library along with the words of Socrates. It is an interesting but idle speculation to wonder if Horace himself when young may have become acquainted with the teachings

of Panætius through Cicero's explanation of them in the *de officiis* for his son when he was a student in Athens at the same time with Horace.

I have tried to represent fairly Horace's varied reactions to Stoicism. In two passages from very different periods of his life, he states clearly his own position. At the end of Satire I. 3, written before 35 B.C., Horace, after opposing the extravagant claims of the Stoic sage, says to him: "Well, while you will go to the baths to bathe for a quadrans, king that you are, with never an attendant following you except foolish Crispinus, my dear friends will forgive me if I sin a bit in my folly, and in turn I will gladly forgive their faults, and as a private citizen I will live more happily than you as king." Horace in other words aligns himself against the Stoic belief that all sins are equal and that the Stoic philosopher alone is happy. Again in Epistles I. 1, written about 20 B.C., Horace announcing in this prologue to his first book of epistles that he is going to devote himself to the study of philosophy, declares in a famous line that he will not be bound by oath to follow the words of any one philosophical master. "I am borne as a guest wherever the wind takes me. Now I become energetic and plunge into the waves of civil life, a guardian and uncompromising attendant of true virtue; now, I secretly backslide into Aristippus' precepts and try to subjugate things to myself, not myself to things."

We have already seen what appealed to Horace in Aristippus' teachings. Let us now trace his attitude to the real rival of the Porch, namely, the Philosophy

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of the Garden. Epicureanism is a part of Horace's thought through all the periods of his writing just as Stoicism is. In his early work, fresh from his quasi-Epicurean decision of giving up all thought of a political career and living a quiet, unobtrusive life, Horace has much to say of this more excellent way and of the rich joys of the present hour. The Epicurean themes of "Now" and of "Carpe diem," "Gather ye flowers while ye may," are recurrent in the odes, often as the concomitant of the thought of pale Death, and the greedy Heir, or in contrast to the harassed life of the statesman. Invitation after invitation is sent to some busy friend in the city to leave cares of State, politics, foreign affairs, and come out to the Sabine farm to enjoy its simple life and its serenity of soul. The attractions offered are old wine, dainty fare, coronals of roses, shade of pine and plane tree and sound of running water for the heat of the day, long evenings prolonged by the torch-light for the free talk of faithful friends, and some elegant Tyndaris or Lyde in the background thrumming her ivory lyre. Out at a country villa a man can be himself and express himself.

That man will pass his life in full power over self and in happiness who may say at each day's close, "I have lived: to-morrow let the Father cover the sky with black cloud or pure sunshine. He will nevertheless not make void the past, nor scatter nor discount what once the fleeing hour has brought."

It is this attitude of mind which Horace commends to Mæcenas and Hirpinus and Bullatius and Torqua-

tus—the serene self-sufficient joy of a contented spirit. It is not mere self-indulgence, unrestrained and sensuous. The Epicureans found the pleasure which constituted their highest good in life to be something much richer than wine, women, and song. It was, in fact, life itself and the art or practice of living fully and happily.

Nowhere has Horace expressed this pleasure more genially than in Satire II. 6. Here he describes the peace of his little farm in the Sabine Hills, and the contrast between the strenuous, noisy, beleaguered life in Rome and his country days with long sleep, leisurely hours, time for reading old books, time for real talks with friends. Discussions turn not on gossip about the villas or homes of other men or the latest dancer but on “what concerns us more and what ’tis wrong not to know: whether wealth or virtue makes men happy; what creates friendships—advantage or character; and what is the nature of good and what is the *summum bonum*. As an illustration of their way of talking follows the delightful story, told by a rustic neighbor, of the country mouse and the city mouse and their two ways of seeking happiness. I always think of the little citified dandy and his grandiloquent exhortations to remember life is short, to get to know the world, to enjoy its elegancies, when I return to the Terme Museum in Rome and hunt up in the Antiquario a minute bronze statuette of a mouse, standing on hind-legs, clad in toga, roll in hand, delivering an oration. He might be Horace’s own *ridiculus mus*. The fable has its lively point: that the Epicurean must choose among

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varied modes of life the one that involves more pleasures and fewer pains.

We have already seen that Horace glances at the Epicurean's ability to face the nature of the world without terror. He recognizes, too, that the Epicurean attitude toward deity frees one from fear of the gods, and in Satire I. 5 declares that he has learned that the gods live care-free lives and do not perform miracles in the world. Romulus is allowed to be enrolled in those peaceful orders of the gods, to enter their bright ranks, and quaff with them their nectar. There is no reference by name to Lucretius in Horace, but there are verbal echoes of phrases in the *de rerum natura*; the description of the life of early man in Satire I. 3 seems indebted to Lucretius' fifth book; and Horace's attitude toward superstition, toward fear of death, and fear of the gods must have been partly shaped by the great Roman Epicurean. He refers once to Epicurus himself by name, once to Philodemus, but the reference to Epicurus is the humorous line where Horace dubs himself a very hog of Epicurus' sty, and the allusion to Philodemus is coarse, referring to his wish expressed in many of his extant epigrams, to have a mistress who is always complaisant and never avaricious.

What a mixture of reactions Horace has! First, in Satire I. 5 he is Epicurean in rejecting miracles and in his conception of the gods. Then in Ode I. 34, he announces a conversion from that insane philosophy to a belief in the moving finger of Jupiter or Fortune, and we can only infer that seriously or formally he has become a Stoic, perhaps, as I have suggested,

through sympathy with Augustus' whole work for reconstruction including his religious renaissance. But later in Epistle I. 4, in his invitation to a fellow poet, Tibullus, to visit him, he announces: "When you wish to have a laugh, you will come to see me, fat, sleek, hide well-groomed, a very hog of Epicurus' herd." We can only echo Horace's own interrogation about another man: "With what knot can we bind this changing Proteus?"

Perhaps Horace's smiling umbra would now like to remind us with Andrew Lang and Stemplinger that the Stoic is one with the Epicurean at last, for the Epicurean could espouse the Stoic rule of living in accordance with nature, only he would make that mean not "according to virtue" but "according to pleasure," and as Epicurus taught that "it is not possible to live happily without living wisely and nobly and justly, nor to live wisely and nobly and justly without living happily," so Horace can be at the same time a hog of Epicurus' herd and a guardian of true virtue! Moreover, in his desire to be spiritually free and to enjoy wisely he approaches the bliss of the sage of each school; and the serenity of mind which he cultivates shares the ἀπαξία, or "freedom from annoyance" of the Epicurean, and the ἀπάθεια, or "freedom from pain" of the Stoic. But if this would seem to catalogue the poet in the Middle Stoa of Panætius and Posidonius, your true Sabine will shake his head and deny it, for Horace refuses to be identified with any dogmas.

He is interested with all schools in working out

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problems of conduct and standards of judgment. He believed that *natura* or "nature" (here man's) had no innate sense of right, for in early society man had no inborn sense of justice, only *fear* of someone who was unjust and would do him harm. Practical utility was the mother of justice and equity, and she saw that laws had to be made which would establish proper penalties for different sins. Of course, law as well as reason, custom and experience, never admits that all sins are equal. The laws, however, cannot be man's standard for virtue because a man through fear may observe all the decrees of the Senate and the statutes and keep a fair reputation, yet be a hypocrite and a knave. The good hate to sin through love of virtue; in short, in judging character, the motives of conduct demand consideration. A man cannot depend for his standards even on the traditions of our forefathers or on the sanctions of religion; he must use his own reason.

So runs the line of Horace's thought. And as he ruminated over conduct while walking in porticoes or lying on his bed, he came to feel that certain general vices were the festering sores of the sick world: avarice with its attendant evils of defrauding clients and wards, of hunting wills, of extravagant building; ambition shaping itself largely toward a political career and involving the pursuit of wealth and the loss of mental peace; moral dissipation which destroys good reputation and exhausts patrimony; gluttony which likewise squanders income and undermines health; unbridled anger which causes insane actions like cruelty toward slaves; then superstition which begets terror

and folly; and last of all a vacillating inconsistency which destroys all unity or harmony of character. Over and over again, with humor, with irony, with persuasion, with invective, by imaginary conversations, by real letters, by anecdote, by hymn and prayer, Horace treats these diseases of life, and tries to create ideals of sound health of soul.

His picture of the sane and sound man, the good and the wise, is as perspicuous as his diagnosis of moral ailments. And virtues are not simply the absence of the vices deplored, but more positive and effective qualities, tested by *utilitas*, and by their result in a man's own state of mind and in his citizenship, for in standards of virtue Horace is something of a pragmatist.

In an early satire, the avaricious man was asked why he did not spend his superfluous wealth on the worthy poor, on repairing the old temples of the gods, or on his dear fatherland. In a late epistle, Horace pictures the Roman citizen in the good old days of the Republic getting up early in the morning to receive his clients and assist them by his legal advice, carefully investing his money, and learning from his elders and teaching younger men how an income may be increased and how passion may be controlled. And these two vignettes of the citizen from the two extremes of Horace's literary life show how he regarded man as a social being, bound to consider his relations to his fellows.

Already we have discussed how Horace, after he had aligned himself with Octavian's work of reconstruction, dedicated his Muse's best efforts to extolling

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civic virtues to the young. Through his superb sequence of national odes at the beginning of Book III, he extols true virtue in various forms: the frugality that cherishes the simple life, the endurance that hardens fibers and fits for necessary wars, the good faith that can be trusted, justice and firmness of purpose, self-control and wisdom that tempers power, reverence toward the gods, purity in family life. These are the virtues which made Rome great and which will prolong her life to an age ever better. In clarion note Horace summons the man who wishes to be called "Father of Cities" to promulgate these virtues in the state. In reverent mood he prays the gods that the docile Roman youth may learn these virtues. Fathers are urged to train their sons in them; youths are urged to cultivate the heavenly wisdom which inculcates them.

It is typical of Horace that, when as the priest of the Muses he becomes almost a religious preacher, he restrains even his moral ardor and checks all tendency to fanaticism by the doctrine of the golden mean. The foolish are the ones who in avoiding faults run to the other extreme. There is no middle way for such men. But virtue *is* a mean between vices and a balancing of pleasures and pains involved in any action. That golden mean is the pole-star by which Licinius Murena is urged to steer his bark; it is the touchstone by which Numicius is to test both virtue and pleasure; it is Horace's own foot-rule for measuring life. So in the letter to Numicius, Epistle I. 6, on what can make and keep a man happy, Horace declares it is just this char-

acteristic of mental balance, *nil admirari*, for "the wise man would receive the name of the foolish, the just of the unjust, if he should seek even virtue itself beyond proper bounds." So you must keep balancing, and reasoning: "You wish to live rightly? Who does not? If virtue alone can bestow this boon, then scorn delights and stoutly pursue virtue." "If, as Mimnermus thinks, nothing is pleasing without love and merriment, then live in love and merriment. Only live." And implicit in all this tactful poem is Horace's confidence that Numicius will join Horace in trying to face the universe without fear, and to look with unmoved countenance upon the gifts of the earth, the wealth of Araby the blest, the plaudits and offices conferred by the whim of the populace.

Nothing, indeed, is more delicately but firmly suggested in Horace's letters to his young friends than that each thoughtful individual, the real *sapiens*, philosopher or intellectual as you choose, must work out his own individual standard of conduct along noble and free lines. Horace himself is not sworn to follow the dicta of any philosopher; Ofellus, the Apulian peasant who has solved his problems nobly, is a philosopher apart from the schools with an inborn wisdom. Through Ofellus' lips and in his own person, Horace teaches: "It is right that every man should measure himself by his own foot-rule"; "He who trusts himself will rule the hive"; "I would urge that every man should happily practice the art of life which he knows." Let us finally ask what ideal of life Horace, following his own advice, worked out for himself.

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He disarms criticism at once by his admission of inconsistencies. We have seen him now well-groomed Epicurean, now strenuous Stoic, now adaptable Cyrenaic, finally a free lance in the jousts of the Schools. And all this vacillation of opinion Horace admits to his patron Mæcenas, saying: "My thought often fights with itself, scorns what it sought, seeks what it lately gave up, ebbs and flows and is out of harmony with the whole order of my life, tears down, builds up, changes square for round." And Horace confesses such inconsistencies not only in abstract ideas but also in conduct. Damasippus accuses him of being one of the insane because of his extravagance in building, his anger, his pride in his position, his passion. Davus, Horace's slave, accuses his master of longing for Rome in the country and for the country in the city; of praising a vegetable diet when not invited out to dinner but rushing off to Mæcenas' palace the moment a late invitation arrives; finally, of being a slave to passion, and not at peace with himself. We might say that these self-criticisms in the satires belong to his early life, were it not that in the first book of epistles Horace is as engagingly frank about his failures to attain his ideals. In Epistle I. 8, perhaps to encourage young Celsus to aspire to make his life as noble as his fortune, Horace writes with gentle self-irony: "My Muse, if Celsus asks what I am doing, say that though I promised many fine things, I am living neither nobly, nor pleasantly, not because the hail has crushed my vines or the heat shriveled my olives, or because my flocks are sick in distant fields, but because less strong

in mind than in all my body, I want to hear nothing, to learn nothing that helps a sick man, I am offended with my doctors and angered with my friends because they try to keep me from fatal sluggishness, I pursue what is harmful, I shun what I believe will help me, and blown by every wind, at Rome love Tibur and at Tibur Rome." These sound like the fancies of a really sick man as well as the tact of a friend who urges a younger man not to fail as he himself has done, and we are not surprised to find that Horace is under the care of Augustus' physician, Antonius Musa, and is inquiring about a mild climate by the sea which will drive away his cares, inoculate his veins and his heart with rich hope, give him words and rejuvenate him. He admits ironically how inconsistent this quest for comfort is. "I praise small, safe possessions when my fortunes fail, and am valiant amid my baubles; but when some better, richer fortune falls, I say that you alone are wise and live aright whose wealth is conspicuously invested in shining villas." Once more with delicious irony he asks whether the steward of his Sabine villa is more successful in uprooting weeds from the soil than the poet is from his soul; in short, which is better, Horatius or his farm.

Such self-criticism, only half serious though we may believe it, is a revelation of the poet's ideals, so often implicit in his writing: a sound body and a sound mind, tranquillity of spirit often refreshed by country life and freed from all the rivalries and pursuit of wealth involved in a political career, not only peace of spirit but liberty—a freedom never shackled by fear of men

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or gods or death, friendships based on character, honor kept unsullied, and a life-work that became half a service to the state, half a religion, and wholly a personal satisfaction in that it gave the poet full æsthetic self-expression.

For Horace was primarily an *artist*, not a philosopher, and by an artist I do not mean merely a poet. His artist was the man who first lives nobly and fully, making his own philosophical thought the helmsman of his life and then, when he has found the meaning of life by first laughing and weeping with his fellows and then pondering on pleasure and pain, he *imitates* or reproduces life for others in some art form, for Horace, poetry. So for his poetry, philosophy will be fundamental, yet after all only the servant of art, and the true poet must have not only more of the *mens divina*, the immanent spirit in the world, than the average man, but the power of expressing nobly that spirit. For Horace had realized that art must be social, and wrote his poetry always with an audience in mind, not for the many, but for the few, the thoughtful among his friends in all times who would understand. And he would have his poetry both please and instruct his readers, recognizing that it had not only an æsthetic function, but also a moral purpose. In his satires he had proclaimed that he was to Virtue only and her friends a friend; in the odes he was at times the Priest of the Muses, standing before the temple of the state and urging young men and women to listen in reverent silence to his exhortations; in the

epistles, he laid aside all trifles to seek the time and tune of life's harmonies.

His method of art varied from the personal attack of certain early satires which Trebatius persuaded him to renounce to the almost oracular utterances of the religious-national odes, and again to the intimate appeal of the letter adapted to the friend addressed. And nothing is more conspicuous in his art as time goes on, than the sensitive understanding of his interlocutor or friend, and his tact in discussion. It is as though in all his artistic contacts with life, he was using the advice for dramatic writing which he gave the Pisones: "You must note the characteristics of every period of man's life and bestow what is appropriate on quickly changing natures and years." Horace never refers to Heraclitus, but he must have known the weeping philosopher's great observation on life: *πάντα ῥεῖ*, "All things are flowing," for the flux of life, the constant change, the mobility of the universe and of man appear in Horace's thought. And he too must flow on, not anchoring his bark in any apparently safe harbor of dogma, but ever voyaging and observing the uncharted mysteries of universe and of human nature.

This point of view of the artist who seeks to live, to understand life, to reproduce it, explains much inconsistency in both Horace's philosophy and his life. He could never give himself up, as Lucretius did, to a passionate belief in one faith and become an apostle of it. His life itself followed no school of philosophy, for though he was Stoic in fighting for his country, he

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was Epicurean in spurning a political career; though he was Stoic in writing national odes of reconstruction for the state, he was Epicurean in poems that expressed personal joy of the moment, Epicurean too in not marrying and in making everything of friendship. And through his experiments in life, he came to regard it too as an art and to use for it the same phraseology which he used for poetry. His quest is to live well, to write well; success will be obtained by cutting off excessive luxury in life and in words by rejecting, by pruning, by selecting; in short by creating that *ordo* or harmony which is essential to all art. That established, all true feeling may find expression and life itself be reproduced.

The feeling tantamount in life and art for Horace was joy. His own best work was done after he was "contentedly happy with his Sabine farm." His prayer to Apollo on the dedication of his temple puts first among desires the enjoyment of what he possesses; his mind must be happy in the present, joyful in its lot. And he says that the greatest gift of the gods to Albius Tibullus is "the art of enjoyment." That unforgettable phrase has become for me the key which unlocks Horace's life and art. The more negative expression, "content with little," is not half so connotative of what Horace made of life, philosophy, and poetry. Phrase after phrase recurs to the mind in which he expresses delight in one or another aspect of life: in civic happiness, the upright man—*integer vitæ scelerisque purus*; war finished—*nunc est bibendum*; the beneficent ruler—*præsens divus*; pure virtue—*virtus repulsæ nescia*

sordidæ; courage—*nil desperandum*; glorious death—*dulce et decorum est pro patria mori*; in more personal joys—the simple life—*vivitur bene parvo*; nature—*Ille terrarum mihi præter omnes angulus ridet*; friends—*Nil ego contulerim iucundo sanus amico*; writing—*Quodsi me lyricis vatibus inseres, sublimi feriam sidera vertice*. So we might multiply his memorable words of delight.

I have tried to show through this study that one secret of Horace's enduring charm and worth is this art of enjoyment which characterizes his life and poetry. That is what he was working toward in the formative period of his childhood in the Apulian country, in his education in Rome and Athens, even in his service in war and as quæstor's clerk, experiences which made him reject a career which would again involve him in fighting and in politics. In his relation to his patrons, he worked out a fine art of courtesy and friendship that told for happiness and was a great motor force in his writing. He was able to readjust himself to the new régime of Octavian's reconstruction and exalt the blessings of peace and civic virtues. Almost equally happy in city and in country, he pictured for us to the full the strenuous life in Rome, and the quiet of a Sabine villa amid nature's beauties. And although he was but an irregular worshiper of the gods, he entered into all varieties of religious experience and vicariously expressed them; and although he belonged to no school of philosophy, he essayed understanding of all, even while discussing them many a time with a smile upon his lips.

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In the second epistle of Book II in lines that seem a final word, Horace reviews his life, his standards of poetry, his working philosophy. A few phrases repeat once more his simple and human thought: "*Utar*, I will use and joy. . . . Whether I voyage in large boat or small, I will keep on voyaging. . . . You say you are not avaricious. Very well. Have other faults fled with that one? Is your heart free from vain ambition? Is it free from fear of death and anger? Do you smile at dreams, terrors of magic, miracles, old wives' tales, ghosts of the night, Thessalian portents? Do you count your birthdays *with pleasure*? Do you forgive your friends? Do you become more mellow and noble as old age advances? If you do not know how to live rightly, make way for those who have learned." To this interpretation of life, let there be added Horace's early resolution to write: "Whether tranquil old age awaits me, or black-winged death hovers near, rich or poor, at Rome or if fortune so wills, in exile, whatever the complexion of my life shall be, I will write."

There rounds the full circle of his life and work. This is the foot-rule by which he would measure his own life, the art which he chose to practice so happily, the *ars fruendi* that involved living, feeling, philosophizing, and the power of expressing what he felt and thought. The vitality of his life, the geniality of his wisdom, the felicity of his expression commend to us his art of enjoyment.

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